

CARICATURE

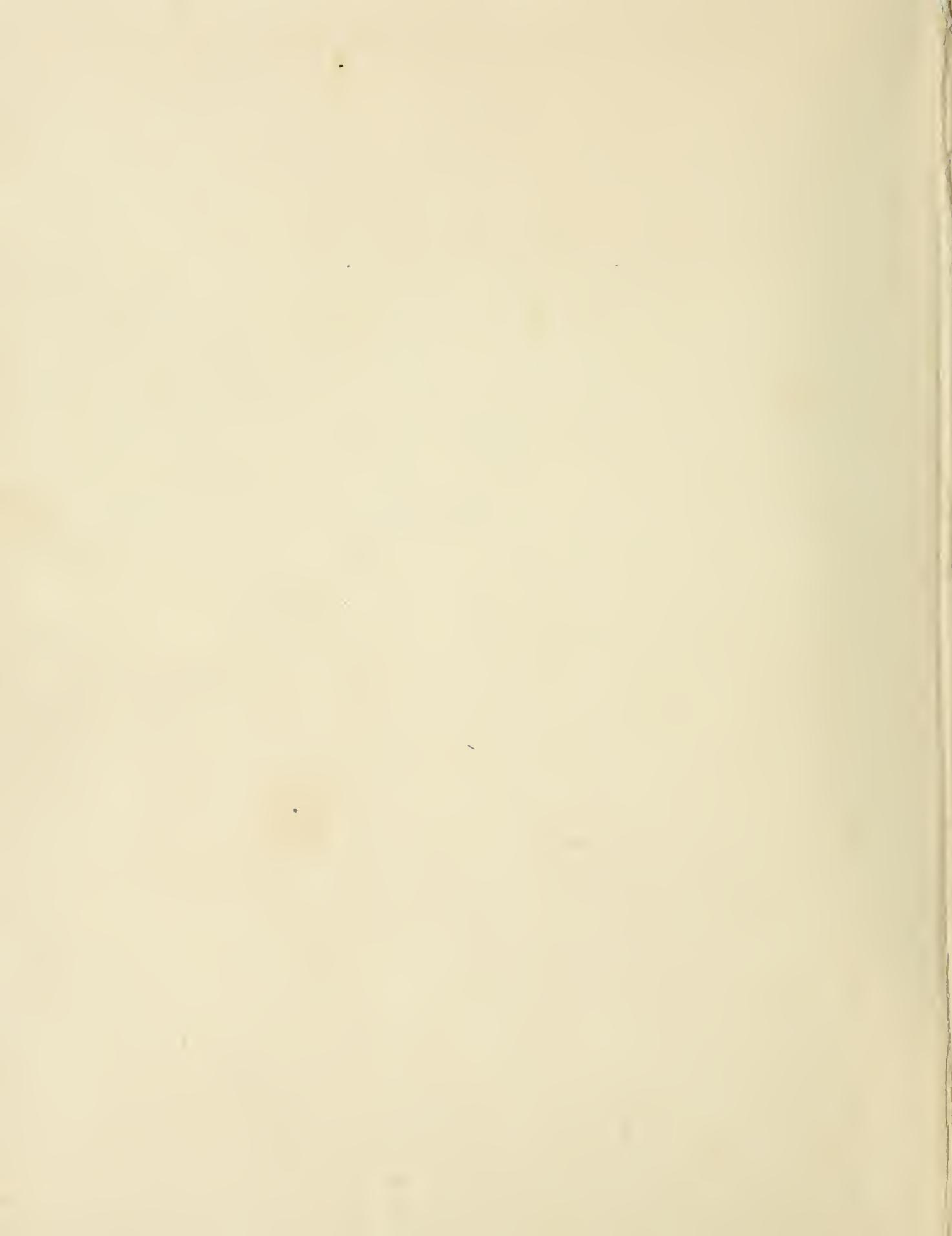
THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

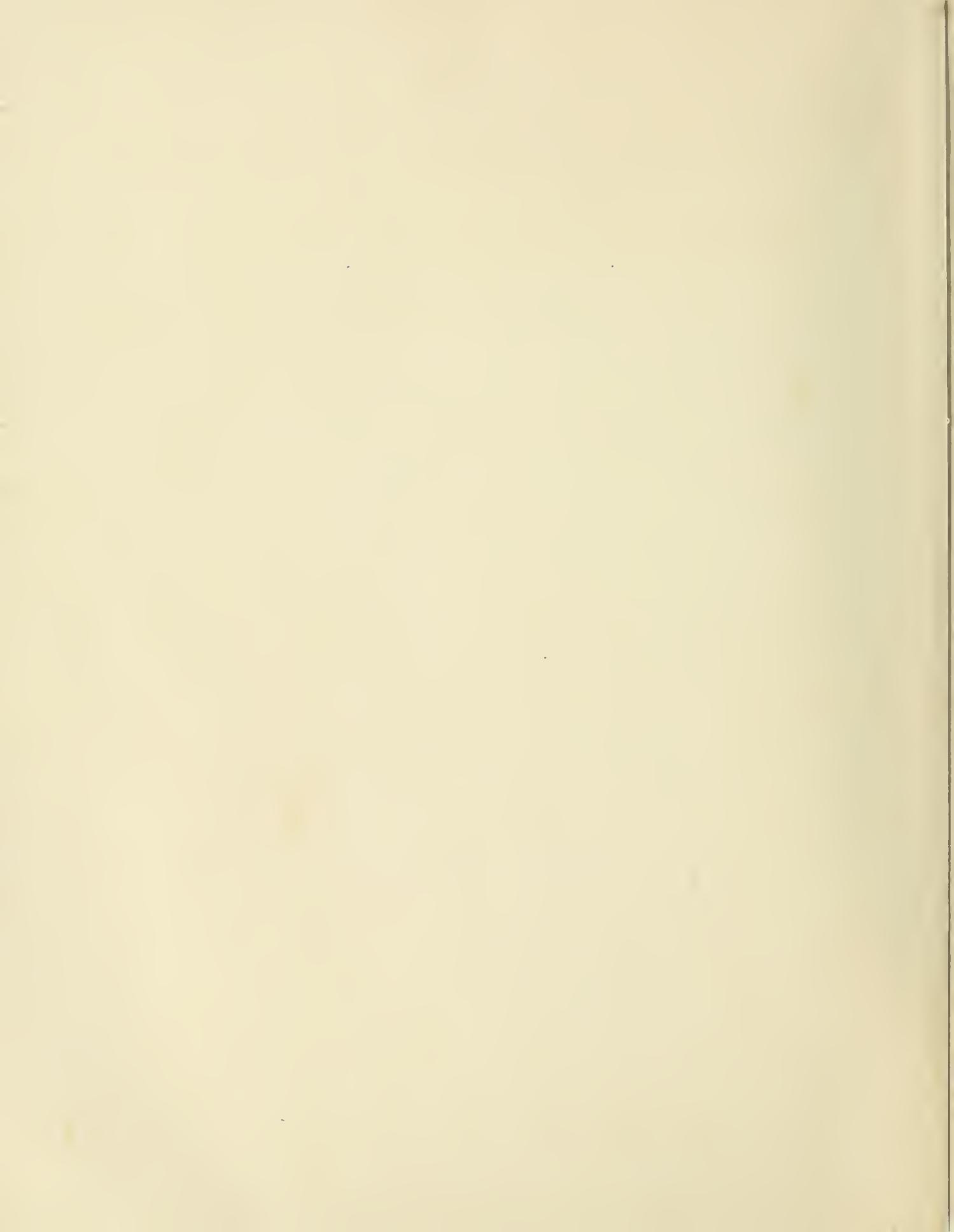
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CARICATURE

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION
IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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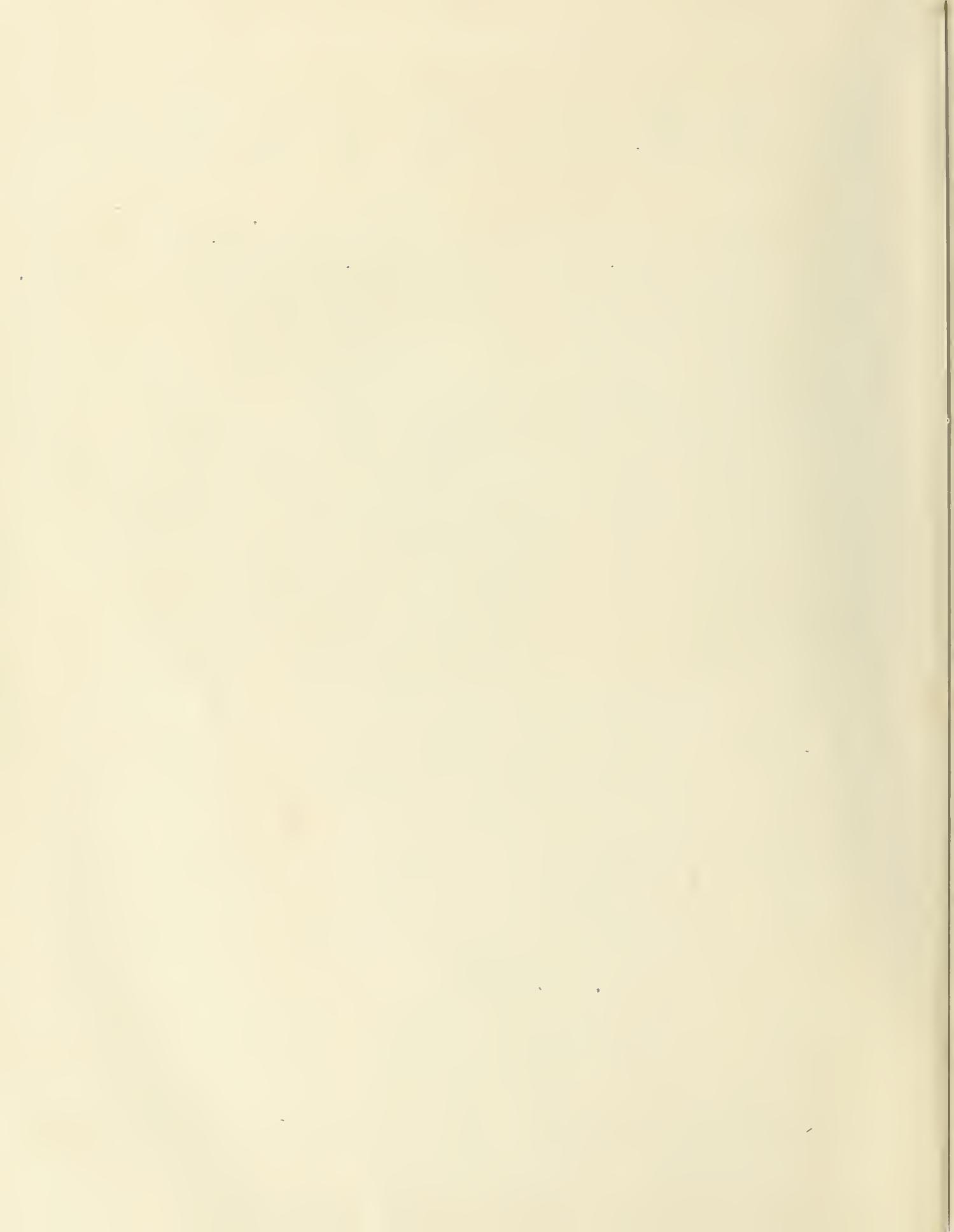
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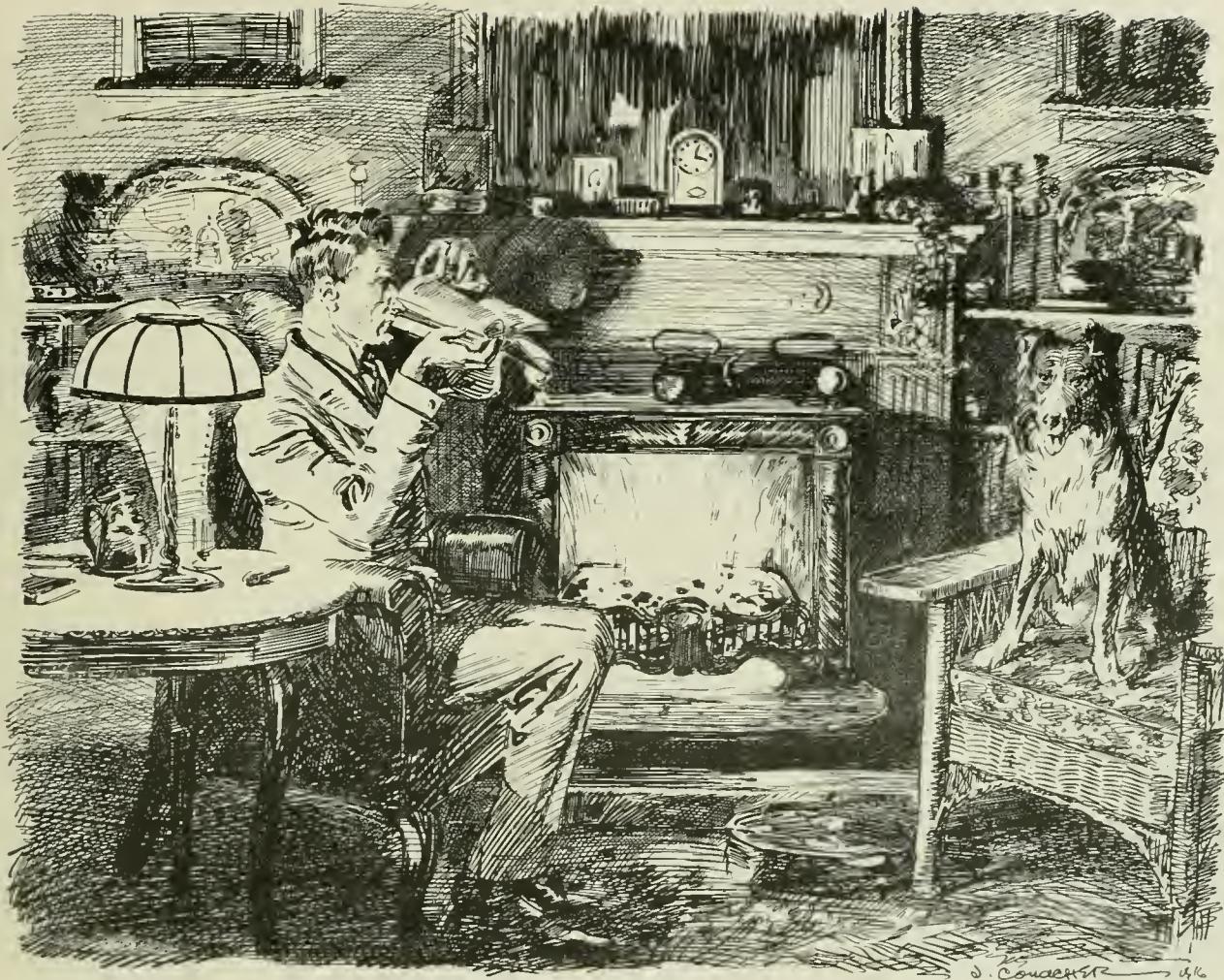
and others

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK







The book you intended to read and then give as a Christmas present—"Devil take these uncut editions!"

Let Us Abolish Space

SPACE is a nuisance and therefore should be abolished.

Without space airships would have no place to fly, thus reducing accidents and mitigating the horrors of warfare.



Without space transportation problems would be solved by not existing.

Without space astronomers might be put to some useful employment, such as chopping wood, selling soap or manufacturing soupspoons.

Without space writers would write to express and not to fill.

Without space heads would simply have to contain something.

Space is a nuisance and therefore should be abolished.

—*Stuart W. Knight.*

No Pleasing Her

OH, DEAR! I don't know what to do about giving Cousin Clessaphine a Christmas present!" sighed little Mrs. Good soul. "If I don't give her one she won't like it, and if I do give her one she won't like it."

A Christmas Vision

OVER the years that stretch like an isthmus
Back to the days of long ago,
I have dreams of an eve of Christmas,
Dreams of holly and mistletoe!

I can recall how the drear December's
Winds without made a doleful din,
And how the backlog's crimson embers
Gleamed, with a shimmering light,
within.

Just for a moment the veil is rifted,
And I can see, in the radiant glow,
A lovely maid, with her lips uplifted,
Under the holly and mistletoe!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

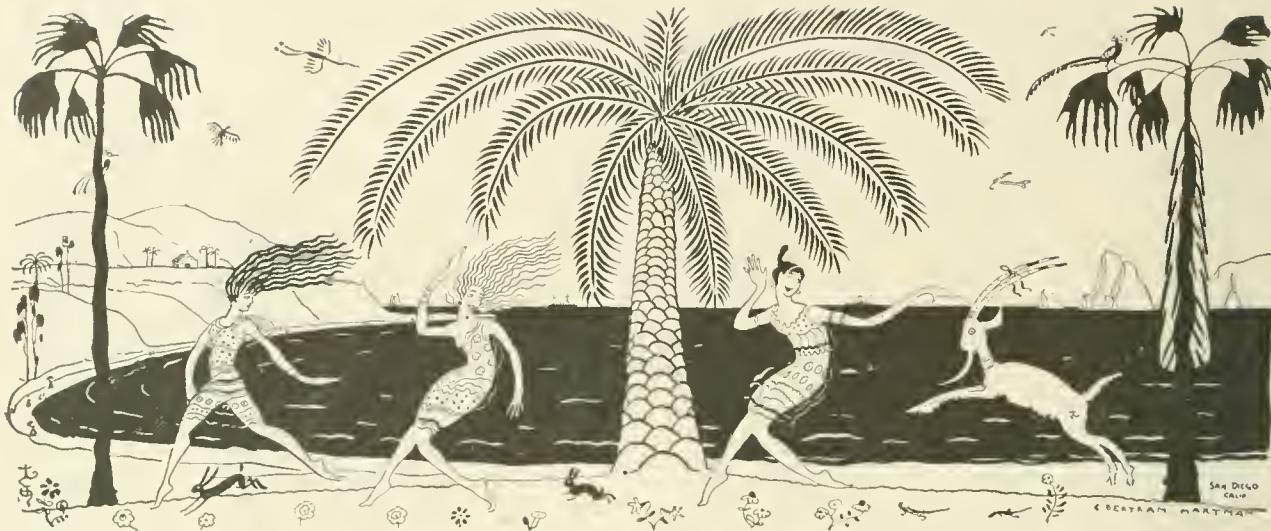
Her Mistake

He—I'm half inclined to kiss you.

She—How stupid of me; I thought you were merely round-shouldered.



"How will Santa Claus get down our chimney?"



Toward Men

YET THEY say 'Good will toward men,'" said Earle E. Wurme, as he gazed heart palpitatingly upon the furious teminine fanciers eagerly shoving and clawing one another in

their mad desire to get to the counter and purchase the knickknacks which they wanted to bestow on some poor mortals for Christmas remembrances. "But, after all, knowing woman as I do, I am ready to be convinced that the law holds good and that, were I to remonstrate with my wife—bless my soul, some vixen has loosened her hair and knocked her hat off! —about this good will business, she would hasten to enlighten me as to the 'toward men' clause of the benediction."



Optician—What kind of glasses do you want?
Customer—Near-sighted. I married for money.

The Silver Lining

HAS THE sunshine passed out of your young life? Cheer up. This is an era of excellent artificial lighting.

Are you inclined to worry? Good. It is conclusive evidence that you have a brain. Amoebas never worry.

Has the Boss given you a cross look? Never mind. That strabismal stuff is very bad for his eyes.

Are you cleaned out? Stone broke? How fortunate! The fluctuations of the stock market cannot harass your nerves.

Is the other fellow getting a higher salary than you are? What of it? He has already added more than enough expenses to cover the surplus. Even again.—Elias Lieberman.

Those Dear Girls

Madge—I was awfully angry with him. He tried to kiss me.
Marjorie—What made him change his mind?

Her Christmas Gift

WITH a book on rearing children, Mrs. Hicks her time beguiled, Said the book: "Don't slap—no, never—but, when needed, spank the child."

Little Johnny Hicks heard elders who were sportingly inclined, Talk of pugilistic matters and such subjects unrefined.

Little Johnny saved his pennies, then he bought a little book, Which with joy on Christmas morning to his mother dear he took.

'Twas Queensbury's rules for fighting, from which eager Johnny spelt Out to her the rule important: "Never strike below the belt."

—Lee Shippey.



THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



Eloper—Yes, Lucile, I brought this sign along in case we should be followed



Would I Were Back!

(Written with the full sympathy of my readers)

WOULD I were back in old chaotic times
When playful planets whisked and
cut up capers!
Before, aye, long before, the age of rhymes
And Magazines and Illustrated Papers!

Would I were back in prehistoric days,
Long ere this sad for morbid introspections;
Before the age of novel-writing craze,
Acceptance slips—and editor's rejections!

I'd like to be once more a Singing Ape,
An Ichthyosaurus or a big Gorilla,
Regardless of a sonnet's style or shape,
And with no further thought of lead or filler.

Ah, me! Those were fine times—those primal aeons!
I wonder why I ever evolved
To spend a lifetime turning tuneless paens
For paltry pence! My skill is so unsuited!

This hurling words, words, words at helpless readers
Was not my stunt—these things our fate does for us!
I should be back among our primal leaders
Chucking my lemons at some Cetasaurs!

—Lurana Sheldon.

As You Look at It

“ONE OF the biggest arguments in favor of immortality,” voiced Earle E. Wurme, “is the Christmas shopping craze among women. Never yet, since department stores opened their doors for the sale of neckties, slippers, suspenders, belts, gloves, cigars and a million kindred what-nots at the merry Yuletide, has there been a woman who did not, with her heart and soul, believe in the sweet buy-and-buy.”

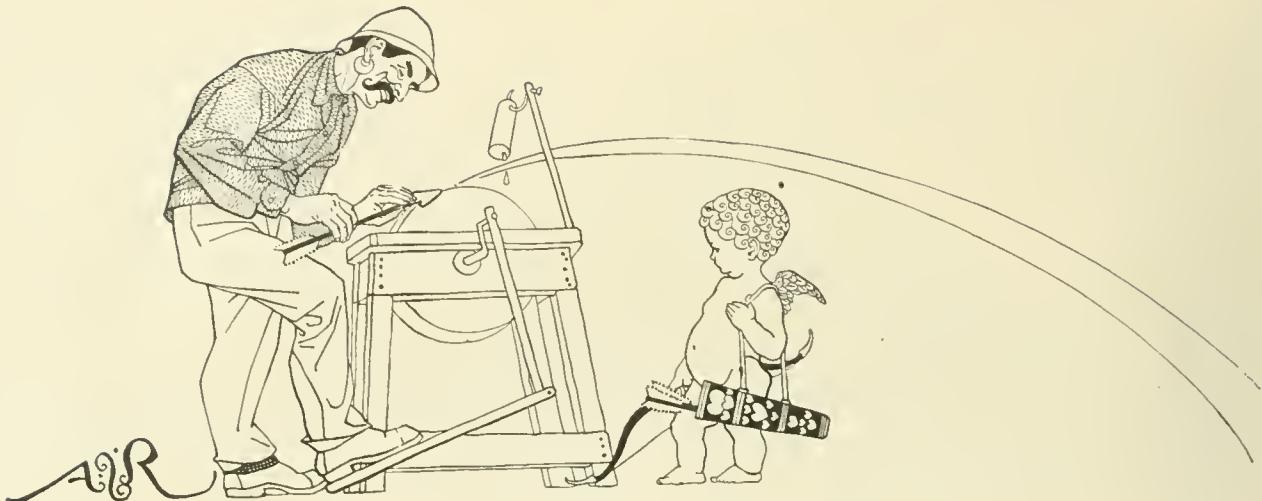
The Benefactions

“I BELIEVE in the Christmas spirit,” declared Earle E. Wurme, “and I believe in it to such an extent that I like to spread my benefactions over the largest possible area. And they err who say I am lazy—too lazy to shop, simply because I let my wife do all the holiday buying for me. I practise thereby a three-fold joy. By permitting my wife to do the Christmas shopping I give her the pleasure of buying; by contributing my share of presents to others I give those others the pleasure of receiving gifts at the time of year when gifts are in order; and by giving those presents in so cheerful a manner I myself become one of my own benefactors, for I reap the harvest of the double-joy, thereby making it three-fold.”

A Brooklyn magistrate decides that the husband has the right to select the place of residence for his family. But what fun is it to live alone?



Smoky—Do you think we could get a bite to eat here?
Slim—No, not after sizing up the belt line of that wash.



P R E P A R A T I O N



PARODIES OF THE FAIR GREEN

Tom Anderson

TOM ANDERSON, my pro, Tom,
When first I cam' to you,
Your hair was like the sunset,
Your back was straight an' true;
But now your back is bent, Tom,
Your hair (what's left) is snow—
But still I haven't learnt the game,
Tom Anderson, my pro!

Tom Anderson, my pro, Tom,
We've played the course thegither;
An' mony a trying day, Tom,
We've had wi' anither.
Now I maun leave the club, Tom,
But hear me ere I go—
It's no' your fault I'm still a dub,
Tom Anderson, my pro!—*F. Gregory Hartwick.*

How It Happened

HOW DID you get so badly bruised, not to say battered and bunged up?" we asked of Good Saint Nick.
"I was climbing a roof," he replied, "and slipped off from the Christmas eaves."

The high cost of living has its compensations. For instance, it costs fifty per cent. more to spill the beans.

Friends

FRIENDS are people who believe they have a claim on your time and resources. They come and bother you, albeit with the most innocent intentions. They choose two kinds of inopportune times for this. They come, first, when you are busy and don't want to be interrupted at what you are doing. This is bad but it is not the worst. The worst is that they come around and use up your time when you are doing nothing and when you don't want to do anything. It is a forgivable sin to interfere with a man's business, but nothing is quite so heinous as to interfere with a man's leisure.

Ponder these facts carefully, gentle reader, and if you happen to be somebody's friend, stop it at once.

He Meant It

Crawford—As you watch those kids playing in the snow I suppose you wish you were a boy again.

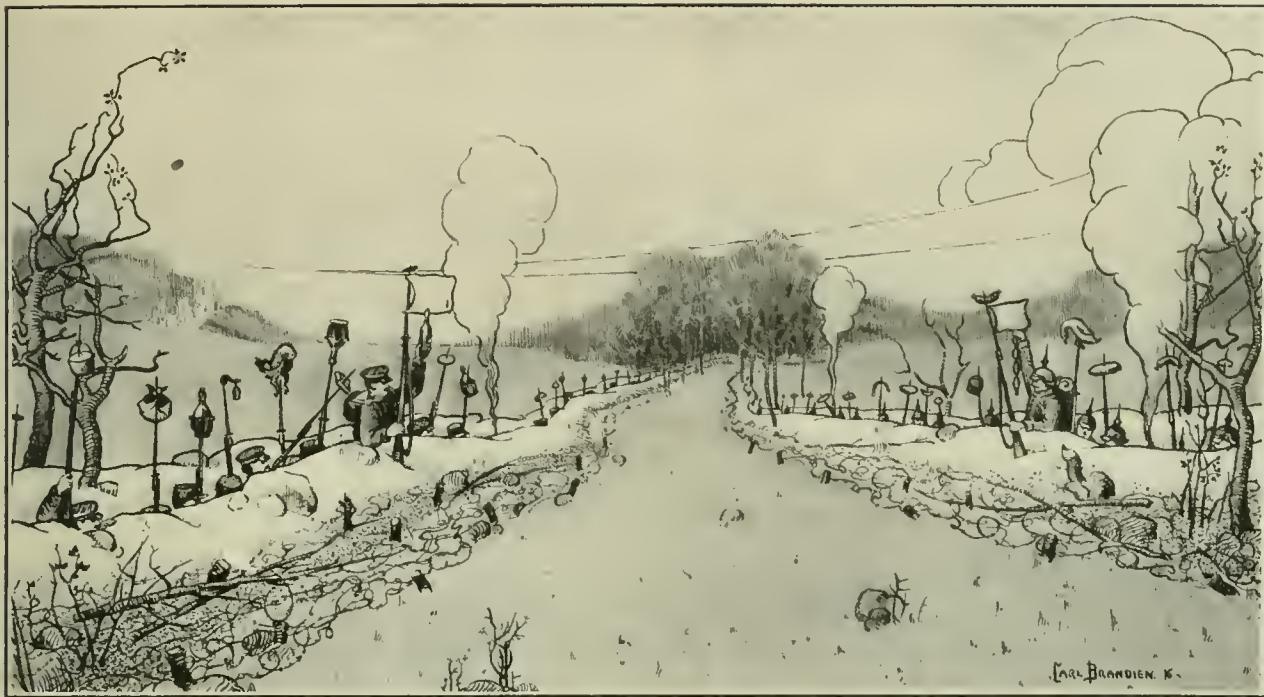
Crabshaw—You bet I do. Then I could catch that young rascal who just soaked me with a snowball.



MISSING NO TRICKS

Madge—Does Maude do her Christmas shopping early?

Marjorie—No; but she hangs up her mistletoe about two weeks beforehand.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The Notion Counter

THE WORLD'S worst waster of time is the man who wastes the other man's.

Mason and Dixon's line divides the localities where the orators call it a state from those where they call it the commonwealth.

Mother says he accepted a position, but sonny was glad to get a job.

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the phenom who gets bum support.

The sleeping beauty may have looked pretty, but evidently it has to be a princess.

Now that it has gone dry, someone evidently has taken the gin out of Virginia.

Personally, if we were at the front what we would be longing to use would not be arms but legs.

I never have seen a smile on a hotel clerk that looked like he really meant it.

One nice thing about giving a man a vote of thanks is that it is so inexpensive.

The fiddle may make prettier music, but the thing you notice is the drum. Advertise.

The market tendency of wallpaper is such that we don't have to use paste to keep it on the ceiling.

If they ever have a national convention of baggage handlers, let us hope that some modern Guy Fawkes makes good.

It costs more to live than it ever did but there seems to be no falling off in the number of people who start to doing it.

When the local politician buys a broad-brimmed hat you may know that he is thinking of running for sheriff.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

Their Arguments

LITTLE MARIAN is the youngest of six children, while her chum Minna is an only daughter. One day they were having an argument.

"My mother is much younger-looking than yours," Minna stated triumphantly.

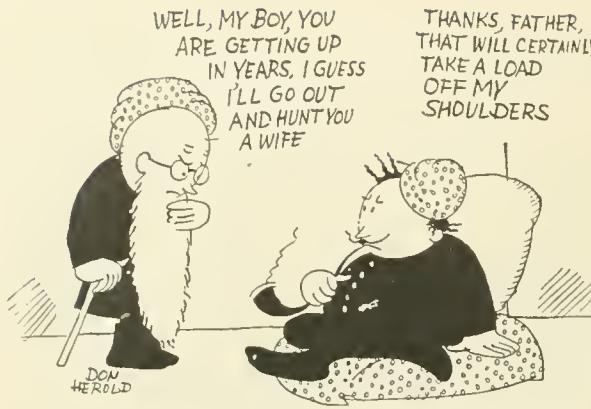
For a few moments Marian was crestfallen, then she added jubilantly:

"Well, I don't care—I have a young-looking grandmother!"



Wife—It says here that the shopping center of the city is moving up town an inch an hour.

Husband—Must be a mistake. From the number of Christmas purchases that came in here this week I should say the rate is a mile a minute.



OH, TO LIVE IN THE ORIENT

By DON HEROLD

WHEN I was a small boy, I used to think that I would not want my father to pick out a bride for me. (I had read how they did it in Oriental countries.) I knew what kind of girl he would get for me—a Sunday-school type that I would hate from head to foot. He would pick someone who would have a civilizing influence on me—with a freckled face and the wrong kind of nose. Gee, I was glad that we did not live in the Orient.

Now, I wish we lived in the Orient.

For five years I have been looking around, and loving, and looking around. And I wish today that my father, or my grandmother, or my third aunt on my mother's side, would come in and do this thing for me. I wish we had a barbarous custom about brides. Some evening after dinner, I wish my father would say to me, "Well, Henry, come down to the garage; I have something to show you," and take me out and present me to my bride.

The method we have in this country is too circuitous. It takes four or five months out of your life—the way we pick a wife in this country.

Or—we might have another method: the police department might superintend the matter. Some afternoon you could make application to the police department for a marriage license, and for a marriage badge. This marriage badge—good for two hours, say—would entitle you to point at any girl on a streetcar and claim her as your wife—if she had no previous arrangements.

Or, give the badges to the girls, if you want to. Let the girls go around picking out grooms. Come to think of it, that would be better, anyway. The girls have nothing else to do in the afternoons. They could apply to the police department for a marriage badge, and start at the top floor of an office building and work down, looking the young men over. They would have two hours in which to bring a young man back to the police station.

If a girl had decided she wanted a dentist, she could pick on an office building full of dentists. She could have her mind all made up about the kind of office building from which she wanted to pick a husband.

Under this arrangement, a young man would not have to get out and run around in the afternoons. He could go on and work at his ledger—confident that at almost any minute some girl would drop in and ask him to get his hat and go with her down to the station house.

The young men most anxious to get married would hunt jobs in the lower floors of office buildings. Along about the third floor, on their way down, the girls would

begin to get a bit frantic. On the upper floors, they would have been a little too choice.

Or—any other way you think of. Father can pick me a bride if he wants to, or the superintendent of police can pick me a bride. Or the fire chief, or the corner cop. Or I will save coupons out of oatmeal boxes, or draw a piece of paper out of a hat. Love is too long.

The only four girls I ever loved, I got to knowing too well, anyway. I disqualified them on technical considerations.

Somebody please wish a wife on me—I am going to quit working at it myself.

Santa Claus and the Chorus Girl

THAT gray and grizzled bandit, who is known as Santa Claus, Has robbed his millions this past week or two, Yet on Christmas eve, still at it, he defies the statute laws,

As such a crook is always prone to do; He's just held up a millionaire for wifie's limousine, And a youth for Flora Flirter's la Vallière, He has had a most successful day, as might have been foreseen, For in the hold-up line he has no peer!

The theatres are long since out, the players fill the street, A chorus-girl with eyes of baby blue, Comes trippingly along, and sings a Hymn in manner sweet, As chorus-girls are always prone to do; The wily old Highwayman feels he cannot miss this chance, (For the ghost had walked for chorus-girls that day) So he tries to steer her to a shop where gifts are sold for pants, Or the bipeds wearing such things anyway!

But the chorus-girl no sooner sees with whom she has to deal, Than she resolves what course she will pursue, She decides that to his better side she straightway will appeal, As chorus-girls are always prone to do; So she lays her hand upon his arm and looks into his eyes, And urges that a new career he launch, And she talks with such good purpose that to Santa Claus' surprise Two tears roll down upon his scarlet paunch!

She goes her way, the thief sits down to figure out his cure, And get the little broiler's point of view; He decides that first of all he'll give his loot unto the poor, As Santa Claus is always prone to do; But when he reaches for his gains his brain begins to whirl, The poor ex-bandit nearly has a fit! For his pockets have been emptied by the little chorus-girl, Who has taken every solitary bit!

—Harvey Peake.

According to Scripture

The Louisville *Courier Journal* objects to the proposal that married men wear striped suits, to distinguish them from bachelors. Think how scriptural it would be for the fair recipients of the alimony to exclaim: "By their stripes we are healed."



"Hello, pop! Take you up to the house for a nickel!"



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE—

Uncle Bellum—I had the mosh terribly vivid dream lash night and woke up with a high fever. Ish made me depressed all day. *Virginia*—What seemed to be the idea? *Uncle Bellum*—I dreamed I was a gold-fish!

FICTION AND FACT.

By
WALT MASON



IN WEIRD romance the belted earl ignores the heiress and her wiles, and goes and weds the rustic girl, who has no fortune but her smiles. He'd rather lose his stately hall, his rentroll and his donjon keep, than sacrifice his humble Poll, or make her shed a single weep. And so he braves his father's ire, and laughs to scorn the family pride, and busts a costly rubber tire, in haste to make sweet Poll his bride.

That sort of thing will do in tales of ultra sentimental kind; such lovely and heroic males once flourished in the author's mind.

But nowadays the belted duke who looks around him for a bride, must know her fortune is no fluke; it must be forty cubits wide. He comes to this, our native land, to wed, for better or for worse; but ere he will bestow his hand, he has to see the damsel's purse. I do not blame him, not a bit; he has a right to search the girl who's hoping that she'll make a hit by tying to a belted earl. I merely mention it to show how fact and fiction roam apart; I would not say a thing, you know, to lacerate a trusting heart.

The fiction bridegroom's always strong, and all his enemies he whips; the bride is lovely as a song that warbles from angelic lips. There marriage is the end and aim; the hero and the heroine get married, and that ends the game, and they no more in books are seen.

While seated on my porch to-day, I saw two newlyweds go by; the groom was small and thin and gray, the bride was over six feet high. Six weeks from now she'll be the boss, a most aggressive one, of course; and he will be a total loss, whose highest aim will be divorce. Their story—yours and mine, as well—does not wind up with bridal veils; it opens with the wedding bell, and it's the (gladdest) of all tales.*

And thus through all the scenes of life, the Fact and Fiction still dispute; one makes our course a thing of strife, and one the music of a lute.

*Make the adjustment to suit yourself, by crossing out one word.

FEATURES

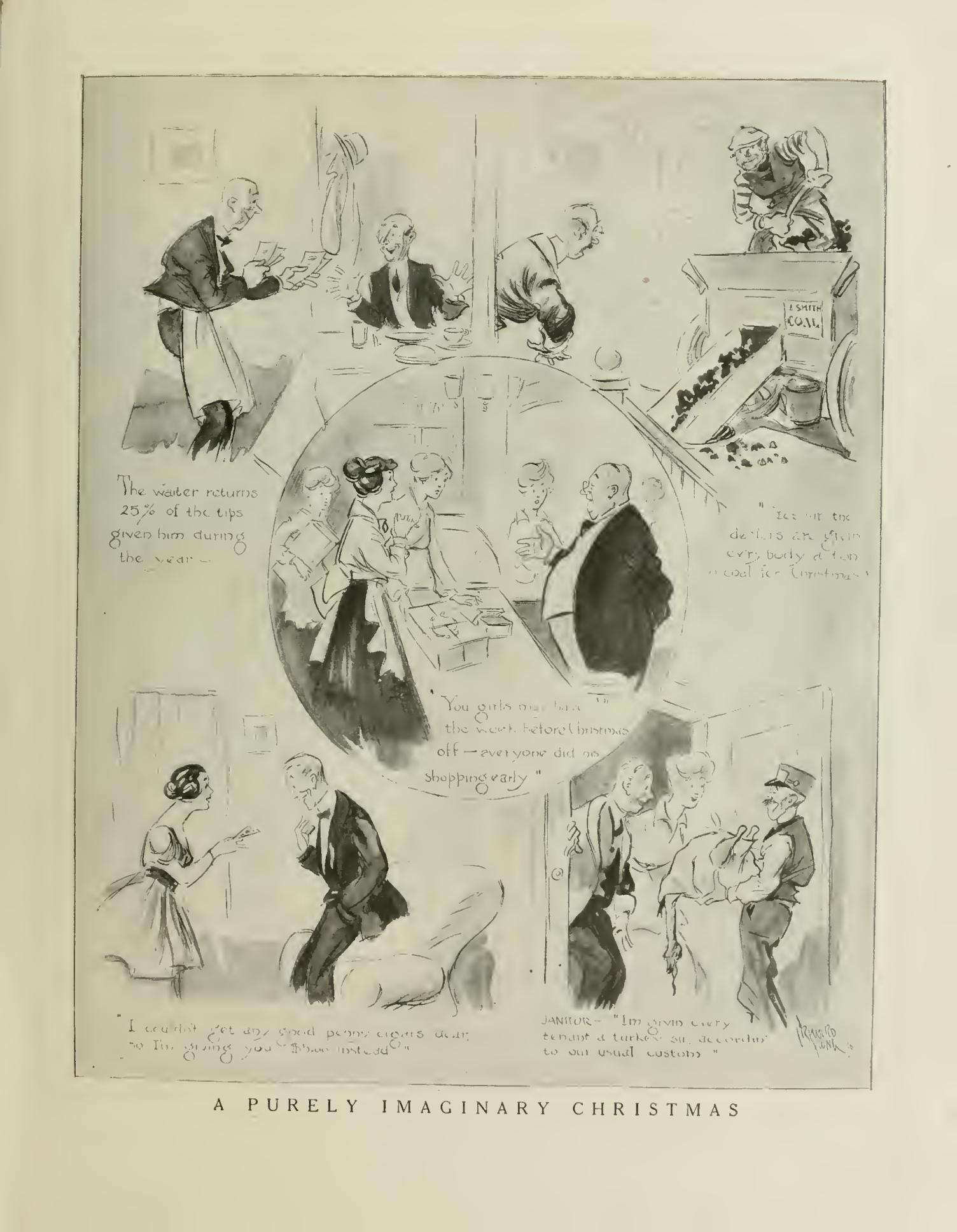
FEATURES are the most important elements of the human face. Without them, the face would be as dull and monotonous as a daily diet of boiled carrots. Many prominent persons have relied entirely upon their features for their success in various branches of human endeavor. Cleopatra, for example, would have been greatly handicapped in her enterprises, unless she had been blessed with a congenial set of features. If, at an early age, Cleopatra had fallen down the cellar stairs and bent her nose around into her ear, or pushed her chin up into the top of her head, the late Julius Cæsar and other widely-advertised gentlemen would have passed carelessly by on the opposite side of the street, instead of lingering around to take her to dinner at the Alexandria (Egypt) Grill. Thus the whole history of the world might have been changed; and New York might still be held by the Indians and valued at twenty-four dollars' worth of glass beads and two jiggers of forty-rod whiskey. If Helen of Troy had been troubled with bat-ears and ingrowing cheekbones, Paris would have preferred to play poker with a few business associates, rather than start a riot by awarding Helen the first prize in the original International Beauty Contest. Thus the Trojan War would have been averted, and millions of school children would have been spared the agony of tackling that immortal but hated poem which begins "*Arma virumque cano*—". This should teach us to be careful of our features.

—K. L. Roberts.

Do right, and God will bless you; don't write, and editors will.



"B-boo hoo! I can't think of all I want for Christmas!"



The waiter returns
25% of the tips
given him during
the year —

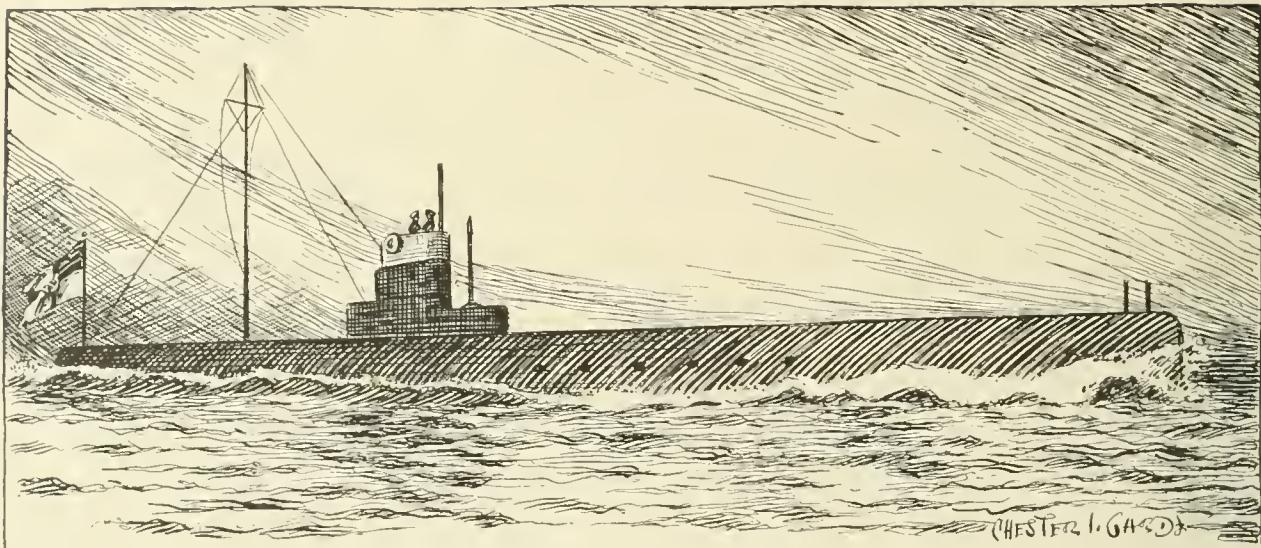
"I bet the
devils are givin'
ev'ry body a ton
of coal for Christmas!"

You girls may have
the week before Christmas
off — everyone did us
shopping early!"

"I couldn't get any good penny cigars down
so I'm giving you \$3.00 instead!"

JANITOR — "I'm givin' every
tenant a turkey sir, accordin'
to our usual customs!"

A PURELY IMAGINARY CHRISTMAS



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS "AROUND AND AROUND"

By LOU RAB

WHAT are you standing there looking at me like I was a cow with five feet or a cat with nine tails?" demanded Max Markowitz, the skirt manufacturer, as he limped into his office with the aid of a cane. "Henry, ain't you never seen a man with a stick, what's handy for a foot? Hurry up, give me a chair!"

"Was you in an accident?" anxiously inquired Henry Shapiro, as he pushed a chair towards his boss and brother-in-law.

"What then, wasn't I with Minnie?" bitterly replied Markowitz, sitting himself down slowly. "Your sister Minnie with her styles and pleasures will make me some day such a cripple that I'll have to sign checks with a wink instead of a cross! A whole week she bothered me I should go by the rink with her. All the time yesterday, it was 'Max, let's go skating.' 'Max, don't be a back-number!' 'Max, it will do you a lot of good!' So I got sick and tired hearing it and said 'Alleright, I'll go!' I thought I'll look over the styles a little; maybe I commence a line of skating skoits. But look what I got from being an easy mark! A dizzy feeling in my head, and black and blue all over!"

"It ain't so *gefährlich*, it'll go over," suggested Henry

philosophically. "Who don't suffer a little for pleasure? Didn't the ice-rink make a hit with you for the foist time?"

"It made a hit for the last time, too," responded Markowitz sarcastically. "It's a funny business they got here in America. They take a river, put it in a house, and freeze it with pipes. Now I know why it is always so cold in our apartment, what's got steam heat in the contract, but not in the pipes. So soon I got in, I felt like a poor relation; cold like anything; and after paying a dollar I look around to see the ice, but can you see your left ear? *Nu*, just the same I see the ice. Instead I see a lot of people, all busy like they was having a prize contest by a shoe-cloiks' convention; busy by shoe-strings and button-hooks!"

"We look around, where to go in, and see a door. I commence to open it and I hear tango music. I close it quick. I didn't want to go to a cabaret! A dollar was enough to spend on a Sunday night. So Minnie and me go back to the ticket office and ask him where is the skating rink? He was busy and looks at me like he was going to call an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital. Minnie pulled me away and said, 'Maybe it is really in there,' pointing to the cabaret door. I told her she was crazy; how long could ice last with music like that? But then I notice everybody going through that door; with skates, too. So we try again. Sure enough they had a Hawaiian orchestra like by dancing, in the skating rink! But I still think they're crazy. If I was the boss, I would hire an Eskimo band."

"*Nu, nu*, what was inside?" impatiently asked Henry.

"Inside? Inside it was around and around!" retorted Markowitz. "People running like after five o'clock; only a thousand per cent. quicker. Like if a moving *picktche* operator was putting on steam and running the film a mile a minute."

"But didn't the people get tired going around and around?" quizzed Henry.

"Sure; they changed every few minutes," asserted Markowitz. "A bell would ring and they'd toin around and——"

"Then what?" broke in Henry, eagerly.

"They'd go around and around again!" answered Markowitz.

(Continued on second page following.)



Mistress—And are you fond of dogs? *Applicant*—I don't know, ma'am. But I can learn to eat most anything!



A PENALTY OF UNPREPAREDNESS



(Concluded from second preceding page)

"That's all?" grumbled the disappointed Henry. "Wasn't there any fine skaters there?"

"Of course!" affirmed Markowitz. "There was one lady what had on a silk pink and white sweater with white fox trimmings, a short skirt just the same material like our 780, and a combination stovepipe and sailor hat. She was a lovely skater. One of the fellers in uniform was teaching her; and—"

"Was they all loafers?" interrupted the inquisitive Henry.

"No," continued Markowitz, "but you can't look at the good skaters. They fly too quick. You can only watch the greenhorns what look so frightened and hold on to the railing like they was seasick; they're having the time of their life. But altogether they're a sociable crowd by the skating rink; where one goes, they all go; when one stops, they all get together and fall in line."

"Aha! They fall in line!" laughed Henry. "Now I see when you got hoit! You also got sociable by skating."

"Go on!" denied Markowitz. "We didn't skate."

"Didn't skate!" gasped Henry. "Didn't skate? How is it—how is it you got dizzy?"

"From watching them, around and around," calmly replied Markowitz. "And how did you get hoit?" gesticulated the perplexed bookkeeper.

"I slipped down the subway steps, when we was going home," explained Markowitz. "I tell you, Henry, when *weiber* want to be stylish, we men got to suffer."

As a Matter of Fact

MY WIFE'S cigars are pretty good; I rather like the tie;
She bought the shirt I surely would
If it had caught my eye;
The slippers fit me like a glove;
The bathrobe, too, is fine;
The socks are splendid, and above
The average of the wine;
The handkerchiefs are dandy, too;
There's not a thing amiss—
In fact I think I'll have her do
My shopping after this.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

Always

Women's styles may change, but their designs remain always the same.



J U S T C A C K L E

Mrs. Gayly — I read of a hen yesterday that was worth a fabulous amount of money!

Jack Golightly — Well, what did she do—marry a chorus-man?

Peace and Quiet

HEAR the kiddies with their toys,
Noisy toys,
They're the children of my hostess, half a dozen girls and boys.
And they rattle, bang and clatter
In the hall outside my door,
And they giggle and they chatter
In a never-ending patter,
And fall, bumping, on the floor,
And they bawl, bawl, bawl,
As repeatedly they fall,
And I waken with a yawn
In the early morning dawn
And the tooting, whirring, buzzing of their fiendish patent toys
Adds a dozen new varieties of noise, noise, noise,
Of noise, noise, noise, noise, noise,
Of those bawling, squalling little girls and boys.
And those noisy little kiddies
In their rompers and their middies,
Still are hooting, still are tooting
Just outside my chamber door;
And my promised peace and quiet,
Is a mad infernal riot,
Of those children of my hostess just outside my chamber door
Slamming, banging on the floor,
And I come here, nevermore!

—*Carolyn Wells.*

Blissful Solitude

Mrs. Crawford — Did your husband object to your going south for the season?

Mrs. Crabshaw — Why, no, dear. He never seems to begrudge the expense of a trip unless I ask him to go along.

That Janitor!

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego explained: "It was seven times heated, but the janitor let it go out between times," they cried.



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

I LIKED that show!" said the Tired Business Man, with a smile of deep satisfaction.

"I agree with you," said the Critic, for once. "'Captain Kidd, Jr.' is a remarkably good production. I am glad to see that Rida Johnson Young has left the field of musical comedy in this instance. It shows what she really can do."

"I think Edith Taliaferro is simply sweet!" furnished the Débutante. "Didn't you just love her selling books and everything?"

"I am glad to see her again in the spoken drama, after her long absence in the motion-picture field," said the Critic. "But there was other good work in 'Captain Kidd, Jr.' which it would be unjust to overlook. Otto Kruger, for example, acted as well as I have ever seen him; Zelda Sears was fine, as usual; and Charles Dow Clark was very funny. Mrs. Young was fortunate in securing such an able cast for the performance of her play."

"I didn't like that discovery of the treasure," said the Débutante. "It would have been so much nicer if they had really found a chest full of gold, or something, instead of that old platitude about work. Don't you think so?"

"Well, the happy ending is secured by other means," said the Critic. "And perhaps Mrs. Young was wise when she chose the note instead of the pieces of eight. It was decidedly the more natural discovery of the two."

"Perhaps—but I did want them to have—oh, just millions, instead of the little twenty-five thousand dollars that the Railroad gave them," complained the Débutante.

"Well, well—we mustn't cavil at the construction of the piece, which was really very good," said the Critic. "The last act was a trifle weak; but I can pardon slight faults in dramatic construction when such a really funny, clean play

appears on Broadway. It is an exception, I assure you, to spend such an enjoyable evening."

"Speaking of funny shows," said the Tired Business Man, "what did you think of 'Our Little Wife'? Seems to me there's a good show for you."

"I don't quite agree with you there," said the Critic. "In a way, it is too bad that Avery Hopwood wrote 'Fair and Warmer.' We are always expecting him to come up to the high standard that he set in that farce. To my mind, 'Our Little Wife' is distinctly below par. Not that there was not a great deal of merit in the piece; but it just simply is not up to standard. And Margaret Illington—"

"Wasn't she fine?" interrupted the Tired Business Man. "I laughed myself sick at her. I think—"

"I was going to say," cut in the Critic acidly, "that Miss Illington was something of a shock to me."

"Heavens!" said the Tired Business Man. "You don't mean to say that you—a case-hardened devotee of the Washington Square players—were shocked at 'Our Little Wife'?"

"That is not at all what I meant," said the Critic. "It was a shock to me to see her in farce. I recalled 'Kindling,' and shuddered."

"But wasn't her acting fine?" insisted the Tired Business Man. "I don't care if she used to play Shakespeare! She acted as well in 'Our Little Wife' as she ever did. It proves that she is versatile, that's all. And she certainly helped to put the piece over."

"No doubt she did," returned the Critic, "but that does not alter the fact that 'Our Little Wife' had not the charm and finish of Hopwood's former success. It is a question whether or not it will be a success. I should like to see it succeed, for the sake of Mr. Hopwood and Miss Illington; but there are doubts in my mind."

"Oh!" said the Débutante, who had been listening attentively, "I think you're just horrid! I enjoyed it ever so much, though, to be sure, Mother was shocked at it—but then, she always is shocked at something. Why didn't you like it?"

"The theme is old," began the Critic, oracularly, "and the lines, while fairly clever, have no particular sparkle. I see nothing in it to distinguish it from hundreds of other farces that have been with us in the past. And I am surprised that Miss Illington has chosen such a—well, such a unique medium in which to display her powers. She is far ahead of her part." To this comment the Débutante had nothing to say, as was usual with her when the Critic went at all deeply into the mysteries of his art. She contented herself with a sniff that spoke volumes, and departed.

"I am afraid that I have offended our little friend," said the Critic. "But she does get on my nerves sometimes. Her ideas of the drama are distinctly paleolithic, if I may say so."

"That's a fact," said the Tired Business Man. "Still, I can't say that I am much better off, and still I enjoy myself. I don't think you have to know an awful lot about the drama to enjoy it."

"That doesn't speak very well for the drama of the present day," snapped the Critic.

"What's the idea of the drama, anyway?" shouted the Tired Business Man. "I don't want to have to study all my life to appreciate what I see on the stage—"

"Stop!" said I. "If you two get started on your old argument I am going to leave. You'll never agree until there is produced a play with a universal appeal."

"We'll all be dead when that happens," said the Tired Business Man.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated the Critic.



HUMOR FROM FOREIGN LANDS

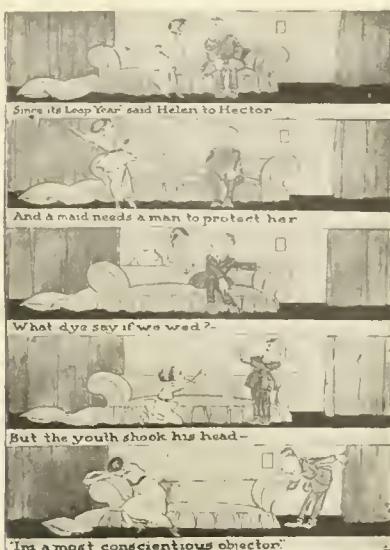


Repartee

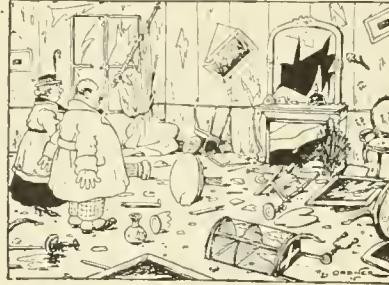
Junge Witwe (im Begriff sich wieder zu verloben)—Sie sind ja wieder bei einem neuen Roman, Herr Do'tor?
Schriftsteller—Gnädige Frau auch, wie ich hörte!

Young widow (about to be engaged again)—You are working on a new romance, Herr Doctor?

Author—And you, too, I hear!—*Mcgendorfer-Blatter* (Munich).



The Story of Helen and Hector
—Sketch (London).



"They" Have Passed By

"Quand je pense que nous avons renvoyé notre bonne parce qu'elle avait cassé une statuette!"

"And to think that I discharged our maid because she broke a statuette!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Manager of bus company—And so you want to leave?

Conductorette—Not if you will put me on service 18. I'm tired of being asked if I'm 43!—*London Opinion*.



Blythe, Sweet Blythe!

Tommy (home on leave after fifteen months in the trenches, and ready to praise all familiar things)—Hey, Jimmy! Don't the gas-works smell lovely?—*Sketch* (London).



Not a Talking Machine

Hausfrau—Mein Mann will mir eine von den modernen Waschmaschinen anschaffen; dadurch wird die Waschfrau vollständig überflüssig!

Waschfrau—Neuigkeiten erfahren Sie durch die Waschmaschine aber nicht, gnädige Frau!

Housewife—My husband is going to get me a modern washing machine so that a wash-woman will be entirely superfluous.

Washwoman—Yes, but the machine won't furnish any gossip.—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).



A Cry from the Heart

"Faut-il qu'ils soient criminels! Ils font sauter les ponts!!!"

"They must be criminals! They're going to blow up the bridges!"—*Le Rire* (Paris). (The piers of bridges form convenient retreats for the vagabond in time of storm.)



RAY ROHN

"Pardon me, but is this seat reserved?"

THE SPIRIT OF NEW YEAR'S LOQUITUR

I AM THE Spirit of New Year's. It is necessary that I make my pilgrimage among mankind when there is very little else doing. Hence I choose midwinter after the crops are harvested and the granaries are filled and the fuel is cut and the mortgage is paid and the ground is frozen and the days are short and the nights are long.

'Tis then I counsel with men and try to make them stop and think, but I must confess it is always easier to make them stop than to make them think.

'Tis then I bid them look carefully around themselves, and about and without and within

themselves to see what they have accomplished and what they have got, to take an inventory of their bodies and souls and assets and liabilities and virtues and vices and habits and impulses and aversions and aspirations and desires and everything that is theirs both tangible and intangible. 'Tis then also that I bid them look ahead with an eye that has a keener vision because of the experience it has come through, plan their future, correct the mistakes that have marred their past, strengthen the weak places in their wills and adopt good resolutions, for though I know that but few of the resolutions will be kept, I believe it is better for good resolutions to be made and broken than never to be made at all. I come but once a year, for I think there is little to be gained and perhaps much to be lost by bothering men too frequently about matters of this kind. It has a tendency to make them dreamy and introspective and hypersensitive.

So here I am for a brief stay, your humble Spirit of New Year's. Heed me well. If I can do anything for you, speak now or for a year after hold your peace.—*Ellis O. Jones.*



SOME PEOPLE YOU HAVE KNOWN

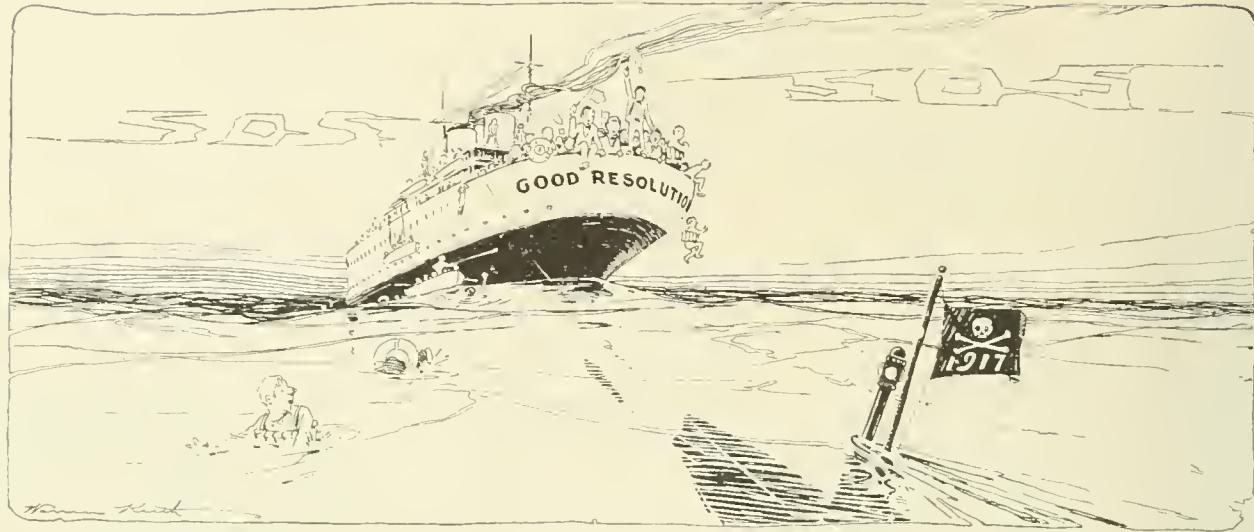
M R. FAXEN FIGGERS believes in remembering all the useless information that flits within the pale of his master mind. Upon little or no provocation he can tell you how high the Mississippi got during the spring freshet of '84, what the popular vote in 1876 was, how many yards of earth were removed for the Hudson tubes, and how it happens that the international date line isn't straight. He knows all the unimportant details about all the important events in history, and he treats everything he knows with admirable impartiality. Mr. Figgers has never got very far in the world. He never will. His garret is crammed too full of stuff that he expects to use some day. He has a most unwholesome faith in facts. He can't tell whether a thing amounts to one whoop or two whoops. He has no sense.

Faxen Figgers will probably live a long time for fear that he will miss the details of his own funeral. He will keep on dispensing dusty information and collecting more until he wears out or some of his victims commit justifiable homicide.

—H. W. Dec.



"Them new neighbors next door is awful shiftless." "Indeed!"
"Yes'm. Every time I run in to borrow anything they ain't got it."



O H, U '17!

An Earnest Hope

I SOMETIMES go 'round humming,
"I would not live alway";
But through the year that's coming
I truly hope I may.



You see, I've just been
scanning
The magazines. It's
queer,
But *every one* is plan-
ning
A most *stupendous*
year!

Their stories, tense with feeling,
Are written with rare skill;
They're powerfully appealing,
Alight with punch and thrill!

New geniuses awaking,
Their *finest* work will give,
And famous brains are making
Efforts superlative!

Absorbing plots they promise—
No number may be skipped.
Though you're a doubting Thomas
Your interest will be gripped!

All vivid, swift and vital,—
Life throbs in every word!
I read the whole recital—
My soul is strangely stirred!

As breathlessly I scan it,
I cry, "Death, keep away!"
One more year on this planet
Grim Reaper, let me stay!"

Oh, reading the prospectus
Of *any* magazine,
Let's beg Fate to protect us
Through Nineteen Seventeen!
—Carolyn Wells.

The druggist gets 'em both ways. He
sells both the ounce of prevention and
the pound of cure.

Trying Him Out

IT was Monday morning. Boffle and Swubbs were on their 7.57 commute to the city, when Boffle remarked. "Doesn't it beat all what awful liars some fellows are?"

Swubbs assented. "That's so. Who is it this time?"

"Why, that new neighbor of mine. Saturday afternoon when it stopped snowing he was cleaning off his path, and I called over to him for the loan of his shovel when he got through. 'Sure,' he says. 'I'll come over and shovel for you after I finish this.' But if you'll believe it, he never came near, and yesterday my wife couldn't get out of the yard to go to church."

"But haven't you a shovel?"

"Sure I have, but I wanted to give him a show to be neighborly."

—Frederick Moxon.

With or Without

She—Here's a New York woman left her granddaughters \$10,000 apiece on condition that each can cook an acceptable meal

He—Acceptable with or without his knowing that she has the \$10,000?

Easy

Sherlock—Yonder woman is unmarried.

Watson—How can you tell?

Sherlock—I just heard her telling how children should be brought up.

New Year's Resolution

WINE shall not touch my lips again
Though thirst may fairly gnaw.
(But on occasions now and then
I'll sup it through a straw.)

His Matrimonial Condition

"Are you married?" asked the attorney.

"Yep!" replied Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., who was on the witness stand, "—sorter."

Always a Way

"We can't seem to sell these potatoes by the barrel."

"Um."

"Nor yet by the peck."

"Advertise a bargain sale of potatoes," directed the head of the department store, "only one to a customer."



NO FAMILY DISTINCTION

She excitedly—Oh, Clarence, dear, Do-Do has won the blue ribbon.
Clarence—I'm as proud of him as if it were you!



The Great Reaper—This fellow's time has come!



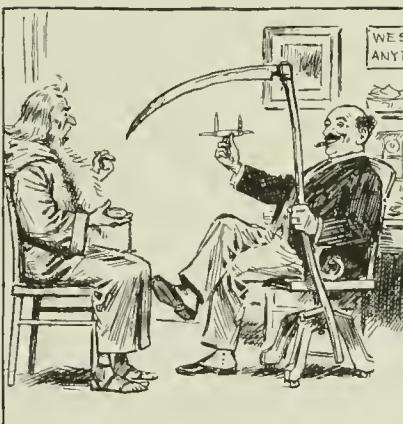
Slickerman the Agent—Delighted to see you, old top! Come right in and sit down; this is indeed a pleasure.



Why, you're getting younger and better looking every day. Have a good cigar and make yourself comfortable; nice weather.



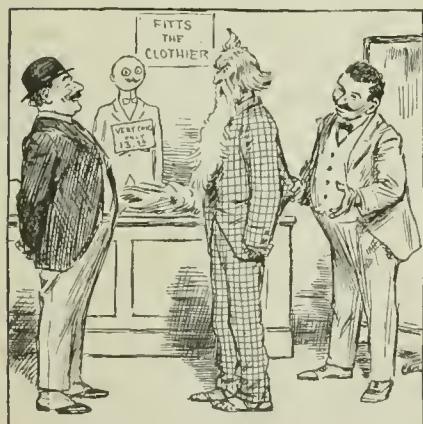
This timepiece of yours is a bit unreliable and antiquated. Now I have here just the thing you need in your business. Steady, accurate—won't lose a minute in 100 years, etc., etc.



Your cutlery is entirely passé. Scythes are not being worn; throw it away; let me show you this nifty little pearl handled pocket knife. You can't afford, etc., etc.



And great heavens, man—don't you realize how frightfully unfashionable your clothes are? Just come with me—I know a nearby tailor.



There, that's a big improvement. Perfect fit. Now with a silk hat and a pair of patent leather shoes you'll be able to get into the best families.



Tony, this is a very particular friend of mine. I want you to give him special attention and fix him up in your best tonsorial style. Never mind his protests.



Well, I declare, you look like quite a young chap. Good-bye, old top, glad to have seen you. Any little thing I can do for you, just let me know.



WHEN JANUARY FIRST COMES ON WASH DAY

The Vagabond

WE'VE dragged our feet along the road
Of Time, to where another year
Begins. And now we drop our load
Of worries while we give a cheer;
We view the start with eyes aflame,
For smooth the surface looks ahead,
We leave the toll this year can claim
Upon the road we've walked with dread.

Gone is the year-path we have known;
Gone are its sorrow, anguish, care;
Gone are its sigh, its sob, its groan—
Forth on the newer path we fare;
Look! See the golden sunlight gleam
On every day that has its place
In the Road Builder's subtle scheme,
Waiting to mirror on each face!

Let us step boldly out beyond
The turnstile; let us steal the sun
Become a very vagabond
Until the lane of life is run;
Not always will the sun shine out . . .
Let's make it ours ere it departs;
And greet each day-stone with a shout
Because the sun shines in our hearts.
—J. Walter Utting.

The Monogamy of the Male

SAY what you will of marital infidelity and easy divorce, man is essentially monogamous and will go to great lengths to prove it.

Take the case which arose the other day in an Indianapolis police court. The defendant was charged with bigamy. The judge asked him: "Haven't you another wife, in Grand Rapids?" "Really," was the reply, "I couldn't say—I don't know—I reckon not!"

Here, then, we have a case of constructive bigamy, but man, the essential monogamist, remains a monogamist in thought and purpose—yes, and in deed, for as the purpose is, so is the act. Get the idea? Here is no "how happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." Here is male monogamy, so complete that with either mate the existence of the other is perfectly forgotten. "Have you another wife?" "Really, I don't know—I reckon not!" Here is devotion, here is marital felicity, if you please.

"Man's love," said Byron, "is of his life a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence." Well, we wonder if a woman could so truly, so devotedly love two or more husbands that when with either she would forget the other two or three? "Really, I don't know—I reckon not!" Granted, we may be

told that we mistake the symptoms that it wasn't so much a case of male monogamy as it was a throwback to Sir Galahad. The days of chivalry come back! This fine fellow would spare his wife—either wife, or both, for that matter—the knowing that he knew she was twins.

For the sake of Indianapolis he would forget Grand Rapids—but were

it Grand Rapids, his chivalry would avail to forget Indianapolis—who can doubt it?

Either way, men like this are the grand prizes—too rare, too precious to be monopolized, yet too monogamous to be polygamous in purpose, were their wives as Solomon's for number or as Sheba for good looks.

—Albert E. Hoyt.





THE "G" STRING—A STUDY IN VIBRATION



JUST INSTINCT

AS FAR AS SHE GOES

By S. E. KISER

MADELINE MURPHY was disconsolate. The state legislature had voted in favor of woman suffrage, and the governor had signed the bill.

"Why are you so sad, my darling?"

It was DeLancy Potter who spoke, and his handsome countenance was distorted by the anguish that tortured him.

"I must give you up," she replied. "I have done my best to bring myself to it, but it cannot be. Whither thou goest I could go, and I would be willing that your people should be my people. I am ready to give up my religious faith and adopt yours, but there is one barrier that I cannot surmount."

"Ah, Madeline," he cried, "you must not say that. I cannot give you up. Your beauty enchants me, your refinement thrills me. Where is there another girl who could use the word surmount as sweetly, who could pronounce it with as musical a modulation, as

you do? Tell me what it is that has come between us. I must know. I cannot surrender you with this awful mystery unexplained."

"I have just become possessed of the right to vote."

"Yes, yes—go on."

"As I have said, I can leave home, parents, brothers and sisters, religion—everything for you—everything but my father's politics. I never can vote your ticket, because it is not his ticket. There lies the gulf that, if you will permit a change of metaphors, never can be bridged."

Knowing that the words she had spoken were only too true, he gulped down the grape juice she had placed before him and then left her forever.

How Do They Do It?

ENIE, meenie, minie, moe
Sums up what some people know;
Yet some of those very people
Seem impressive as a steeple;
With the ways of Solomon
Fooling almost everyone,
And respected and revered
For their wisdom—yes, and feared.
Such a glamor they collect
Many never once suspect
This is all those people know;
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe.

—Walter G. Doty.

Safe Bet

Argus boasted of his hundred eyes.

"We'll bet your wife doesn't think you have one for color," we remarked.

People differ as to what the new dime looks like. It looks like a mighty small loaf.



Private detective—And he told me it was the milkman!

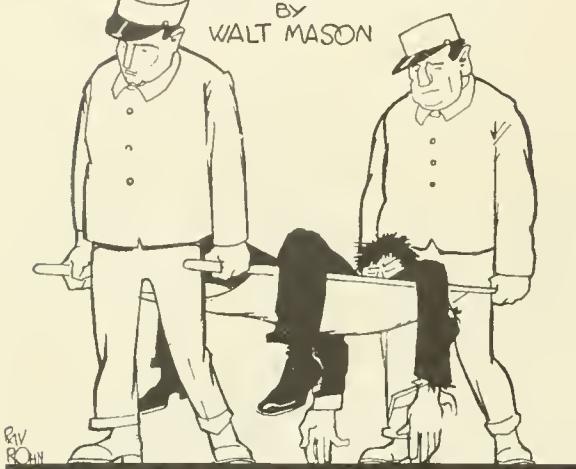


AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Estelle—So Gwen has given up Law for Medicine? *Marguerite*—Yes; I think she prefers live cases to dead ones.

SPEAKING YOUR MIND.

BY
WALT MASON



"I SPEAK my mind on all occasions, with no reserve and no evasions." This was my Neighbor Smith's confession; for candor is his chief obsession. He thinks it is a shining virtue, to speak right out, though it may hurt you. Against all sophistries he's wailing; he says the truth should be prevailing, however much that truth may cost you, however greatly it may frost you.

Tonight, along the sidewalk narrow, they brought him homeward in a barrow. Two ribs of his had just been broken, for sundry truthful things he'd spoken; his lips were split, three teeth were missing, and he'll have trouble with his kissing.

He's always coming home in sections, and under medical directions, and salves and ointments never quit him, where shoes have bruised and brickbats hit him.

In one short week he has more sorrow than I in fifty years could borrow. He speaks his mind, whatever happens, and gets the worst of all his scrappin's.

To keep grim trouble in the distance, I take the line of least resistance. To have enjoyment ever present, I do not say the thing unpleasant.

I know that Biffkin is a liar, a strangely gifted falsifier. He comes around and tells me stories about his auto and its glories, how it will climb the steepest mountain—of all untruths he is the fountain. And often, too, against my wishes, he tells me how he caught big fishes; of how, upon a morning drizzly, with his bare hands he killed a grizzly; he has all records dead or dying, I'm sure, in ground and lofty lying.

And if I doubted him I'd grieve him; so I let on that I believe him. *

Now, Smith would say, "You are a faker; of lies the patentee and maker." And Biffkin's large, and skilled in sparring, and Smith would get an awful jarring, and from the strife and dust emergin', he'd have to seek the nearest surgeon.

Oh, life is brief, a fleeting bubble, so let's be wise and dodge its trouble.

That Noise

"WHAT was that unearthly noise on your floor last night?" asked the landlady of the winter boarding house for circus people.

"The Human Pincushion was walking the floor with his baby," replied the Fire Eater, "and stepped on a tack."

The automobile is doing a lot of good in keeping down the size of the wealthy class.

AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S

"BUT Madame's hair is charming, she should not permit it to become gray. Madame's husband does not like the dyed hair? This is not a dye, it is a tonic that restores the natural color. It is only two dollars a bottle for the small size. Many thanks, Madame."

"And if Madame would allow us to give her hair the permanent wave? Positively Madame's husband would mistake her for her own daughter. Injure the hair? But no, not as we do it, that is impossible. Twenty-five dollars and guaranteed to last six months."

"A massage cream is of necessity in the climate Americain, so dry, so dusty. A thousand pardons, it is not expensive when one considers the results. Three dollars a jar and the skin of a new-born child."

"And now a touch of the liquid powder and Madame is as the débutante. It protects the face from the harsh wind."

"Good-day, Madame, it is a pleasure to serve the customers who appreciate how we strive always to assist Nature."—Kate B. Burton.

Same Old Set

"Did you turn over any new leaves this year?"
"Nope—I just turned back to January 1, 1914."



Parodies of the Fair Green

Curse, Golfer, Curse!

THE SUNLIGHT sheens on tricky greens
And neck-deep bunkers, pits, and ditches;
The golfer slinks across the links
And in wild frenzy drives and pitches.

Curse, golfer, curse, set the wild echoes flying!
Curse, golfer; answer, echoes, —! —!! —!!!

O hark! O hear! Can human ear

Endure such language all unshattered?

O swift and thin across the whin

The air curls blue and burnt and tattered.

Curse, till we hear the quarry-hole replying;
Curse, golfer; answer, echoes, —! —!! —!!!

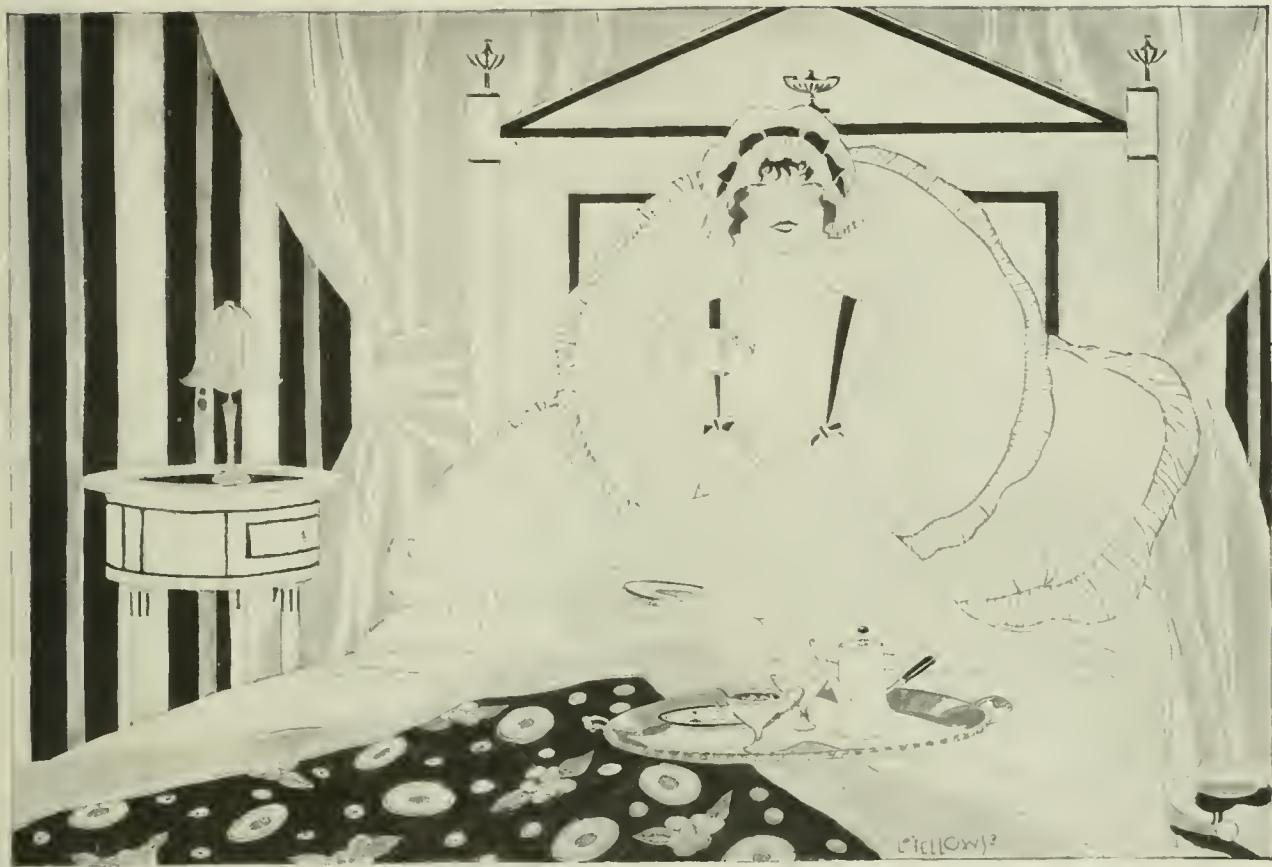
The birdlings die in yon rich sky,
They faint o'er hill and field and river;
The echoes roll from hole to hole,
And leave a blasted track forever!

Curse, golfer, curse, set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer, —! —!! —!!!

—F. Gregory Hartwick.

A BOUDOIR CONFIDENCE

By J. A. WALDRON



WHAT TIME is it, Janet?" Belle Murrie yawned as comfortably as an ingenious device meant to discourage wrinkles in slumber—no matter what dreams might come—would permit, and sat up in bed. She had been awake for some time, pretending to sleep, watching the deft and noiseless work of her maid in preparation for this matutinal event, and had admired—perhaps envied—Janet's lithe, graceful figure and the piquant beauty of her face.

"Eleven, madame," was the maid's reply as she let in a little more light.

"Well, I shall not dress for a while. After my bath I shall have coffee and the papers in bed. I so love the way you manage the cushions! You must be remotely Oriental, Janet!"

"Oh, no, madame!"

"I mean your ancestors. Why, some of mine might have been Oriental!"

And indeed they might have been. As she undulated toward her bath she would have pleased any contemporary Oriental.

Belle, a widow, was as gay as widows are wont to be after a seemly period following bereavement. She had adored her husband, now deceased about two years, but was not brooding over a lonely state. Full-flowered beauty, abounding vitality and mental buoyancy have nothing in common with brooding.

And her other gifts, perhaps, partly accounted for the fact that her suitors and her would-be suitors were many, and some of them persistent and insistent. These other gifts were also

real—in fact they were realty—herited as relict of the late Murray Murrie. She had coquettled with all the men who hung about her, for all of them ministered to her vanity. She had thought she never would fall in love again, and had not considered a second adventure in matrimony until Hendrick Melton appeared on her horizon. Then she became sentimental in secret. Melton played about her as others did, yet never seemed in earnest. And thus, possibly, she fell desperately in love with him, though she struggled constantly to keep from him all clues to her feeling, thinking that an assumed carelessness might affect him as his own had affected her. He was a handsome fellow, about her own age, and well to do. But she would have eloped with him and married him without a penny.

"Do you think I am getting too stout?" Belle asked as she emerged from her bath and put herself in the skilled hands of Janet.

"Why, madame, really, I . . ."

"Come, Janet, don't hesitate to tell me what you think. If I am, I shall diet, and exercise, and get thinner in some way. That living skeleton, Ellen Brown, had the effrontery yesterday to tell me I was actually *fat*. Ugh! What a word!"

"I think, madam, you are pleasingly plump—only that—not even stout. And I'm sure there are as many who admire plumpness as there are who . . ."

"Men? Do you think many men admire plumpness?"

"Why not, madame?"

"Well, I shall be weighed to-day—don't let me forget it—



O N I T S W A Y

and if I have gained even one pound since last month I shall take desperate measures to reduce. Oh! Not so tight!"

"Yes, madame. It doesn't lace as it did."

Back in bed, elegantly and cosily cushioned, Belle sipped her coffee and nibbled her toast daintily, apparently with scales in mind. But it was something else she was thinking about. It is even possible that a woman may think of two things at once. Janet was by a window lacing a night robe.

"Among the men who visit me, Janet, which one, do you think, would make the best husband?"

"Oh! Madame! How should I know?"

"Well, does Colonel Beveridge appeal to you?"

"He seems a gallant gentleman, madame, but . . ."

"But is too fond of my cocktails, eh? That's what I think. How about the Hon. Sidney Bird? You know he is very clever—very young to have attained political distinction."

"But he, madame, is he not too fat?"

"Ah! So you have a prejudice against stout persons, after all!" Belle laughed, hiding her vexation.

"But to be admired, madame, should not a man be slender?"

"There! And a woman also, I fear! I shall reduce! And at luncheon you must limit me to half a partridge."

"And no sweets?"

"No sweets." Belle thought a moment as though undecided. She would skip unimportant masculine items and come to the main question. "How about Mr. Melton, Janet?"

"I should say, madame, that he is too gay—too fickle."

"Fickle? Gay?"

"Yes, madame. Always, when you are out of sight, he makes love to me."

Where We Parted

THE place where we parted
Is no longer there.
That's why I'm downhearted;
The place where we parted.
And Curly Locks started,
Is now bald and bare.
The place where we parted
Is no longer there.

—Howard C. Kegley.

In Bad Again

"JUST let me tell you this," he said when his wife had chided him for being out after 12 o'clock at night, "I'm no longer a child. I'm old enough to take care of myself, and I'm not going to be tied to anybody's apronstrings."

"Don't worry about that," she replied. "If you can afford to pay what it costs to stay out this late I'll quit wearing an apron."

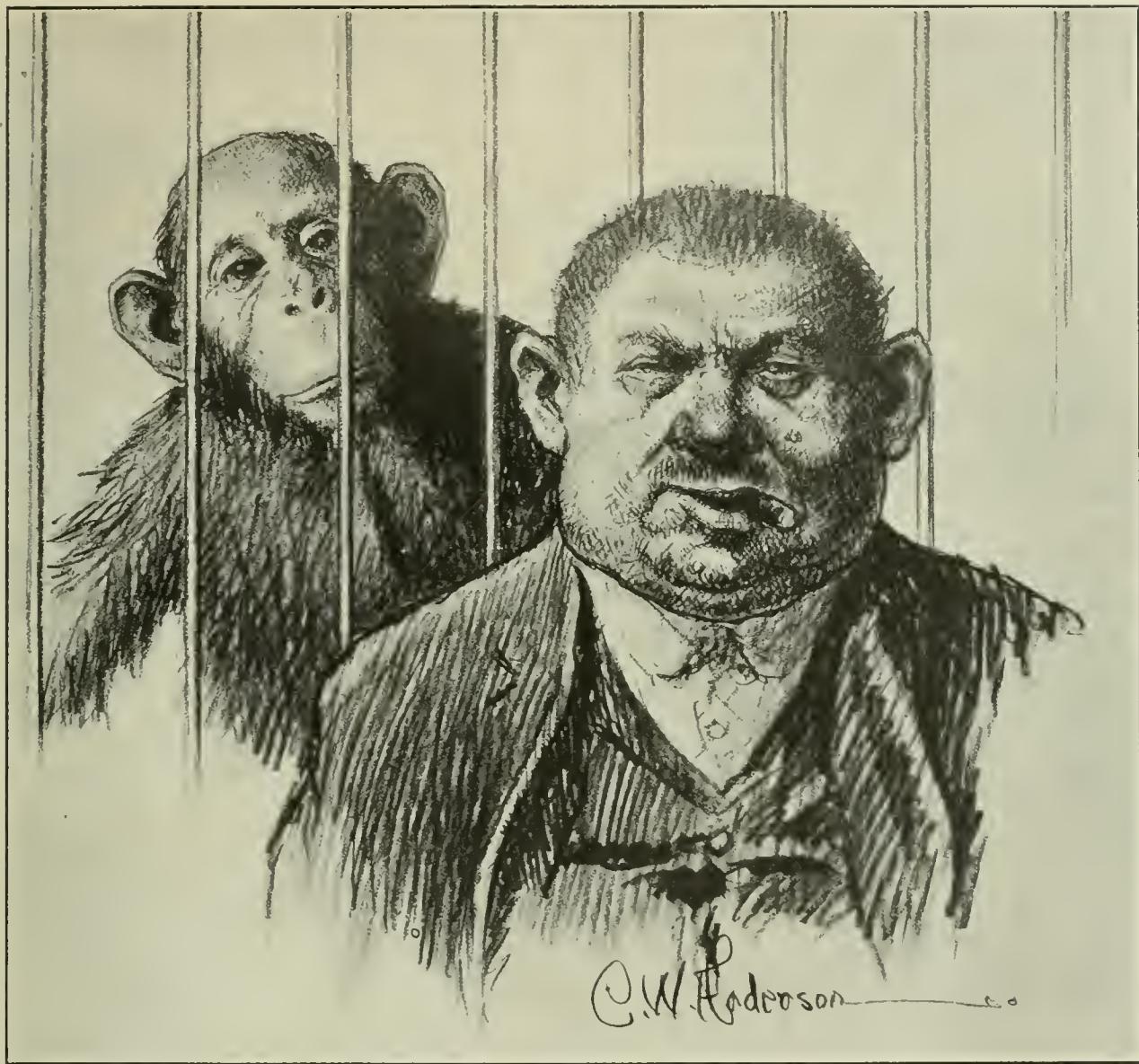
Not Yet Prepared for That

"I see that the Authors' League has decided not to affiliate with the Federation of Labor."

"Yes. It seems that some of the authors found that they would not be able to make a living if they had to quit work every day at 4:30."



AN INTERRUPTED "CLOSE-UP"



"THE DESCENT OF MAN"

MRS. CLATTERBY MAKES RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By J. L. HARBOUR

"I DON'T care what any one says, I do think that it is a good thing for one to make good resolutions at the end of the year, I just *do*," said Mrs. Clatterby with decision as she handed Clatterby his second cup of coffee. "I firmly believe that all of us could overcome many of our little faults that annoy others if we only firmly resolved that we would do so, and if we had the moral—moral—what is the word I want to use? Oh, yes, fibre, that is it, the moral fibre; and I hope that I have enough of it to keep a good resolution once I make it. I have been thinking

that it would really and truly be a good thing if, at the end of the year, husbands and wives were perfectly frank with each other and told each other of annoying little habits that were irritating to each other. And now, James, if I have any little habit that annoys you I honestly wish that you would be entirely frank and tell me what that habit is that I may begin the new year by really getting rid of it. If you will only tell me—

"You talk too much."

"What! I talk too much? Well, James Clatterby, I don't think that I

talk any more than other wives talk, and I would just like to know what I say that I haven't a perfect right to say. When a woman's husband is gone all day and he comes home at night isn't it perfectly natural, perfectly right and proper, that she should wish to converse with him? Would you have me greet you in perfect silence and—what is that? You couldn't conceive of such a thing being possible? Now, James, what do you mean by





such a thinly veiled insinuation as that? That is the way it is with you. You almost never come out and say definitely what you have to say, but put it in the form of some kind of an insinuation which is not only cowardly but ungentlemanly. One can meet an open accusation, but an insinuation is another matter. As a man and a gentleman you owe it to your wife, the woman you have promised to love, cherish and respect, at least to treat her with the common courtesy you show to other women, but that is something you almost never do, and you can never know how many times you have pained and actually humiliated me by this or that mean insinuation instead of being frank and open and according me at least as much courtesy and respect as you show to other women. You can never know what I have suffered in silence because my pride—will you have the kindness to tell me what that groan means and that muttered something or other about 'silence'? One can put a very disagreeable insinuation into even a groan and—why is it that men are so unreasonable? Here I ask you kindly and frankly to name one of my faults that annoy you and you go into a tantrum and groan and look as if you contemplated suicide! Goodness knows that if you asked me to name some of your annoying little failings for you to try to overcome with the beginning of the new year I could make a string of them a yard long. They would be things I have never mentioned, for a wife early learns that she must bear a great deal in silence, and—another groan! Very well, James, since you are not willing to meet me half way in exchanging confidences, as it were, and trying with me to overcome some of your faults, each trying to help the other with mutual endeavor and a sincere de-

sire to overcome traits and tendencies that, if allowed to remain unchecked are likely to, as Browning, or was it Tennyson, said, 'create dissension between hearts that love' and, as the years go on, are—what? Spare you the horrible suggestion of years? Now, James, that is more than an insinuation that you would like to get rid of me, your wife, the mother of your children, by whose side you stood at the altar and—if you must leave the table as if seven devils were in pursuit of you at least try to do it without upsetting nearly a whole cup of coffee on a cloth that was clean only last night and that—it is hard to keep a good resolution when you are married to a man who throws cold water on you the way that man does! Dear me! Marriage is an eye-opener when it comes to revealing the real natures of men—dear me!

The Force of Habit

WHEN MOLLY was a maid of work,
Said she "Sure as me name is Burke,
I'm not wan bit inclined to shirk,"
But still she often ceased her labors
And recreation found among
Her sisters of the ready tongue
By running down the neighbors.

Now Molly's rich, but still not proud;
In fact, her boast is often loud,
"I haven't changed wan bit, be jabers."
I guess she's right. At least, I know
She often rests an hour or so
By speeding in her automo.
And running down the neighbors.

—Edmund Vance Cook.

Some Translators

She—Antiquarians have translated a Babylonian letter 4,100 years old.

He—Some translators, what? Bet you they can't decipher this football reporter.



Jones—You certainly are in hard luck, old man! If you can find anything valuable in this house it's more than I can do. My wife is house-cleaning.

THE NOTION COUNTER

SOMETIMES a restaurant manager is going to tell his waiters to make separate checks unless otherwise requested; and it is going to be a great invention.



Some people are always looking for trouble. There is the man, for example, who looks inside a restaurant sandwich.

The world is divided into a lot of people who think they can sing and a few who can.

I know that we pay for every joy with pain; and I hope it works the other way.

Even a homely girl who can play a piano in the twilight has a chance.

A man would rather deceive himself with an epigram than condemn himself with a truth.

A man does not like to promise what he can't perform, or a woman what she can.

Life is all compensations. When the flow of gasoline stops, the flow of language begins.

The devil doesn't worry about the sermon if he can get the choir to whisper.

The moon may be the emblem of lovers because it waxes and wanes.

A good way to keep out of court is to go see two lawyers.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and most men want to be believed. He who has never played the fool has never been the lover.

A saint is a woman who saves some man from herself.

In the ultimate no man saves time by eating fast.

We go a long way every day in some direction.

An aphorism is a truth that is not true.—*Douglas Malloch.*



Alice—Did he look through you with X-rays to see if an operation was necessary?

Arthur—Oh, no! He knew it wasn't as soon as he looked through Bradstreet and Dun.

RARE BARGAINS FOR 1920

NAVY BEANS—Special on Saturday morning, 9 to 10, nicely decorated boxes of six standard size Navy Beans—29 cents. (Only one box to a customer.)

Prunes—Half pound boxes of best prunes, assorted sizes—\$1.87.

Eggs—Guaranteed hen eggs, fresh this season, in individual cartons—14 cents each. Special cartons containing five or six eggs, well wrapped—79 cents.

Butter—Creamery butter in one-pound cartons, weighing not less than seven ounces. Special from 10 to 10:15 Friday—\$1.15.

Bread—Your choice of 200 loaves of assorted standard makes. Must sell soon—26 cents each.

Meats and vegetables of all kinds, well within the reach of bank presidents, railroad and munition magnates, and movie stars. All sales strictly cash.

Cut Rate Grocery and Delicatessen, Cor. Broadway and 42d.—*H. W. Dee.*

Stationary

"Eat and Grow Thin" is now his creed;

Its helpful hints he'll daily pull—

But he grows fatter yet, indeed;

He practices "Treat and Grow Full."

Raising Hob

He—This paper says that the decision of an Illinois court may invalidate thousands of marriages. Why, that will raise hob!

She—Raise hob? Well, I should say! If our marriages aren't legal, our divorces aren't, either.

A Way They Have

Crawford—Does your wife believe everything you tell her about yourself?

Crabshaw—No; she'd rather believe what everybody tells her about me.



Mrs. Bigby (relating her experience with a burglar)—I heard a sort of noise and saw a pair of feet sticking out from under the bed.

Caller—Gracious! Burglar's?

Mrs. Bigby—No, my husband's. He had heard the noise too.



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

"I SAY, old chap, how did you like it?" The Bachelor Clubman and the Tired Business Man emerged together

from the performance of "The Harp of Life."

"The play? Too much intimate home life in it for me. But Laurette Taylor! Some actress!"

"Is she? Rather! I always admire that little woman, and was sorry the Londoners kept her over there so long. She gets you. She can plumb your feeling all right! But the play has newly confirmed me in bachelorhood—single blessedness, you know. What a lot of trouble a kid can make for parents, eh?" And the Bachelor hailed a taxi.

The Tired Business Man sighed. When he leaves a girlie "show" he also sighs. But there are sighs and sighs. He turned back into the theatre lobby. Preoccupied, he had left his stick in the checking booth. He encountered the Critic. "Well, how about *this* play?" he asked. "I suppose you have a learned opinion all ready for publication. Yet you tell me some things you don't print."

"Most critics have intimate opinions the public never hears or sees," replied the Critic. "'The Harp of Life' is a very skilful variant of an old theme upon which the modern theory that children should be made familiar with the elemental facts of life is imposed. Miss Taylor (who is Mrs. Manners) is lucky in a husband who can realize her dramatic aspiration, and Mr. Manners is fortunate in a wife who embodies an inspiration."

"Something in that. But the play?"

"The play illustrates the futility of beginning the education of a youth in sexual matters without following the education to admonition. But it gives Miss Taylor an admirable opportunity to denote with amazing skill and variety the emotions of a mother who is bound up in her boy to the point that she will even

lie for him. She seems rather incongruously young in the piece when you see her son, young as he appears; but that is a detail. Miss Taylor is convincing at all times. Her range is astonishing. To genius she adds a peculiar physical beauty and a surpassing charm of manner. She could not fail in any sort of rôle. But there is something the matter with the last act of 'The Harp of Life.' It may be the psychology, or a faulty effort to present the psychology."

"But there is good acting by others."

"By two or three—yes. A remarkable illustration of ingenuousness and girlish character by Lynn Fontanne, as the abandoned fiancée; a fine man-of-the-world type by Frank Kemble Cooper; and a clever impersonation of the husband by Marshall Brooke."

"But that woman in the last act—the siren. . . ."

"Quite impossible. Her gowning and make-up united to sow discord, and she might have been an automaton as far as light and shade in acting go. Really, come to think of it, I'm not sure that she is not responsible for the failure of the last act to convince."

"We-ell, perhaps you're right. I must admit that I don't go in much for convincing and all that sort of thing. I will say, though, that I wasn't much impressed by the Siren, myself. She was out of place in such a well-balanced cast."

"D'you know," remarked the Critic, confidentially, "I've a confession to make. I rarely go to the theatre in the right frame of mind."

"Good Lord!" snorted the Tired Business Man. "That comes well from you!"

"Sh-h!" commanded the Critic. "I wouldn't have anyone hear me for the world. If my paper discovered the fact there would be somebody in my place. But if you had seen over one hundred plays in the last twelve months—most of them bad—you would be rather carping yourself. Take, for example, this new production of Anna Held's—'Follow Me!'" Looking back at it, I can see that

it is above the average in musical comedies—there are a number of things in it to amuse, and, after all, the mission of musical comedy is to amuse—nothing more. Yet I find that I must constantly be on my guard lest I 'knock' musical comedy out of hand. It has its place, you see, as much as Shaw or Shakespeare."

"Then you liked 'Follow Me?'" asked the Tired Business Man.

"I said that it was above the average in musical comedy," replied the Critic. "My personal feelings had nothing to do with the matter. Looking at the production from an impersonal standpoint, and trying to forget Anna Held, for whom I must confess a sneaking weakness inclining to admiration, I may say that as a musical comedy 'Follow Me' is good. Further than that I refuse to go."

"Well," said the Tired Business Man. "I must say that I have a greater respect for you and your opinions now than I have had for some time. I suppose the theatre does get on your nerves a bit. I don't think even I could stand it as often as you have to."

I watched this resumption of diplomatic relations with amaze, and, I confess, regret. The perennial arguments between the Tired Business Man and the Critic were among my joys. I waited for the next words with anxiety.

"You see," continued the Critic, "There is no definite technique of the drama in musical comedy."

The Tired Business Man erected his crest as does the belligerent rooster. "If you're going to start on technique—" he began. I sighed blissfully. My copy was safe for another week, anyway.





THE MODERN WOMAN

SUFFRAGE FACTS AND FANCIES by Anna Cadogan Etz

An Ounce of Experience

RELATIVES from Chicago "blew in" the other day at the home of an eastern woman torn with curiosity to know how votes for women affected the home. If she could be shown that, if she voted, her stock would fall in her husband's affections, she intended resigning forthwith from the local suffrage club. For what is home if your husband does not love you?

She intended, after waiting a decent interval, to ask for information on the vexed question from this uncle and his young wife and abide by their opinion. Decent interval! Waiting! There was none. Tales of politics bubbled from the lips of the young wife unceasingly. She declared that in the spring they must move into a larger apartment, one large enough for political meetings. She told endless incidents of her ward club; of its bi-weekly dinners at which the greatest men in the city appeared and asked for the help of the women; of how the women heckled them; how one woman said, "How do we know that your man will make a good assemblyman merely because he has proved a fair alderman?" of how another one said, "Indeed, we won't work for your candidate—we know exactly how poor an alderman he has been!"

"That is all very well," thought the hostess. "I can understand how a young woman, with only a city apartment to care for, can find life made fuller and richer if she has anything so vital as the interests of her city to help manage, but the question is: How does her husband like this endless prattle of politics?"

So the first minute she seceded alone with the husband she asked, "Well, uncle; how do you like to have your wife so absorbed in politics?" "Like it?" he answered, "I am crazy over it. It is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to her!" and he grinned as he added, "Gee! but I'm glad she is a Republican and I am a Democrat. We have heaps more fun than though we thought the same things, and belonged to the same party!"

If this extremely intelligent man liked to have the domestic discussion range away from the kitchen range; if he liked

associating with a political equal instead of a political incompetent, it indicates at least that there may be many men just like him and many more homes in Chicago which have become centers of interest to husbands as the result of women in that city having the right to vote.

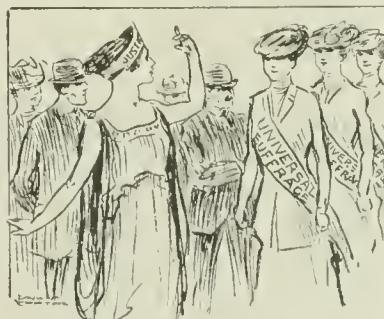
As a straw showing which way the wind is blowing, it is much more valuable as data than the sour prophecy of the moody old mossback who travels up and down the states, where women have yet to win the right to vote, shaking his fist at the suffragists—of course figuratively—and saying, "If you get the vote there is one thing you can bet on: The men won't love you."

The Only Cure for the Evils of Woman Suffrage in the West

I KNOW a man in my town who voted for woman suffrage last year but who now says, "Never, no more!" And when asked "why?" he says, "Because the women voters of California elected Wilson."

One of our leading citizens walked gaily up the street on the morning after election adorned with a large yellow chrysanthemum and when asked to explain his decoration he replied, "Because I am now a suffragette. Never have I been one before, but since the women carried California for Wilson, I am forevermore to be numbered with the suffragettes."

All over the East the sons of Adam are chuckling or grumbling (largely grumbling) and blaming the election returns on to the women voters. Just for the sake of argument, let us accept the diagnosis of the political situation made by



THE RIGHT OF WAY

the men and admit that "the women voters did it." What, then, is the situation, and what the cure?

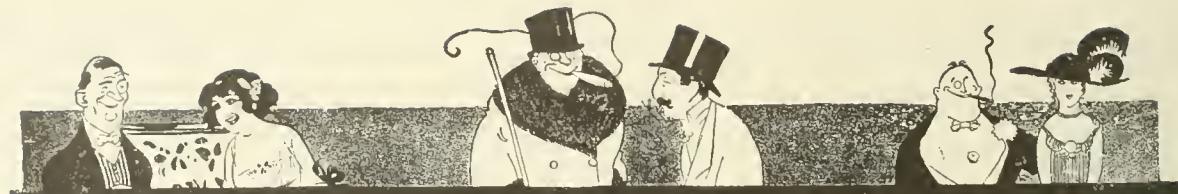
Horrid predicament, is it not, in which the proud anti-suffrage men of the East find themselves? They must accept a President chosen for them by women and by women over whom they have no control. They are denied the satisfaction of making faces at the women, for the women would not see them. They can't call them names, because the women would not hear them. They can write mean things about them, but the women don't care. All the men the Western women care about are Western men and the Western men are not feeling sore at Western women on account of the election.

In Illinois a bibulous male struck his wife when she returned from an early trip to the polls where she had voted for a dry town. But no man in the East has an arm long enough to reach the women voters of the West, no matter how much he feels like it.

There is really but one thing under the sun that the disgruntled men of the East can do to save them from being governed by the women voters of the West, and that is to give the vote to the women of the East. Even if votes in the hands of Eastern women failed to rescue men from petticoat government, men would at least have the satisfaction of "getting at" if not "getting even" with the offenders.

Man is now in much the same predicament in which a man at the breakfast table finds himself when he discovers that his coffee is cold and looking up to mention it to his wife finds that she has left the room not to return.

To sum up the situation, which seems to be vexing so many men: If, Men of the East, if you don't like having your party platforms and your presidents chosen for you by the women voters of the West, then neutralize those voters by women voters in the East. Then, if you can't browbeat, cajole, or argue the eastern women into electing your favorite candidate—well, it will be, will it not, the latest application to politics of that most respectable principle, The Survival of the Fittest?



HUMOR FROM FOREIGN LANDS



Immune

"Geh, S', Frau Haushuber, heut hat 's scho a Skukalte."

"Wie kann denn i dos wissen? So sehn do, dass i und mei Mo echte Skunkspelz tragen!"

"Rotten cold, to-day, isn't it, Frau Haushuber?"

"How should I know? Can't you see that my husband and I are wearing real skunk?"—*Jungend* (Munich).



A Higher Pleasure

Dame—Sie studieren immer das Menü so andächtig—
Sie sind wohl sehr wählerisch?

Herr—O nein, ich freue mich bloss jedesmal, wenn ich etwas mit einem recht schönen poetischen Namen esse!

Lady—You study the menu with such care, you must be very hard to please?

Gentleman—No, but I enjoy it so much more when I eat things with really poetic names.—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).



A Moving Tale

Pensionsmutter—Seht, lieben Kinder, hier versuchte vor zwei Jahren eine meiner Pensionatinnen sich zu ertränken. Sie wurde jedoch von einem jungen Mann gerettet. Jetzt sind die beiden verheiratet—

Boarding school teacher—Look, dear children, two years ago one of my pupils tried to drown herself here. But she was saved by a young man. Now they are married—
—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).



An Irritating Mistake

Auntie (explaining the Biblical story)—
Lot was told to take his wife and daughters and flee. There's Lot; there is his wife; and there are his daughters, a little way behind.

The small nephew (much interested)—
Yes; but where's the flea?—*Sketch* (London).



Polite But Tactless

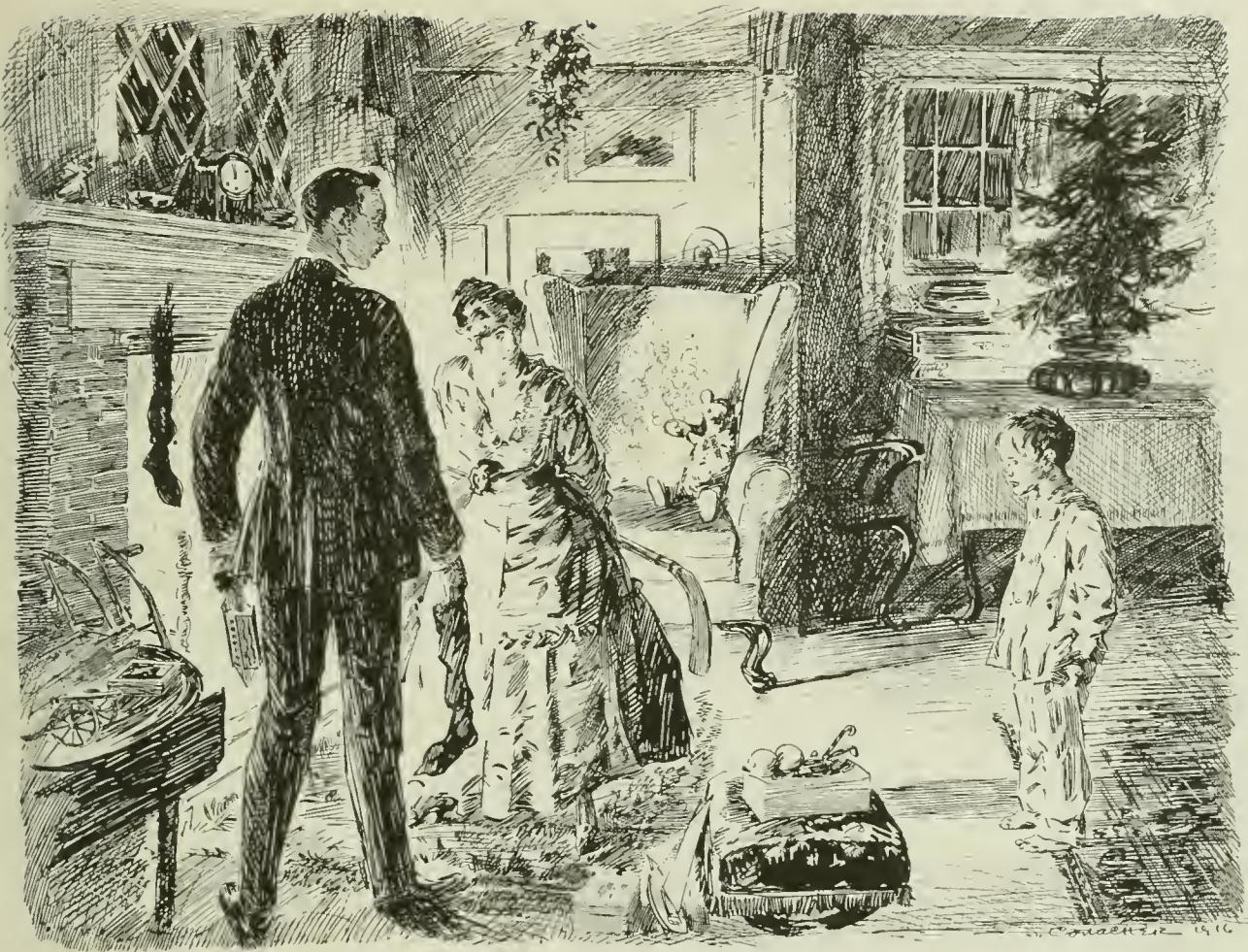
"Excuse me, madam, but are you using that ash-tray?"—*Passing Show* (London).



The Indispensable

"T'as pas d'bonnet d'coton? Alors, comment qu'vous faites passer pour le café?"

"You haven't a nightcap? What will you do to strain coffee?"—*Le Rire* (Paris).



THAT SANTA CLAUS GAG

Young hopeful—Well, dad, it's up to me to hand it to you. You've put one over on me every Christmas for five years now.

His Deduction

I SHREWDLY suspect," remarked the Old Codger, just before the glad holiday time, "that Neighbor Mooth is figgerin' on borrowing the books I get for Christmas. At any rate, he has just returned those he borrowed from me last Christmas."



For a Christmas Card

No treachy sentiment I send,
No lines of merry mush.
You won't spend more than I would spend,
So why, then, need I gush?

If some of our ancestors were to see us going after a Yule log with a scuttle, what would they say?

A Two-Colored Christmas

MY WIFE wants a new fur coat.
My daughter
Wants a new party gown.
My son
Wants a new dress suit.
The total cost,
With all the rest of it,
Will reach five hundred bones.
It looks very much
Like a green Christmas
For me.
Green,
With a yellow back!

—William Sanford.

Being Good

Crawford—Did you always turn over a new leaf at the beginning of the year?

Crabshaw—Oh, no.

When I was a kid I found that the best time to do it was about two weeks before Christmas.



A NUT SUNDAE AT HOME



HERBERT BREATHLESS' CHRISTMAS by *F. Gregory Hartswick*

'TWAS Christmas Eve. Herbert Breathless strode through the snow-covered walks of Madison Square, occasionally running into a city sidewalk-cleaner who had been frozen to death from standing still too long in the bitter air. In Herbert's pocket was a quarter. It was the only coin he had; the rest of his money was in bills. Herbert was cheerful, despite the fact that he had only one coin, for he knew that it was only two blocks to his lodging. So he whistled on his way.

As he passed the frozen fountain he heard a voice.

"Say, Mister, won't y' gimme sumpin' fer a bed?"

Herbert paused. There was something in the voice that moved him strangely. He hated to be spoken to by beggars. He fingered his last coin irresolutely, and then, moved by a sudden impulse, he pressed it into the beggar's outstretched hand, and hastened away. There was a warm thrill about his heart, for he knew that he had done a good deed. Ten minutes later he was asleep in his room.

'Twas Christmas Morn. Herbert yawned, stretched himself, and rose. His rent was due. (The rent is always due on Christmas Morn, somehow.) Herbert shivered.

"Confound that janitor!" he muttered. "He's forgottou to turn the heat on again!"

There was a rap at his door.

"Come in!" he cried in trembling tones, for he was cold. He knew what it was. It was the landlady after the rent. The door slowly opened, and the figure of Nemesis stood before him.

"Give me the rent, or you are turned out into the snow!" she did not say. And Herbert did not fall on his knees and pray for one more day of grace. And a limousine did not draw up before the not at all humble dwelling of Herbert Breathless, to the amazement of the neighbors, and from its warmly upholstered depths a commanding figure with a white beard did not step, assisted by the footman. And the commanding figure who did not thus step forth was not the beggar of the night before; and he did not rush upstairs, three steps at a time, and dash the door of Herbert Breathless' room open, and shout "Stay!" in tones that made even the vixenish landlady quail. And he didn't take out a fat wallet and extract from a hodge-podge of hundred-dollar bills and stock certificates the money for the rent. And then he did not command Herbert to enter the limousine, and say "Millennium Club, James!" to the immaculate chauffeur. And when they did not reach the palatial club-building, he did not introduce Herbert Breathless, and make him a member, and adopt him, and marry him to his daughter. No, indeed; nothing like that happened.

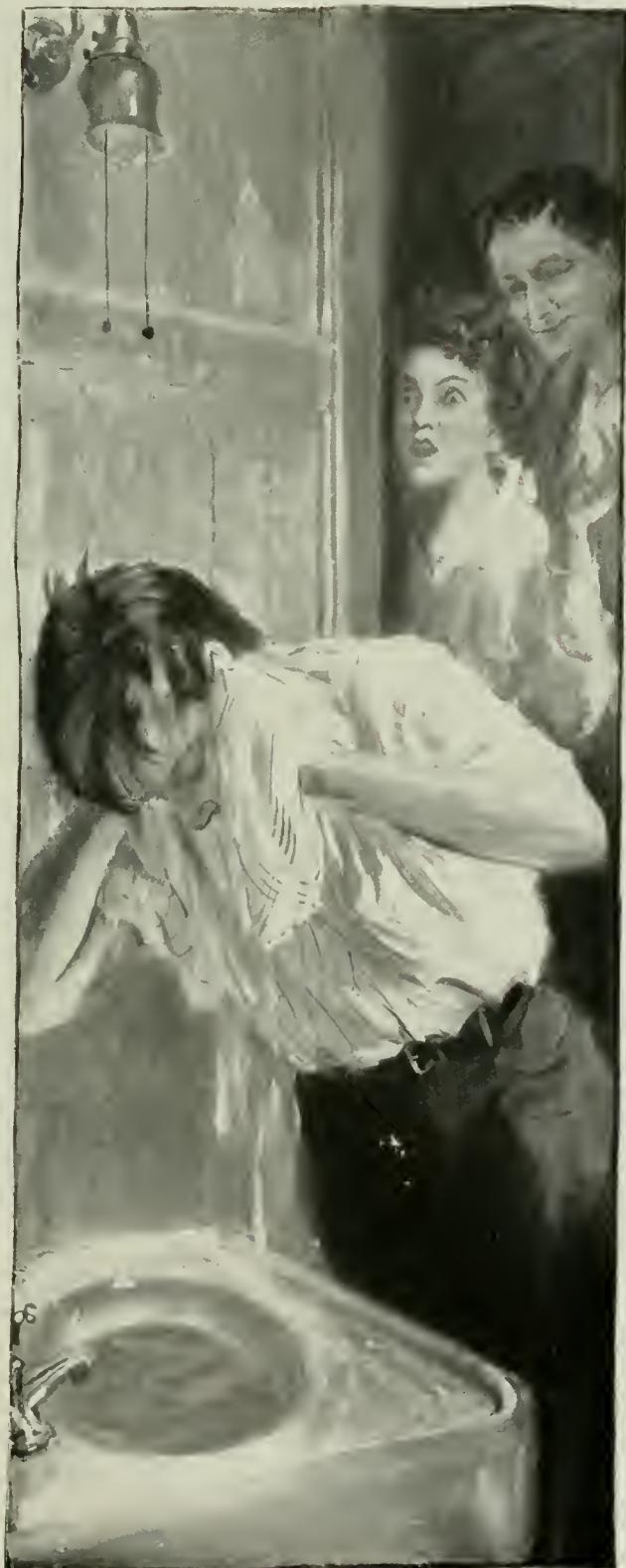
The landlady said, very politely, "Mr. Breathless, can I ask you for your rent?" And Herbert wrote out a cheque, and gave it to her. And she noticed that it was made out for more than was due, and called Herbert's attention to

the fact, and he told her that the extra amount was for a Christmas-gift to her. And she thanked him and went to tell the janitor to turn on the heat in Mr. Breathless' room, and be quick about it. And Herbert looked at the cheque-stub, and saw that he still had a balance of seven thousand to his credit, which was pretty good after Christmas. And then he went out and called a taxi, and went to call on Miss Millyuns, to whom he was engaged to be married.

And what of the beggar? After Herbert left him, he did not murmur "Ah! A true gentleman—a worthy young man!" And he did not whistle in a peculiar way, and call a limousine—the identical limousine that did not draw up before Herbert's dwelling the next morning; and he did not get into it and follow the unconscious Herbert through the silent streets to a mean boarding-house in the poorer quarter—poor, but scrupulously clean. And he did not note the address, and go off and arrange to arrive there at the psychological time next morning. No, sir; he went to a place where they dispense Christmas cheer by the liquid pint, and ordered a Merry Christmas. And he drank it, and proffered Herbert Breathless' quarter in barter therefor. And a few minutes later he picked himself out of the snow, and limped away, cursing. For Herbert Breathless had given him a plugged quarter which he had tried unsuccessfully to pass for a mouth.

Such was Herbert Breathless' Christmas.





T H E R E ' S A R E A S O N



HIS NIGHTMARE—SANTA CLAUS HAS A BAD DREAM



THE "SANDMAN" ARRIVED BEFORE SANTA CLAUS

"I AM GLAD," said Mr. Marvin, "FOR THE CHILDREN" that this year I can at last give the children the sort of Christmas

By LAWTON MACKALL

allowed a plaything that cost over fifty cents, and yet I was perfectly contented and happy."

"So you have often told me," she said gently. "What I mean is that when Jack talks about that torpedo boat, he doesn't ever say he hopes Santa Claus will bring it to him, but that *we* will give it to him."

"If he's gotten sophisticated notions in his head, then it's high time to drive them out; and this wholesome experience will be just the thing to do it. No: what you say only strengthens my conviction that this thing ought to be done. I owe it to my children."

Seeing how he felt about the project, she subsided, despite her strong misgivings. She wanted his Christmas to be as happy as possible.

Mr. Marvin, quite unconscious of her anxiety, was soon engrossed in zealous preparations. He bought a heavy rope and tied knots in it eighteen inches apart. The costume and various small necessities proved so much more expensive than he had thought that he decided to economize on the pack: an ordinary laundry bag would do.

Great was his pleasure as he rehearsed the scene in imagination. He saw himself descending the chimney with his burden of toys; then pausing just before he reached the bottom to rouse the children with a merry blast of his trumpet, so that they would be on the lookout when he appeared in the fireplace. Then he pictured their surprise and delight as they watched him fill their stockings, and their childish excitement as he drew forth his store of wonders from the bag. With his mind full of these happy thoughts, he could hardly wait for Christmas to come.

On Saturday the 23rd the sweeps arrived, as agreed. They scrubbed out the chimney from top to bottom—first with their regular brushes and then, at a fancy price, with hot water and soap. On Sunday the 24th the children's Irish nurse

they ought to have." Mrs. Marvin looked up from her needlework inquiringly.

"When we were living in an apartment in the city," he went on, "it was of course impossible; but here in this house of our own it will be quite simple."

"What do you mean, dear?"

She knew he would tell her, anyway, but it always pleased him to have her ask.

"Why," he replied importantly, "on Christmas morning I shall come down the nursery chimney as Santa Claus."

This announcement rather startled her.

"But, George, are you sure that . . ."


"Quite, my dear. I've gone over every detail in advance. I've ordered the costume and all the paraphernalia, and engaged the men to clean out the chimney beforehand. You know I'm not the sort of person who does things half way."

This was true indeed; for into everything that he attempted, from the negotiation of a business deal to the chasing of a mosquito, he put the whole energy of his being. No man could hit a golf ball with greater earnestness—particularly when he topped it.

Foreseeing complications, she said:

"Yes, George, I don't doubt that you *could*. But do you really think it would be worth the trouble and expense? Little Betty is almost too young to appreciate it, and I'm afraid Jack doesn't believe in Santa Claus any more. You must remember he's nearly seven. When he asked for that torpedo boat . . ."

"Please let's not discuss that again. Eight dollars for a toy is perfect nonsense. Why, when I was a child, I was never



A CHRISTMAS TRANSFORMATION

forgot her instructions and lit a fire, as she had been in the habit of doing every morning. The wood happened to be almost as green as she was, and a trifle damp. But she kept stuffing paper under it until it was really going.

Meanwhile Mr. Marvin, who had decided that the knots in his rope were too far apart, was down in the basement busily untying them and then tying them again.

It was his wife who discovered the fire.

"Goodness me, Katie!" she gasped. Then, collecting herself she said: "Jack, you and Betty go play in the library for a while." The moment the children had gone she and the tearful Katie hastily extinguished the blaze, gathered the remains into scuttles, and washed out the hearth.

As soon as she had finished, and before she had really caught her breath, Mr. Marvin arrived on the scene, radiant with enthusiasm. Producing the coil of rope from under his coat, he said proudly:

"Look at that! You have no idea how hard I've been working. But now everything is O. K." She knew of at least one that was not. But she was afraid to tell him of it.

Promptly at six the next morning Mr. Marvin, who never

needed an alarm clock when he had anything on his mind, bobbed out of bed and began arraying himself as Santa Claus. He did this groping in the semi-darkness, so as not to waken Mrs. Marvin. Occasionally he paused to peer out of the window. Snow was descending in clouds.

"Ah," he murmured with satisfaction, "a white Christmas!"

His preparations completed, he gathered up the rope and the bag and tiptoed out of the door. At which his wife, arising from a feigned sleep, began quietly to put on her wrapper and stockings.

The view from the roof at that early hour was very beautiful and mysterious. Everything was shrouded in white witchery. The gray of morn was transmuted with feathery radiance, transformed by the magic of Christmas. Mr. Marvin, emerging gopher-wise from the trap-door, felt a sudden warmth at his heart that was much in contrast to the sudden cold at his extremities.

"How w-wonderful!" he shivered.

With chilled hands he attached the end of the rope to the last rung of the iron ladder. Then, dropping to all fours for safety, and feeding out the rope according to the pay-as-you-go system, he crawled along the roof-ridge, his long red robe flapping hither and thither in the blizzard wind.

The chimney was double. It had two parallel flues, one coming up from the nursery and the other from the kitchen. Evidently the cook had already lighted the range, for that flue was smoking energetically, almost blindingly.

Mr. Marvin lowered his rope into the inactive one. Then he paused, confronted with the problem of how he should manage the bag. He had imagined himself, like the Santa Claus one sees in pictures, carrying it genially on his back; but now he realized that there was barely room enough for his

(Continued on second page following.)



THE EVOLUTION OF A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE





TOUCH LUCK!

CHESTER F. GARDNER



SANTA CLAUS DOESN'T FILL ALL THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

slender body even when unencumbered. Then a very scientific arrangement occurred to him. He tied the drawstring of the bag to his left ankle so that it hung out of his way below him. This difficulty solved, he began the descent. He was proceeding at a speed of twelve knots a minute, when the bag string became involved with the rope. He halted, wriggled his left foot, and groped down with his left hand. Whereat the other foot (under which a lump of snow had congealed) slipped abruptly. He fell a yard or so. What checked him then was the bag. It was wedged against his right thigh so tightly that he could not budge. The string had drawn his left leg up and across. He was petrified in the posture of an athlete taking a high hurdle.

While Mr. Marvin was filling this place so thoroughly that he bid fair to become a fixture in it, little Jack woke up, ran to look at his stocking, and, finding it empty, burst into tears.

At this crisis Mrs. Marvin, who had been listening anxiously at the door, now entered and took swift command of the situation. Leading her son back to bed, she talked to him in a low, earnest voice. His sorrow seemed suddenly to vanish.

"Honest, Mamma?" he exclaimed, jumping up and down with delight.

"Yes, darling, if you'll do that for me," she answered uneasily. She could hear

peculiar scraping noises and muffled ejaculations. Something fell and smashed into bits. It was a china doll. For Mr. Marvin, cramped, in total darkness, and stifled by the heat from the contiguous flue, had given up fumbling with the snarl of cordage. He was now engaged in reducing the size of his pack. Reaching in through the placket, he grabbed one object after another and let it fall—a package of peanut brittle, not so brittle as it had been, and with a woolen monkey adhering to it; a few squashed tangerines; a disheveled bunch of grapes; a toy locomotive, the impact of which upon one of the andirons elicited a gong-like tremor; some oozing chocolate bars; the crumbled ruins of cookies; a company of soldiers intrenched in taffy. As he hesitated between a doll dinner set and a set of harness studded with caramels, he came upon something protruding from a banana. It was a pair of round-pointed scissors. Deliverance! He took them and cut the string. Then, free at last but too crestfallen to feel like blowing the trumpet, he slid down the rest of the sooty way—just after Mrs. Marvin had softly closed the door behind her.

"Hello, Santa Claus!"

The tattered coalheaver looked up in sudden surprise and joy.

"Hello, Santa Claus!" repeated Jack.

Taking her cue from him, little Betty sat up in bed and pointed at the intruder.

"Merry Christmas, children!" said Mr. Marvin, rubbing his sticky hands together, "I had some toys for you but—er—my sleigh broke down—so they won't be here till to-morrow."

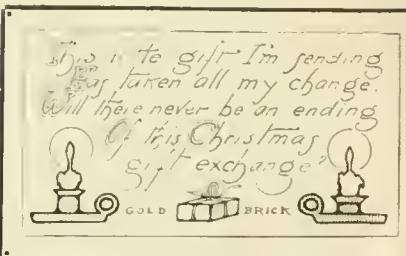
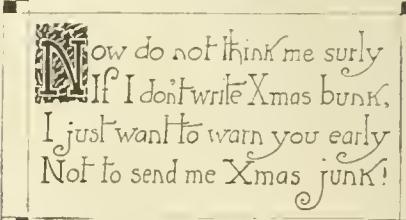
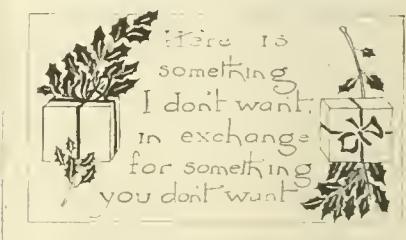
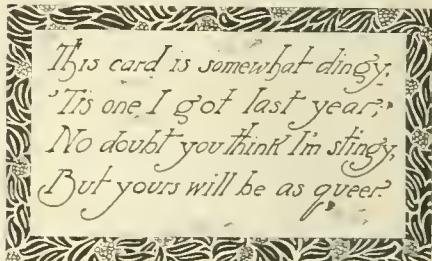
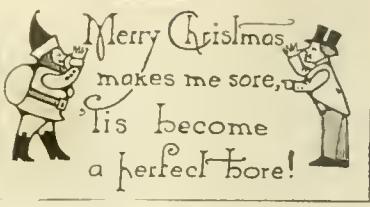
"Thank y'ever so much, Santa Claus!"

There being nothing more to be said, Santa bid an affectionate good-bye and climbed exultantly up the rope again.

Whereupon Mrs. Marvin rushed into the room and threw her arms about little Jack. "My precious, precious boy!" she sighed, hugging him. "You did it perfectly!"

"An' will you really gimme the torpedo boat?"

"Yes, darling. You earned it like a man!"





TOMMY TRIES ONE OF HIS CHRISTMAS CIGARS

The First Backslider

SWEETHEART, when I promised you That on New Year's day I tobacco would eschew, Throw my pipe away, Never use cigars again, Bid Old Nic good-by, I was very earnest then, Full of purpose high; I deserved the sweet applause Which you gave with glee— But just look what Santa Claus Went and did to me! First he sent this smokers' set, All of shining brass, Then this meerschaum—who could let Such temptation pass? Then this smoking jacket, soft As are blue-birds' nests; Then this box I've wished for oft, Full of dark Celestes. Will I break my vow, you say? Darling, have no fear. I'll swear off on New Year's day But not this one, dear. —Lee Shippey.

Out of Sight

She—Can't you see how far I make a dollar go?
He—You know I'm near sighted, Maria.

Above the Average

Crawford—You say you got seven pairs of slippers for Christmas. What is there so unusual about that?

Crabshaw—One pair fitted me.

Decidedly

Prue—I wish you'd give me an appropriate motto to put over my booth at the Christmas bazaar.

Ted—The Lord loveth a cheerful loser.

No Excuse

Madge—You shouldn't blame him just because he's absent-minded.

Marjorie—But just think, dear. It was under the mistletoe.

Decidedly So

Crawford—How can your Christmas present to your wife be a surprise if she told you exactly what it must be?

Crabshaw—You see, I'm not going to give it to her.

A Possible Excuse

"My wife," triumphantly said the Hon. Bray Lowder, "made me what I am."

"Well, don't hold it against her," returned old Felix Fog. "Maybe she couldn't do any better."

Business

SHE'S joined the Spugs and thinks it fine;

No gifts she'll give or take, altho' It's said that she will draw the line When 'neath the merry mistletoe.

—J. J. O'Connell.



INCOGNITO

Papa Duck—This Santa Claus disguise is perfect The children will never recognize me.



CHRISTMAS GREENS



TEN LAPS AHEAD



A LITTLE LOBSTER DRESSING

WEARISOME CHRISTMAS CONTENTIONS

ALTHOUGH there are folk who will frequently joke
On the Christmastide gifts of their wives,
And speak with a sneer of cigars that are queer
And of neckwear that threatens their lives,
I won't speak with haste of my wife's evil taste
In selecting my gifts, nor malign
The things that she buys; for I beg to advise
That her taste is much better than mine.

Of neckties that's true: I don't know what I'd do
If I always selected my own.
I'm sure that I'd pick ones that made me look sick—
Ones whose colors would clamor and moan.
With joy, then, I've found that when Christmas comes 'round
And my wife gives me neckties to wear,
They're always the best and no subject for jest,
But stylish and most debonair.

It's custom to tell of the horrible smell
That arises from Christmas cigars
Which women select, and which husbands expect:
It's a legend as old as the stars,
And one that misleads; for the very best weeds
That I'm fated to get in this life
Are those I receive on each gay Christmas eve
With the greetings and love of my wife.—K. L. Roberts.

His Suspicion

"Do you know why the bridegroom's attendant at the wedding is called the 'best man'?"
"I did not know before I was married," replied skimpy little Mr. Meek, "but very soon afterwards I began to suspect."

FEMINISM AMONG THE SHADES

IT WAS a meeting of the Shades—women of history and fiction assembled to discuss the feminist movement, for even unto them the spirit of the century had reached.

Woman's greatest asset was under discussion. Opinions differed and feeling ran high. Portia had declared that Wisdom was woman's strongest weapon, Helen of Troy proclaimed for Beauty, Lady Macbeth for Ambition, Joan of Arc for the Courage of the woman militant.

As the discussion waxed warmest a new speaker arose. She faced the throng with a languid smile, her slight form, wrapped in a rich tiger skin, swaying lightly: "My Sisters," said Cleopatra, "you are all wrong! A woman needs just *one* thing: Tact for the managing of man, even unto the twining of him about her smallest finger." And the applause that followed proved the trend of feminism, even among the Shades.

—Rachel McBrayer.

"Render unto seizure the things that are seizures," the Bible says—and there are no English Non-Conformists.



WHAT HE MISSED

Daddy—My gracious! I never had so many nice presents when I was a boy.

Eddy—Then you've had lots more fun since you've lived with us, haven't you, daddy?

THE TRUTH.

BY WALT MASON



SINCE I was but a growing youth, I've always tried to dodge the truth, for I have found it doesn't pay to be too truthful every day.

I know the men I hate the most are those who make the truth their boast, who say raw things, and things unkind, because they always "speak their mind."

Now, I am fat, and would not fail, methinks, to break the village scale, if I should on its platform stand; I pile on lard to beat the band. And always I am eating stuff, of which a little is enough—I'm eating sawdust, bran and hay, to drive the surplus grease away. I walk nine miles before I eat, and drink thin water and repeat, and follow every scheme and plan that will reduce the hefty man.

And now and then I seem to think that I can see my person shrink. The graceful liar then I meet, somewhere upon the village street. "I do believe," I cry with glee, "I'm thinner than I used to be!" The liar looks me up and down, from rubber heels to hairless crown, and says, "Why, anyone can see you're thinner than you used to be! It's wonderful how much you've lost of surplus fat, which is a frost!"

The liar fills my soul with peace; he makes me think I've lost some grease; he fills my day with joy and song, I chortle as I jog along, and if I found him out of luck, I'd gladly lend that man a buck.

I meet the truthful man and say, "I'm getting thinner every day."

He looks me over with an eye that scorns the semblance of a lie, and mutters, with a nasal squeak, "You're fatter than you were last week! You're gaining weight, that fact is plain; your waistband's nearly rent in twain. You eat too much," the scoundrel cries, "and don't go in for exercise!"

There always is a truthful jay, to tell us we are getting gray, to say we've symptoms of the gout, and that our hair is falling out, and that we're looking tough and frayed, and that our teeth are much decayed. All comfort dies, peace wears a shroud, when truth gets busy in a crowd.

His Little Lapse

"When were you married?" asked the attorney.

"Well," replied Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "I don't presizely recollect. I never was much good at history."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS LOQUITUR

I AM the Spirit of Christmas. During nearly all the year, I lie dormant in men's hearts, occupying a dingy crevice in the attic while all the best quarters are given over to thoughts of infinite profits and cutthroat competition and what the traffic will bear and every man for himself and *caveat emptor* and other commercial notions of the same highly developed individualistic nature.

Then once a year I make a superhuman spasmodic effort to assert myself, to shake off my lethargy, to rise from my subordinate position and elbow out of men's hearts everything but generosity and kindliness and brotherly love and Christian helpfulness and other such exalted virtues.

But I do not succeed very well in this effort. I cannot bring to the task the requisite amount of vigor and aggressiveness and *savoir faire*. My faculties are too feeble and flabby from lack of exercise.

In my annual holiday round, I find plenty of men who insist that I am the only thing worth living for and that they would like to take me in and cherish me permanently, but they either haven't time or they have forgotten how or they have never learned or their wives won't let them or their wills are weak or they are overwhelmed by a blighting environment.

Hence they make a desultory move or two at responding to my pleadings and teachings, but before they get very far, the Christmas season is past, they banish me from their thoughts and I am compelled to languish for another whole year.

Therefore, I do earnestly repeat here and now that some way must be found for me, the Spirit of Christmas, to get more exercise and more continuous encouragement from day to day if human beings really wish to secure any substantial benefit from my presence in their midst.—*Ellis O. Jones*.

His Counter Question

Parson Bagster—Loogy yuh, Brudder Spraddle! Dey tells me dat yo' done accepted money for votin' for de Hon'able Thomas Rott. Now, sah, what has yo' to say for yo'self?

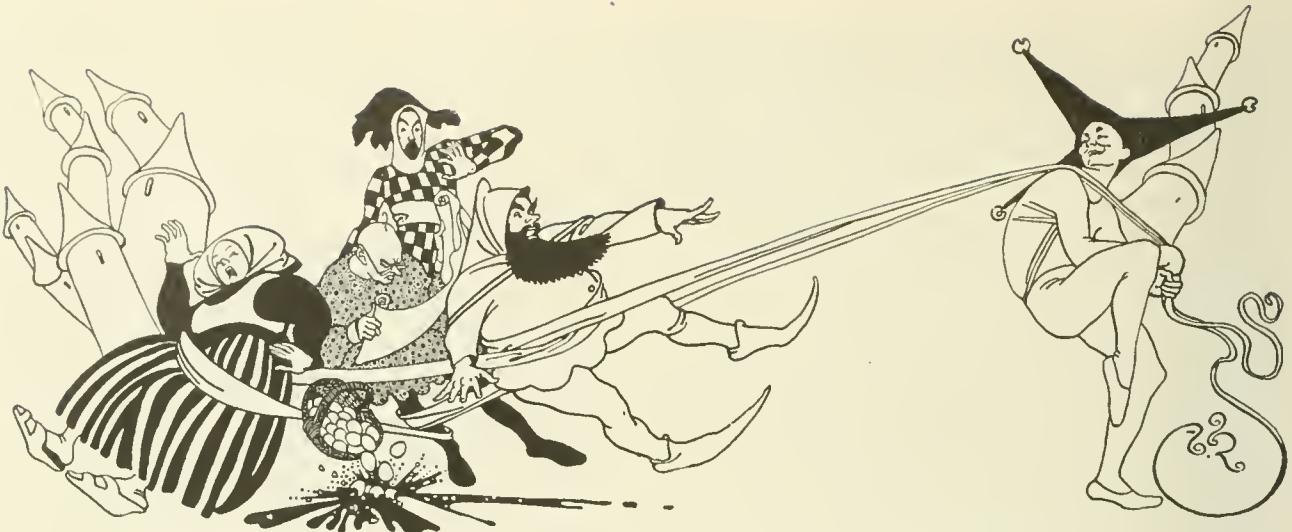
Brother Spraddle—Well—uh-good Lawd, Pahson!—yo' wouldn't spect a honest cullud man to vote for de Hon'able Thomas Rott less'n he got paid for it, would yo'?



A CHRISTMAS SLACKER



Santa Oh, well, there's no need of stopping there!



THE MAN WHO KILLED SANTA CLAUS by Walter G. Doty

"YES," he admitted sadly, "I am the man who murdered Santa Claus."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I said indignantly.

"I am—now," he replied, "but still, I think my motives were good. I had heard so many complaints of him, you know. People were always saying mean things about him. I had heard him called robber, grafter, cheat, nuisance and bugbear. Folks said that he was one of the causes of the high cost of living and that he made their lives a burden. I've heard more than one man say: 'I'd like to catch the old reprobate alone once.'"

"Oh, all that's just talk," I assured him.

"Maybe so," he agreed, "but I noticed that such statements were generally made with considerable emphasis, and I naturally supposed that the man who did away with old S. Claus would be regarded as a public benefactor. So I made up my mind to try to 'get' him, as the bad men in the Western novels say."

"And how did you accomplish it?" I asked.

"I don't like to talk about it any too well," he said, "but still, I'll tell you if you won't let it get any farther. I lay in wait for him on Christmas eve. At first I stationed myself in front of a cottage where lived a widow and six small children. But, after I had waited a while, I thought: 'What a foolish thing to do! The old snob will never come near such a place as this. Better pick out some big mansion and watch there.' So I hurried along the streets till I came to a magnificent, great house that I knew Santa wouldn't miss. It was nearly twelve by that time and, sure enough, just then I saw Mr. Claus descending into the top of one of the immense chimneys. I got a ladder from a tool-house at the back and climbed onto the roof. When the old fellow emerged from the chimney I got him."

He seemed inclined to stop at this point, so I asked: "But just how did you do it?"

"I gave him his choice between two deaths," was the answer. "Either he must submit to having his whiskers set on fire in the good, old way, or he could, if he preferred, be driven to committing suicide by hearing one of his toy trumpets blown

endlessly—just as lots of good people have been impelled to self-destruction. He chose the whisker mode—said he was used to that and that it seemed an easier death—and it was soon over."

"And then what?" I wanted to know.

"Then I descended into the street and began to call out as loudly as I could: 'I have killed Santa Claus! Everybody come and help me celebrate. I have rid the earth of a monster. Let all men rejoice!' People came piling out of the houses, and I expected to be made mayor at least. But no, every last one of them turned on me and called me all kinds of names—all kinds but nice ones. Some of them talked of suing me for the value of the presents they had expected to get. The crowd determined at first to lynch me, but they finally compromised by throwing me into a public fountain that didn't happen to be frozen. Then they snowballed me out of town. After all I had done for them—or thought I had! I never saw such inconsistency. Now I must wander the earth an outcast, and all men will know me as the man who killed Santa Claus."

"Oh, cheer up!" I said. "You've had too many Christmas-eve punches and have been dreaming. You haven't killed Santa Claus. No man can, though misanthropes, dyspeptics and cynics have tried the trick times without number. While human hearts thrill to human emotions Santa Claus cannot die!"



MORE PEACEFUL

"*Mais non!* One can no longer live in that tereble Bayonne, N. J. I weesh a ticket to my home."

"And your home is at—?"

"Verdun!"



SOCIAL ITEM

Mr. Hellwith Hindmost, the well-known millionaire munitions maker, gave a delightfully unique dinner Thursday. Many amusing novelties were introduced. His guests, among whom were representatives of a number of European governments and some of our wealthiest war contractors, expressed themselves as highly delighted.

THE NOTION COUNTER

No CLASSES in this country? Then why is "Taxi?" yelled at some of us and not at others?

"Thank you" to me is like water to an Irishman—a pretty weak thing between friends.

I have the greatest admiration for a woman that I do not know.

I saw a man the other day so nervous that he couldn't hold his hand steady enough to shake dice.

Autumn is the time of year when everybody wants a place in the sun.

Had to fire a stenographer the other day because she had nothing upstairs. As for office boys, they are a vacant lot.

If we were only as willing to get kind as we are to get mad!

Why not make all the railroad guides five minutes later, so nobody would ever miss a train?

Imagining future trouble and trying to prevent it is like trying to shoot a ghost with a gun.

An elevator man should be more conservative; he never knows where to stop.

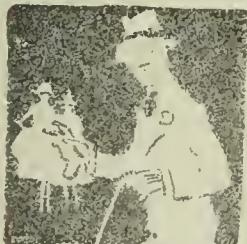
The baby wanted to send me a plate of ice cream by mail; and there are some friendships that we expect to last.

To be good dancers you must have poetry in your souls.

Many a philosopher has acquired a reputation because people found in his sayings a meaning that wasn't there.

It is the unexpected that happens; but the wise man makes the expected occur.

—Douglas Malloch.



WOMANLY CURIOSITY

"**I** HOPE you will pardon me for being late," said Dr. Cutler, when the stately hostess met him at the door. "I'm afraid my tardiness has spoiled everything. If I could have done so I would have telephoned you to go ahead with the dinner and not wait for me. But circumstances prevented. I have just operated on a man for appendicitis."

"Oh, you have?" she replied. "What was the matter with him?"



Wife (hearing baby laugh)—I'm so glad, George, you're doing something to amuse Baby! He's been cross all day.



WHY MR. OURANG LOST HIS JOB AT THE RIBBON COUNTER

The Wandering Gaumers

NOW this is a song of the munchers;
The always—and—everywhere lunchers—
The tireless and hunger-mad crunchers;
Of the people whose
jaws
Defy all the laws
Laid down by the medi-
cal munchers.



From the start of a trip
till they finish,
Their appetites never
diminish.
I'm endlessly fussed
O'er why they don't bust
And how, always stuffing, they're thinnish!

They start with a dozen fried chickens
And bread cut as thick as the dickens;
A bushel of pie—
I never should try
To name a full list of their pickin's.

Be the distance ten miles or a hundred,
They eat all along oft I've wondered
How humans could hold
Those edibles cold
That down their æsophagi thundered!

I'm perfectly frank when I state it—
I never could see how they ate it.
You'd think their insides
Too large for their hides—
Who ever saw aught that could mate it!

I am oftentimes tempted to say
When I witness some grub-gauming jay
(Some time when I'm reckless I may!):
"The hog-car's out there
On a siding somewhere—
You've got the wrong train, by the way!"
—Strickland Gillilan.

Mr. Tennyson's justly celebrated brook
had nothing on the high cost of living.

The Bills

(With the usual apologies)

HERE'S the postman with the
bills,—

Christmas bills!

What a world of merriment gray
January kills.

How the bills keep on arriving
By the dozens in each mail,
While my weary pen I'm driving
Over reams of paper, striving
To frame excuses stale
Into some artistic stall
That will stand 'em off 'till Fall,
And the tintinnabulation of the 'phone in-
duces chills,—
It's bills, bills, overdue Christmas bills—
Collectors on the telephone with bills.

—Maurice Switzer.

Blighted Affections

She—That woman is in love only with
herself.

He—Well, if her case comes up before
me she gets the alimony at sight.

Such a Gamble

Daphne—Marriage is nothing but a
lottery.

Phyllis—Yes, you never can be sure
what sort of presents you will get.

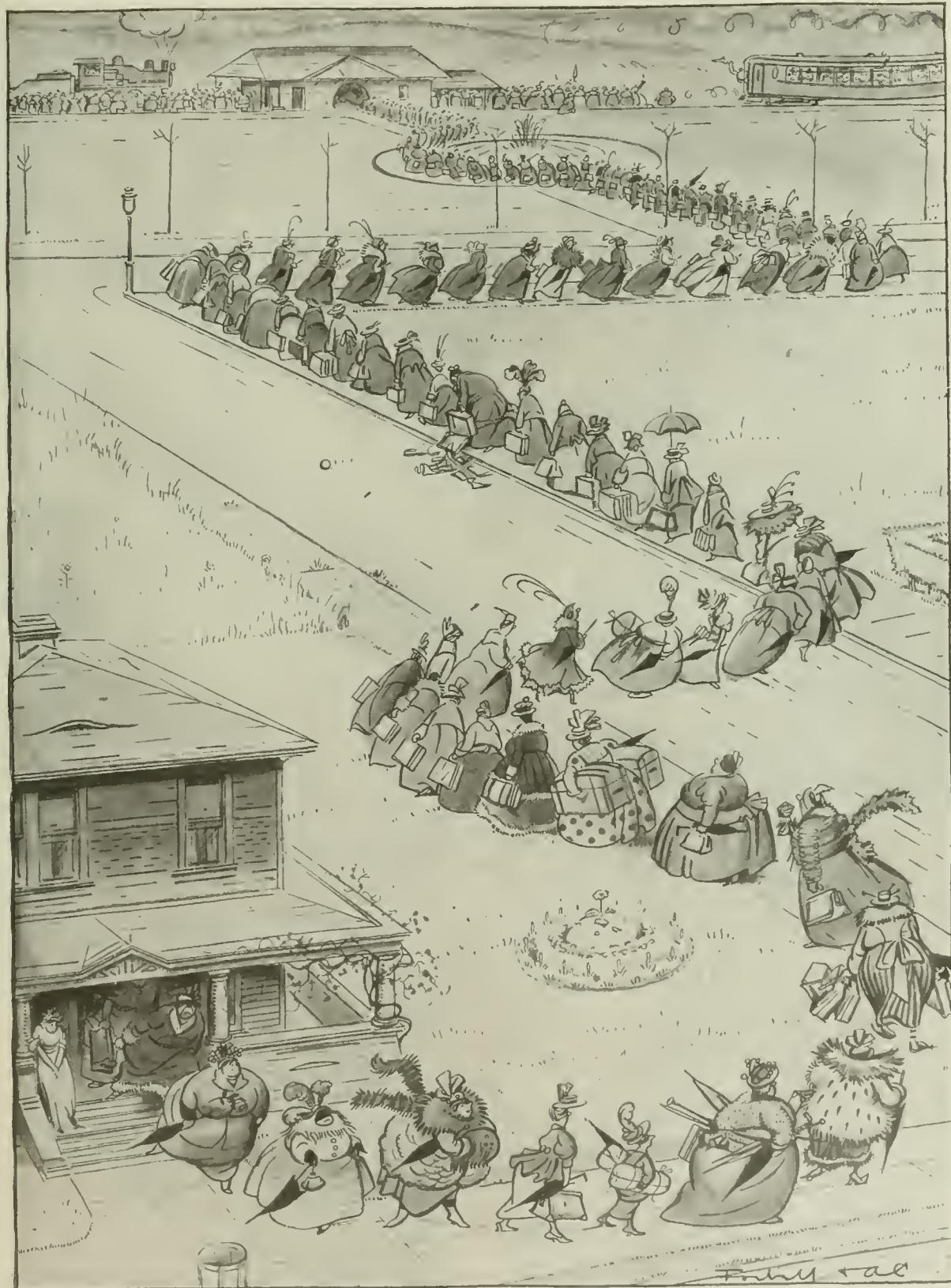
The Voice of Experience

"Ah! who can describe love?" ex-
claimed the elderly spinster.

"Why, it's like—it's like toothache
of the heart," replied the girl of 16, who
surely ought to know.



Visitor—Are you interested in the suffrage? *Mother of eight children*—Oh, yes. That, and duck
shooting and golf are my principal diversions in my spare moments.



COOKS, AS THEY SEEM TO THE HOUSEWIFE



MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS MUSIC AND ITS HARMS

By LOU RAB

TRA-LA-LA-LA, tra-la-la-la," dreamily hummed Henry Shapiro as he looked through his ledger in search of information requested by Max Markowitz, his boss and brother-in-law.



"What's the joy by you?" demanded Markowitz, throwing down his daily trade paper filled with business news—pleasant and unpleasant. "A feller like you must dance by a funeral, if you sing by a failure, where your own brother-in-law is one of the family of creditors! A fine friend you——"

"What should I do, cry?" flared back Henry. "Like I lost a relation—an only friend?"

"Nu, ain't money the only friend we got in this woild?" snapped back Markowitz, with a sweeping gesture.

"Of course," retorted Henry. "By people that act like money is their only friend, their money is not only their friend, but their enemy, too."

"If my money is my enemy," sneered Markowitz, "I wish I was born with nothing but enemies. But how about our customer's account—Davis & Springer—what I saw on the *mechula* list this morning? I ask you to give me some facts and you give me a song."

"Can't I sing by my own woik?" maintained Henry, defiantly. "What am I, a shine-boy? Your slave? You don't let a feller be happy a minute. By you, so soon something goes bad right away you want everybody to go around without heads, without smiles, without jokes, without——"

"By you it's a joke to lose—" broke in Markowitz, in a rasping voice.

"Sure it's a joke," laughed Henry. "Sing it off! Laugh it off! Forget it! What's good-bye is good-bye. Yesterday is such a back number that even if you should try to sell it—the whole twenty-four hours—for a second, nobody would even take a minute's trouble to look at it. I bet you Joe Davis from Davis & Springer, himself ain't looking half so worried like——"

"That *bandit!* That spender!" cried Markowitz at the mention of one of the bankrupt's names. "He runned around with otomobiles and now I got to run around like mad. Hurry up! Find out how much we got stung by them! When I was last year by that Davis, he was living like a prince—on my money. And every minute it was 'Markowitz, have a cigar!' 'Mark, old boy, have a *schnapps!*' 'Max, come up mine house!' And you ought to see that feller's house—with all the finest trimmings—imported stuff. Golden phonographs with diamond records; *picklches*, what the painting is woith more than the frame; a little table what costs so much, that it should be kept in a safe. So soon I come in his parlor, Caruso commenced to sing; and that *schwindler* Davis enjoyed every note like it was a coitified check."

"Coitified check!" echoed Henry, stopping in his search for the required account. "Music is woith more than diamonds by people that have music in their hearts; and is the best medicine for noivous people like you."

"Like me? 'Noivous! Who's noivous?' denied Markowitz, defiantly.

"No, no, not you," mocked Henry. "you're so cool like



Optimist—This war will soon blow over.
Pessimist—Yes—over here.



TWENTY MINUTES FROM THE STATION WHEN HE BOUGHT IT

a boiling *samovar*. Believe me, Max, if you would buy a fancy phonograph and hear good music, it would do you more good than cutting out cigars, *schnapps*, or auction pinochle—what you tried for a week. Stopping them things for the noives do so much good like little pills for an elephant. But music is so necessary for the enjoyment of life like sunshine, laughing, pleasure—you'll eat better, sleep better and—”


“Sure I sleep better by music,” sarcastically interrupted the impatient Markowitz. “I never had such a good sleep like by the opera last night. But, Henry, what are you talking around here like an old woman? Tell me quick how much we lost from that *ganef*—Joe Davis—I mean Davis & Springer. It must be at least a hundred!”

“Wait a minute, wait a minute,” muttered Henry as he again commenced turning the pages of his ledger. “Here—here—here it is!”

“What's that?” he exclaimed, suddenly, “it's all balanced! What were you crying about, Max? They don't owe you a cent!”

“Let me see! let me see!” mumbled the astonished Markowitz, examining the record. “That's right; the last payment was November 4th. How should I know? I see a customer fails and I never would believe that I'm so lucky that he don't owe me money. That Davis was a pretty honest feller. Crops was very bad in his section and you know, Henry, when crops is bad, the farmers don't pay; and when farmers don't pay, storekeepers don't pay. If I was Davis & Springer's

creditors I would give them an extension. That Davis is a pretty decent moichant. He's got a rich taste and he's a regelar sport. I tell you I feel like I just found a hundred dollars.”

“Then be a sport,” suggested Henry, “and buy a fancy phonograph with good music for your noives.”

“Alleright,” agreed Markowitz, “we'll see.”

* * * * * * * * * * *
“Fine advice you give me,” growled Markowitz, a week later. “I did just like you told me and bought a fancy phonograph with—”

“Nu did you get stuck?” asked Henry.

“No, I got a dandy A, number one, machine,” replied Markowitz.

“Did you get good records for the noives?” inquired Henry.

“Records for the noives!” mimicked Markowitz, gesticulating wildly. “Sure we got records for the noives! So soon I got the machine in the house, Minnie made the rooms look like storage places. The parlor table she put in the bed-room; the rugs in the kitchen; the library set in the dining-room; the—”

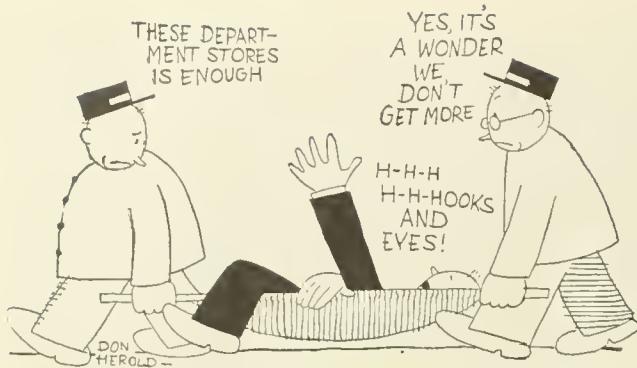
“But what kind of records did you have?” demanded Henry.

“Dance records, you fool! Music for the noives.” grumbled Markowitz. “Oi! I wish we got stuck a thousand dollars by Davis & Springer.”

In the Light of Experience

Bill—Did you ever think of getting married?

Doze—No I didn't. It was my wife's idea all the time.



A DIME'S WORTH OF HOOKS AND EYES

By DON HEROLD

I WOULD rather run errands in the contagious ward of a hospital or be a chiropodist in an animal zoo, than go after a dime's worth of something in a department store. I would rather my wife would send me out to kill a dragon, and bring his teeth back to sow in our back yard.

I am not right, in a department store. I don't know whether sawdust on the floor would help, or not. I don't know what would help.

Two or three blocks away, I begin to feel the depression. And when I open the department store door I almost fall over in a swoon. There is something wrong with my lungs—they were not made for talcum powder and toilet water. Every time I enter a department store I wish I had an oxygen helmet.

I stagger in, like a fireman in a moving picture. I put my hands up over my face to keep out the draught of talcum powder.

The next thing I wish for is a road map.

Where do you go, in a department store? Three hundred acres of floor space! Where do you go for a dime's worth of hooks and eyes?

I decide to go down an aisle.

I do.

I see stacks and stacks of mysterious things, things I did not know were in the world.

Then I come up another aisle.

Women are fingering through bins of filmy things, and there are racks, and stacks of mysterious things I did not know were in the world. But I do not get even a clue of a hook and eye.

I decide to try another floor. I go up, and get off promiscuously and find myself among rows and rows of sewing machines.

Here, at last, is a hook and eye clue! Here are the sewing machines with which a woman sews on hooks and eyes!

I say to a young lady: "Can I get hooks and eyes here?"

She says: "No, this is the café."

I try the elevator again. I am one man, and there are fifteen women and five hundred menacing hatpins. And again I wish for my oxygen helmet—but I know that I would have to take it off in the elevator. I know elevator etiquette about oxygen helmets. I decide to go down half as far as I came up. That will put me on the third floor.

The ladies in the front row in the elevator won't let me out, though, and when at last I do find an opening, I am in the basement. "Oh, well," I sigh to myself, shrugging my shoulders and lifting my arms resignedly, like Charlie Chaplin, "the basement is all right."

I learn it is the hardware department, and feel that at last

I have found my hooks and eyes. Hooks and eyes—hardware, of course. For the first time, I find a man. I say, "Pardon, I'm looking for hooks and eyes."

"Hooks and eyes, ninth floor."

I look around for a place to sit down, and I would just as soon sit down and die while I am at it. One thing, anyway, I have concluded to give the whole day to hooks and eyes. I mop my brow and curse my destiny, curse matrimony, curse the metropolis, curse civilization, and wish I were back in the country where I could sit on a sugar barrel while the keeper of the general store hunts around for hooks and eyes.

I tackle the elevator again and get off at the ninth floor.

This time a sweet, victrola-voiced creature waits on me. This is my first compensation. I take off my hat, though I don't know whether that is done or not, and ask for hooks and eyes.

"Hooks and eyes are in the second basement—fourteenth aisle to your right after you get off the elevator."

"I thought hardware—"

"Hardware is the first basement."

"They told me down there—"

"We have always had hooks and eyes up here, but just yesterday they were moved to the second basement."

By this time I am getting pretty meek. I am too tired to get any frothier.

I talked out loud to myself on the elevator, rather incoherently, as the elevator went down, and the women all looked at me suspiciously and pitifully. "You'd think my wife," I muttered, "You'd think my wife was home in bed with nothing in the world to wear—all cold and shivering—waiting for hooks and eyes—never go out again till she gets 'em—penned in the house, raving for hooks and eyes, dying for the want of hooks and eyes. I'll take the second basement, boy. They say the hooks and eyes are in the basement today. Let me off at the second basement, boy. They say the hooks and eyes are in the second basement today—always on the ninth floor before, but in the second basement today."

"Complete breakdown," I hear one woman whisper to another.

Big Town Sayings

Figuring out just how much better he could do in the place of the boss is the chief mental exercise of many a man.

Probably the most difficult of all arts is giving an interesting recital of vacation experiences. —Arthur Chapman.



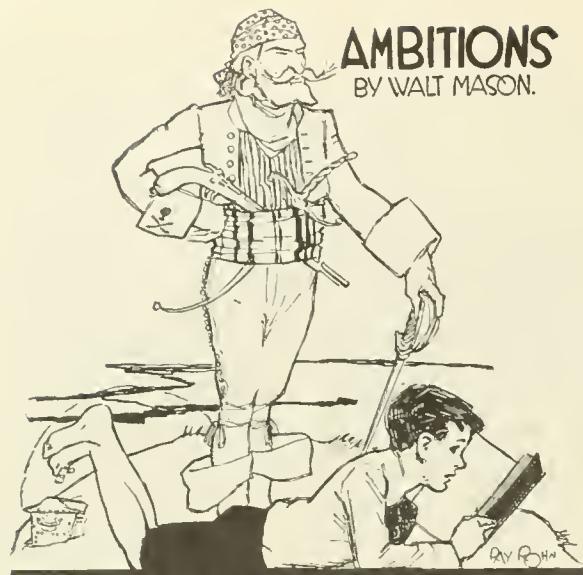
Wife (whispering to her husband in church)—Wake up!

Husband—It's only the cat trying to get in, Jane. There's nobody in the house but us.



AT THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Evelyn—I wonder why Maude is angry with Charlie? *Ethel*—She told him she'd been engaged since she was twenty, and he asked her if that wasn't an awfully long engagement



AMBITIONS

BY WALT MASON.

WHEN JINKS was young he said he'd be a corsair on the deep blue sea, committing actions wild and weird, when he grew up and had a beard. Through all his youthful, budding years, he talked of ships and buccaneers, of razing towns, kidnaping kings, of skulls and crossbones and such things. And now that he is growing gray, we see him drive the village dray. He is a law-abiding gent, who would not stick you for a cent. He goes to church on Sabbath morn, and views all wickedness with scorn.

Oh, life is short, and flesh is grass, and youth's dreams never come to pass!

When he was young, old Jasper Twine desired to be a learned divine. He saw himself, in pleasant dreams, expounding many texts and themes, and people thronged to hear him preach, and said he surely was a peach. He hoped to rise to place of pride, to be a bishop ere he died. He is the village butcher now; he's just gone down to kill a cow. His sausage is the best in town; his liverwurst has wide renown. He seems contented with his job; he never heaves a sigh or sob, but who can say what thoughts are his, as he pursues his gory biz? It may be, as he renders lard, he thinks the gods have used him hard. It may be, as he slays a sheep, he pauses for a bit to weep, for visions bright he used to know, so long ago, so long ago!

Life passes like the transient dew; and dreams of youth just won't come true!

It was the hope of Willyum Shank, to be the cashier of a bank. He used to dream by day and night of handling roubles, shining bright, of standing in a costly cage, and pulling down a princely wage. He saw himself in pomp and state, a man accounted truly great, a man of worth and dignity, to whom the village bent the knee. I just have seen him in the den wherein he shaves and haircuts men. He's run his barber shop for years, and quite contented he appears. But who can tell what secret woe a calm and smiling man may know? Perhaps this barber, as he shears the spinach from around my ears, and pushes lather up my nose, is harboring all kinds of woes.

Our days speed on, and don't come back; and youthful dreams all jump the track!

Source of Pride

"I am proud to say," remarked old Gus Teezer, as he pulled his nose out of other people's affairs long enough to take a fresh breath, "that my reputation as a liar was acquired honestly."

NAMES

WHAT'S in a name? Everything is in a name. The name of a man is the nucleus of his character, the starting point, as it were. Only tell us by what name a person is called and we will describe just what he is like.

If anybody doubts this fundamental fact, just imagine the personality of somebody christened George, and then conjure up in your mind a Percy, an Algernon, or a Ferdinand. You see; it can't be done. The two sets of ideas won't interchange. In other words, George is George, while Ferdie is so precocious and versatile that if you put your finger on a part of him the rest isn't there.

Some penalty should be imposed on parents who hand out queer names to their offspring. There is the helpless infant, perhaps with a pug nose, or a squint, or something, and there the ambitious but foolish parent, through collusion of godfather or godmother, seeks to compound a felony of a misfit by conferring on the unsuspecting victim of heredity and heir to trouble a pretty word that shall mark him as its own.

But the parents and the godparents escape their rightful share of punishment, most of which goes to the poor infant, who grows into the belief that he is a veritable Percy or Vivian or Uriah or Cecil or Ambrose, as the case may be, instead of plain Frank, Henry, or Abraham.

Once there was a girl who was the unfortunate recipient of a name very good in its way, but so embellished by pronunciation that a valuable prize might be offered to whomever could guess the real spelling by its phonetic rendering. The mother decided to call her charming but (in this respect) unfortunate child Lay-you-rah. Which was rather hard on Laura.

As long as this sort of thing goes on, disregard for the proper fitting of a name to a child and jamming the child into any old name, there is going to be confusion if not actual war. Parents must look ahead and so try to avoid an unhappy future for otherwise perfectly good children.

—Tod Chenevix.



FIFI COMES ALONG

Blanche—Yes, I've decided to walk Fifi instead of carrying her; the poor thing needs the exercise. Come along, dovous!



A REGULAR LALLAPALOOZA

You—Whew! she's batting nearly a thousand in that gown! I think I'd better hurry and sign her up for a couple of trots. *Your wife*—Don't you do it till I've filled my card up! Her husband always thinks it gives him a mortgage on me, and he galumphs like a jabberwocky!



First Tommy—Say, Herb, you understand a little German. What were those German prisoners saying as they passed?

Second Tommy—Oh, they were talking a lot of “bosch.”

Linda's Love Songs

WHEN I go courting Linda Claire,
I spraddle out across a chair,
And set there like a moon-struck fool,
While she winds up the
p'anner stool,
And lets her pink, slim
fingers tease
Plum raptures from
them ivory keys!



Say, that old box of
fiddle-strings
Gets up and humps itself and sings.
It purrs, it chimes, it yells and yips,
But—Look whose hands are on its lips!
It squawks in love-sick, passionate throes,
But look who's tromping on its toes!

If I was in that keyboard's place,
A-gazing up at Linda's face;
And being pedalled by her toe,
'Twould set my singing heart aglow;
If I was where that p'anna stands,
And felt her dear, caressing hands,

I know my tingling nerves would hum,
With music sweet as Kingdom Come;
I'd throb and sob and sigh within,
And vibrate like a violin;
While through my veins the blood would lopé,
A-thundering like a cally-ope.

—Charles Leroy Edson.

Mary had a little lamb—but she went
and swapped it for a 1917 model.

Too Much Like It

“LIFE,” said the grandiloquent optimist, “is like the glorious ocean.”

“Yes,” said the tough-minded pessimist, “just like it. You can't go anywhere without coughing up, and when you're on top you're worried to death for fear you'll go to the bottom.”

Scandal

“Father, what is scandal?”

“Scandal, my son, is something which people do, thinking they will not get caught, and which is talked about by other people who would do the same thing if they were not afraid they would get caught.”

Her Tastes

“*Gillis*—Does psychology interest your wife?”

“*Gillis*—If it is fashionable this season and costs over five dollars a yard it does.”

War and Real War

THE American who had been in the trenches somewhere along the Somme front for six months had returned to his own country.

“Well, old chap,” said a friend, “I suppose now that you have done your bit, you've come home to forget it.”

“Not at all,” was the quiet response, “I'm going back again, but I've got a sixty day furlough and I want to spend it with the boys down on the Mexican border for a needed relaxation without excitement.”



Mistress—I don't see why you are leaving me, Nora. Do you expect to better yourself? *Maid*—Well, not exactly, mum—I'm going to get married.



AS THE TWIG IS BENT

Reflections

I'D HATE to be the Brooklyn Bridge;
I think you'd hate it, too,
To have all of those trolley-cars
A-running over you.

I'd also hate to be a horse;
I really cannot see
How I could ever bear to have
My shoes nailed onto me.—*H. G. S.*

Too Big a Compass

Flubs—I understand they move in a
very select circle.

Dubs—Yet it is reported they have
hard work to make ends meet.

Genealogical

His better half—Dearie, what do you
call those who come after you?

He—Duns, drat 'em!

THE TREE'S INCLINED

Home Ties

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He always wore, when he left home,
One of his wife's gift ties,
But when he reached his office—
With all his might and main,
He changed into another one,
Till he went home again.

—*Margaret G. Hays.*

Satisfied

"Why don't you get married?"
"Because I live next door to a restaurant
and I'm continually fighting with
my boss."

Annexation

He—What my son needs is to get some
will power, somehow.

Neighbor—Oh, he'll marry.

Retribution

A CERTAIN man broke through the
ice. As the freezing waters clutched
him he screeched most eerily for help.
Another man came running up, and then,
detecting the identity of the gentleman
in the drink, turned and sauntered away,
whistling.

"He was one of those cold bath
cranks," he explained next day to the
reporters.

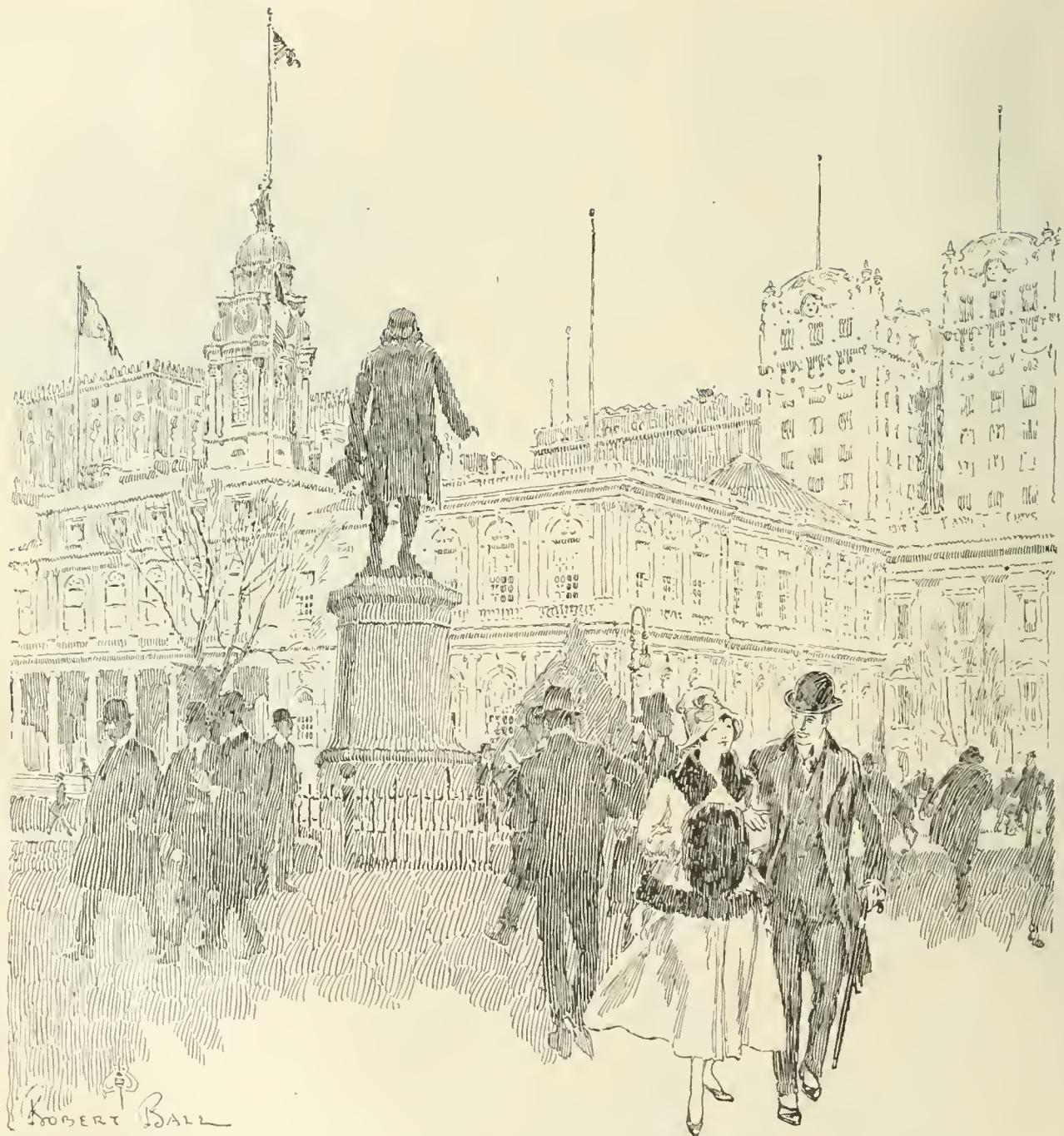
Some Job

He hopes that they will soon be mates
For life. How can you doubt it?
Just watch him putting on her skates
And take his time about it.

What He Liked About Her

She—What do you like about me?

He—The other arm, till I rest this one.



IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK

Jack Gayleigh—I hardly know what to do. If I don't hurry up I won't get her. *Millie*—Yes, I know. *Jack*—And if I don't slow down her father won't give his consent.



H O W I T S T A R T E D



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

THE CRITIC appeared pleased as we left the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. "Bayard Veiller has not disappointed me," he said.

"I must say that I liked 'The 13th Chair' immensely. It was melodramatic in spots, and the acting was not always up to par; but as a play I liked it. Margaret Wycherly is entitled to the premier honors of the evening, although S. K. Walker, considering the short time he was on the stage, left a deep impression on me. There were others, too, who—"

The Critic was interrupted by the appearance of a man who charged down upon us with the air of one who has a grievance and wishes to unburden himself upon the nearest friendly shoulder. He proceeded to air his troubles without waiting for the formalities.

"Did you like that show?" he began. "Yes, indeed!" said the Critic. "Of course!" said I.

"Thrills—m-m!" said the Tired Business Man.

"Well, so did I," said the Man with a Grievance, "till the last four minutes. And then they went and spoiled as good a drama as I've seen for years."

"Spoiled it?" echoed the Critic. "How was that?"

"Well," said the Man with a Grievance, "Up till then everything was satisfactory; the plot was running smoothly—everything had worked out by natural causes—the supernatural element had been discarded, as it would have to be—and THEN! and then a door opens, the lights grow dim, a shade snaps up, and the knife shoots into the center of things—all without a shadow of an excuse! The door and the shade might have been worked naturally, though even that

should have been explained—but it's impossible to dim lights! Spoiled—spoiled just by the insertion of that bit of melodrama that wasn't needed."

The Critic looked thoughtful.

"I hadn't looked at it in just that light," he admitted. "But, now you speak of it, I can see how the introduction of the things you mention would, as you say, spoil the play for you. It is really inexcusable. But the play has so many other excellent features that it is a shame to condemn it on such small grounds."

"You may call 'em small, but I don't," savagely returned the Man with a Grievance. "I'm tired of going to shows and having them put over some childish trick on me, thinking that I'll be amused. It's an insult to my intelligence." And the Man with a Grievance departed into the night.

The Tired Business Man whistled.

"There's a chap who knows how to criticise," he remarked somewhat maliciously to the Critic. "I'll admit that I didn't see his point till he explained it; and I'll admit that I feel pretty cheap about it, too."

"It seems to me," said the Critic, "that he was inclined to place too much emphasis upon comparatively small matters."

I said nothing, though I silently agreed with the Man with a Grievance. But it was not for me to speak. I had no reputation to save. Under the circumstances I thought that the most tactful thing to do would be to shift the subject.

"I saw 'The Master' the other night," I began. The Critic gave an imitation of a drowning man clutching at the proverbial straw.

"Yes?" he questioned eagerly. "I suppose you enjoyed it? I thought Arnold Daly covered himself with glory; and the play was excellent, both as a play and as a translation."

"I confess I didn't get it," said the Tired Business Man. "But it held me the whole time; and Daly was splendid. What did you think was the answer—did Daly really believe in his theories?"

"I thin—" began the Critic.

"Hold on," said I. "This mustn't resolve into a symposium of that sort. I had tea with the Debutante the other day and she and some fifteen others of her crowd put in the entire afternoon arguing over that play. The conclusions arrived at were two—one that *Arthur Wessley* was sincere, and the other that he wasn't."

"The opening was a bit archaic, it seemed to me," said the Critic. "But that, at least, may be forgiven. The atmosphere was a bit mixed, too, a fault which may be laid to the producer. It was a German play, with the action laid in America; but the impression conveyed was English. However, the play was too good and Mr. Daly's acting was too finished to allow such small matters to weigh against them."

"It seemed to me that Edward Abeles was remarkably good in his part," I ventured.

"He was," agreed the Critic. "It was a real pleasure to see those two—Daly and Abeles—working in their dialogues. I sincerely hope that the dear public will be kind to 'The Master,' for it is well worthy of their patronage."

"It doesn't insult the public's intelligence," said the Tired Business Man.

"I've come to the conclusion that that is almost impossible," said the Critic.





THE MODERN WOMAN

SUFFRAGE FACTS AND FANCIES by Anna Cadogan Etz

South Dakota Suffragists

THE woman suffrage argument has shifted its ground. Now-a-days few people argue the pros and cons of votes for women. The debatable ground is: How shall women be given the right to vote, state by state or by an amendment to the Federal Constitution?

The defeat of woman suffrage in South Dakota stands in the limelight as an invincible argument for the federal way.

You may imagine, if you please, in the near future a delegation of South Dakotan suffragists seeking an audience with President Wilson in the interest of the Susan B. Anthony Constitutional Amendment. If precedent rules the day he will receive them with rare cordiality. He will talk beautifully about woman's share in government. But he will tell them firmly that he stands squarely with his party on the states' right theory of government and that women must win the vote state by state and not by the swifter way of a federal amendment.

Then from out of the ranks of the delegation will step the spokesman and thus will her sad tale run:—

Mr. President:—We represent a vast body of women grown old in service trying to win the vote in the only way you say it must be won. Forty-four years ago in our early youth we began to work for political freedom for the women of our state. With tireless industry we secured the passage of our bill through the legislature only to learn at the last minute that it had lost by just one vote.

For thirteen years more we toiled on and finally overcame the opposition of our legislature. Our bill passed both houses. But again the cup of liberty was dashed from our lips. The Governor vetoed the bill.

For five years more we agitated and educated until at the first election after statehood we felt sure that the men of the state would recognize the services of its women. Eagerly we awaited the count only to learn that it was the Indians and not the women of the state to whom the vote had been given.

This injustice steeled our resolution

to win, if our lives were spent in the effort. And we must say, Mr. President, that under your theory of government our lives will be so spent and perchance the lives of our daughters. For six years more the battle raged and at last public opinion conceded that the suffrage amendment had carried. And what happened? We were counted out.

More seasons came and went. On our heads grey hairs came and went. Still we struggled on. For thirteen years we schooled our men in the principles of liberty and again they went to the polls to vote on a suffrage amendment. The South Dakotan man is of average intelligence but the ballot presented to him at that time measured seven feet. It was taller than he was and too much for his mind to grasp—almost too much for his hand to grasp—and in his confusion again it was the suffrage amendment that lost out.

Again we rallied our forces and five long years we worked. Again the election came and again we were defeated.

Still again we mobilized and this year we felt victory in the air. Public opinion was solid for us. The press supported us. The politicians encouraged us. The college men seemed ablaze with the fervor of democracy. Our lifetime of service seemed about to meet its reward and what happened?

Into the state came money—oodles of it—also speakers, clever and unscrupulous. With wily tongues they blasted the fair name of democracy. Winged messengers—winged with money—three times covered the state with pamphlets giving subtle reasons why political liberty for women would be a menace to the state. Our men who loved the pies that mother made and the political pies that father made listened to the honeyed words and, terrorized at the idea that votes for women might overturn the old order of life, again they voted "no" on the woman suffrage amendment.

So we ask you, Mr. President, if government is for the living rather than for the yet unborn; if the democracy to which you have dedicated your life is not merely rhetorical but a thing to

be realized, how until the crack of doom can it ever be a thing of here and now for the women of South Dakota unless the mercies of a federal amendment fall alike on the women whose husbands are among the unjust as well as those who are just?

Then, dear reader, add to the discouraging state of South Dakota the large number of states in which it is practically impossible to amend the state constitution in any way and for any reason whatsoever, and the fact emerges that the federal way is not only the best and easiest way but it is the only way if the women of this generation who have fought the battle are to taste the fruits of victory.

A Judgment on Judges

IN A letter to a New York newspaper, a gentleman criticizes the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs for passing a resolution asking for a woman judge for the Children's Court, on the grounds that only women lawyers are eligible for such an appointment, that these without the softening influences of home are as "unsteeled and unsentimental" as men, and that a choice between a sympathetic paterfamilias presiding over the destinies of a wayward child and a chilly spinster performing the same task, would certainly result in the appointment of the former. If the clubwomen could explain in detail their reasons for their action, they might assure their critic that while the majority of women lawyers do not sport wedding rings, many do, and that they know for a fact that it is possible in the City of New York to find a feminine counselor of the requisite "softness" produced by the possession of both a husband and a family. Then, too, one cannot always be sure that the male judge will be a children-blessed benedict, and that as between a frigid bachelor and a chilly spinster, clubwomen prefer the latter since woman has been found to be more often motherly by nature than not and because she has a mind for the little practical things that escape a man and that are vastly important in the right understanding of youngsters.



LAUGHS FROM OVER THE SEA



Aulame—Es ist aber bald nich anzuhören, was Sie für einen Larm in der Köche machen!
Kochin—Nun, zerbrechen Sie 'mal vier Teller . . . gerauschos!

Madam—The noise you make in the kitchen is simply unbearable.

Cook—Well, try to break four dishes yourself without making a noise.—*Meggendorfer Blätter* (Munich).



Hot Stuff

He of the burned tongue—What fools these mortals be!—*Sketch* (London).



Mrs. Mullins—What's the matter, Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. Jones—Why, this young varmint 'as swallowed a cartridge, and I can't wallop 'im for fear it goes off.—*London Opinion*.



The Military Critic

J'crois bien que maman va attaquer. . . elle vient déterminer la préparation d'artillerie!

"I think that mama is going to attack; she's just finished the artillery preparation!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Motorist—You want five pounds' compensation? Why, the last time I knocked you down you were quite content with a sovereign.

Victim—Everything has gone up during the war, sir.—*London Opinion*.



Cat-astro-Phe

The optimist (during a Zeppelin raid)—Thank goodness! Now I can sleep in peace.—*Sketch* (London).



The Garter

Fifi, Mucki, und Dolly—Einfach lächerlich, wo diese Frauen sich das Halsband umbinden.

Fifi, Mucki, and Dolly—Absurd, where these women wear their collars!—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).



WATER LILIES

THINGS THAT WERE BETTER LEFT UNSAID

Host—Miss Tootles, don't you think you'd like a little more dressing?



Thanksgiving

Our National Bird

NOW comes the jocund gobbler-bird,
Who gobbles all the while he's living,
And when he dies, he is interred
In other gobblers for Thanksgiving.

In War-Times

Now father stands, with head a-tilt,
And asks a more-than-usual blessing,
Then thrusts his weapon to the hilt
In all the sage-and-onion dressing.

And were the miscreant so served
Who started this infernal war,
Who says it were not well deserved
And something to be thankful for?

Giving and Paying

Have you thanks to give
That so well you live,
While others are downward hurled?
Thanks are easy to say,
But are harder to pay;
Have you paid your thanks to the world?

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

Inside Stuff

LOOK at the cat on that porch!
It is Smith's cat, Smith's porch,
and about 4 P.M. on Thanksgiving Day.

You are right. He usually is a long thin cat; but just at this time he is all puffed out and sleeping the sleep of the over-eater. And as deep as he is in his purr-less resting, he feels glad because the Smiths had entertained company, rich company, at dinner, and none of the Smiths had eaten of the chicken, with his hands. Therefore, Smith's cat, with a look of anything but chagrin, had found considerable meat attached to the several bones that had been served to him on the ground in the back yard.—*Leslie Ivan Every*.

If

IF you know how little you know
and how much your neighbors
know you are invincible—unless your
neighbors know how little they know
and how much you know.

Couldn't See Why

"I can't see why so many people
idle their time in crowds."

"Neither can I," replied McFee.
"I've stood in hundreds of crowds trying
to find out, but haven't succeeded."

Let Pleasure Do the Work

"HOW did you wash your face so clean?"
Asked mother; and her tone was kind;
But at the time she had not seen
Young Harold's watermelon rind.



GOOFREY

HIS REASON

First bellhop—The landing of the Pilgrims is continually brought to my mind.

Second bellhop—How so?

First bellhop—The only everlasting thing they give here is "thanks."



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING LOQUITUR

I AM THE Spirit of Thanksgiving.

I come upon the scene of human activities when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock, after the summer in the fields is over and before the long winter by the fireside commences.

"Tis then I enter men's hearts and try to make them grateful for the gifts that Dame Fortune has bestowed in the way of earthly delights and comforts.

I try to make men pause and think of all they have to be thankful for, but as a matter of fact—not to whisper it too loudly—I have poor success in my efforts.

To think properly men must think with their brains, but in spite of my best efforts, most of the men who hearken to my call, seem to be trying to think with their stomachs.

They look with satisfaction upon the immense stores of grain and fruit and vegetables which they have garnered through a summer's toil and they seem to think the best way to show their gratitude is by sitting down at table and trying to eat it all up at one meal.

I never was quite sure why men did this, but I have often suspected it was an atavistic phenomenon held over from some of the lower animals among the ancestry which the theories of Darwin have added to the family tree of the human race, those animals which have the habit of eating a tremendous meal at the beginning of winter and then lying dormant until aroused by the balmy zephyrs of Spring.

At any rate, I am the Spirit of Thanksgiving. I come around each year with undiminished zeal and do the very best I can with the human race which seems to mean well, in spite of its many shortcomings.

Ellis O. Jones.

The Egotist Is Thankful Because

HE is more grateful for his blessings than other men are for theirs.

Owing to the remarkable intelligence with which it was managed, his business has been prosperous during the year.

His children are displaying so many of his virtues and so few of their mother's faults.

The splendid example he has set, as an industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing man, has been followed by large numbers of his townsmen

He has the humility to acknowledge that he possesses failings, the keenness to discern what they are, and the strength to overcome them.

Despite the utter unworthiness of his fellows, he still entertains for them the kindly, pitying feeling of an elder brother, and remains steadfast in his determination to lift them to his own lofty plane.

He is unembittered by the knowledge that his greatness is unappreciated and probably will remain so, until the void created by his removal awakens people to a realization of their loss.

Without magnifying the effect of his influence, the world is a better place than it was before he came into it.—Terrell Love Holliday.



Mrs. Outoftown—Henry, the prices here are dreadfully high for us.

Mr. Outoftown—Quite right, my dear. Suppose we split a hard-boiled egg?



Sentimental widow (who has driven away the Indians)—He loves me, he loves me not!

MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS BUSINESS AND SPORTS

By JOHN RAB

NU, AIN'T I told you so!" triumphantly cried Henry Shapiro, the bookkeeper, coming into the office a few minutes late, on the morning following Election Day.

"Told you so! told you so!" mocked Max Markowitz, Henry's boss and brother-in-law, who had voted the losing ticket. "You better listen to what 'I told you so' a thousand times. What do you think you are? A regular millionaire what comes ten o'clock in the office and then commences to talk about yesterday's elections? Sure! You ain't got nothing to bother you. No payrolls to pay. No bills to meet. No unions to fight. No buyers

to treat. Nothing—not even a wife! So your head is full with baseballs, footballs, blackballs, dance-balls and a whole lot other balls and wheels and nonsense, and you know so much about business like I know about operas!"

"Max," exclaimed Henry indignantly, "what I do or think in private, ain't none of your business!"

"It ain't my business! Whose business then?" shouted Markowitz, shaking a finger angrily at Henry. "If you stay out the whole election night and come here dinner-time, is that Charley Murphy's business? If you talk with Sadie Goldman two whole hours by the telephone, right in this office, while Benny is waiting to check up a bill, is that the telephone company's business? I ask you plain, whose time are you using up when you are talking and reading about sports, fights, theatres, what's so much use to you like a tooth-pick to an elephant? Henry, business is business. And what's too much, is twice plenty! Saturday, one o'clock you can make yourself out a check and we'll shake ourselves good-by. We can remain good friends. Ain't we brother-in-laws? You can go where maybe your smartness about everything

except skoits and business will be woith something, and I'll get somebody what'll figger in this office like a bookkeeper and not a walking newspaper!" Henry did not reply to his boss's tirade but strolled leisurely over to his ledger and commenced to attend to his daily routine. "Henry, ain't you hold me?" asked Markowitz, who was anxious for an argument.

"Sure!" was Henry's laconic reply.

"Then remember, Saturday, it's GOOD-BY!" continued Markowitz.

"Good-by, good-by," impatiently retorted Henry as Markowitz entered the factory through the "No Admission" door.

"Henry," added Markowitz a moment afterwards, putting



PLAYING THE GAME

Crawford—When are you going to buy your Thanksgiving turkey?
Crabshaw—As soon as I am sure that no one will invite us to dinner.



COMING HOME FROM THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DANCE

his head through the doorway. "Don't forget to let me know so soon Mr. Glickstein comes. I expect him any minute. He's a big buyer from L & M chain of stores and if I land him, it will be a big fish. It took me enough trouble and headaches to get him. Oi, Henry, if you would only be a business man, what a big chance you'd have in this business!"

"Let me alone with your business," remarked Henry emphatically. "Saturday, it's good-bye." And Markowitz shut the door behind him like a shot.

There soon breezed into the office a tall, jovial-looking individual, who, wishing Henry a cheery "Good Morning," inquired for Mr. Markowitz and upon announcing himself as Mr. Glickstein, Henry called out his boss from the factory.

"Ah! Mr. Glickstein!" burst out Markowitz, as he ran towards the newcomer, as if he was greeting an only son returning from the trenches. "Welcome! Welcome! Come right in the show-room where it's more comfortable. This is the office. Here, smoke this cigar! Come this way please!" And they both disappeared behind the opaque glass door of the showroom.

Within a minute Markowitz dashed back into the office and rushing over to the astonished Henry whispered, "Hurry up! tell me quick, who carried California?" And upon receiving the desired information hurried back to his customer. He did not remain there long before he darted out again.

"Quick, quick!" he inquired. "Is it the Red Sox what's playing Harvard?"

"NO! NO!" replied Henry, as he explained to his impatient brother-in-law about the baseball team and the scheduled football game. And scarcely a minute passed before the excited Markowitz was back to learn what was going on at The Winter Garden; to which query Henry promptly responded; and Markowitz left only to return again. This time he threw himself, exhausted, on the chair beside Henry, and, gesticulating wildly, rambled on.

"I never saw such a customer. I talk to him skoits, and he talks sports. I made a couple excuses to run back and find things out from you. I show him everything but he buys notting like he ain't interested. I show him No. 678 with the fancy fur trimmings around the back, he writes the price down in the note-book, and asks me what I think about Yale's quarter back. I show him a stunner for \$46.75, No. 711—a bargain what Katz is asking \$53.50, he looks at it, and asks if the 'Midnight Frolic' is still going on? I talk about No. 863, a regular winner; I tell him, good for winter wear too; he examines it and asks my

opinion about the champion heavyweight from the world. I make believe I ain't hold him and he commences to look mad when I don't answer. So I make an excuse that I got to see my bookkeeper for awhile, very important, and here I am. Henry, if you want to save my life, come into the show-room and talk with him!"

"What are you going to do Saturday afternoon?" anxiously inquired Max Markowitz about five hours later as he was gloating over several completely filled order blanks, carefully pinned together.

"I think I'm going to quit," replied Henry, smiling.

"Go on!" laughed back Markowitz. "We're going to a football game."

No Longer So

Miss Yellowleaf—Are you in love with nature?

He (always anxious to say the right thing)—I was, *Miss Yellowleaf*, until I met you.

One thing that's the matter with Mexico is Mexicans.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY





Father—How do you know this is a lost ball?

Son—Because I saw the man and his caddy looking for it.

STATISTICS

NOW statistics have their uses as do family trees and yesterday's newspapers.

Among other things, they keep a lot of people busy who might otherwise be draining the Hudson in order to count the fish, or digging up Manhattan in order to clinch some argument about rock formation.

But any sane biped who thinks he can construct to-morrow's end from the statistics of yesterday's beginning, is not only hunting for trouble, but he is going to have a mighty successful hunt.

If a chap would only be contented after writing down enough figures to prove that the world is getting hotter or colder, or richer or poorer, nobody would get restless.

But such a chap never is contented until he has kicked up a big row and tried to crowd us all into his remarkable-looking tables.

A lot of people insist that figures always tell the truth, and when you murmur Pilate's question, What is Truth? they just sort of paw the atmosphere.

A statistician will almost weep with joy through discovering that New York City has the largest population, and then he will almost weep with rage because he gets a bit mussed up in the subway.

If you try to talk to some people about the price of flour, you will end up in the wheat fields of one of the Pharaohs.

And, then again, if you start to smile because it is Spring, some one will drag out a list of Spring blizzards running back to the year they built The Sphinx.

The only man who dares to talk to a statistician without getting all tangled up and panicky is—his dentist.

We do not mean to say that one cannot be friendly with a statistician—anyone can be friendly with a statistician—if he'll only give him an excuse and then listen.

In fact, the sad part of a statistician's life is his craving for a friend.

—Charles Elkin, Jr.

A Drop Too Much

She—Well, did you drop him a bit of good advice?

He—Uh-hu.

She—How did he take it?

He—For a lemon drop, I guess.

All women are the same, but they look very different.



Jay—This is a reliable place to get your Thanksgiving dinner—eh, Bill?

Bill—You bet! Every chestnut has a worm in it.

A WOMAN'S NEGATIVE

By J. C. BADDON



"YOU just left Julie in the library, eh? And she sent you to me, I assume." Judge Elmore looked at John Overburn with judicial seriousness.

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose you and she have already fixed upon a day to get married?" The Judge smiled.

"Practically—but of course, depending upon your consent. She said she thought this was a good time to ask you."

"It is, young man. I have inquired about you."

"You have?" John Overburn was a bit disturbed.

"Why not? When a father sees his daughter chasing around with one young fellow to the exclusion of all other young fellows, what is he to do? I've found that you are temperate and industrious; and I know something of your prospects. You are in line for a junior partnership in Overburn and Company. But there are other things to consider."

"Of course." John Overburn did not know just what to say, and coincided.

"You have had a college education. That is a fine foundation, but the superstructure you must erect from your own material—experience."

"Yes, sir. I've been out of college long enough to discover that."

"And marrying is a serious matter."

"I appreciate that also."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"But you'll have to convince me. Have you sown any wild oats?"

"Why, I ——"

"We are here, man to man. Have you ever thought—I mean before you met my daughter—that you were in love?"

For a moment language failed John. "I've gone about a lot, like others of my age."

"Of course. Boys will be boys."

"And met many girls I thought were charming—before I met Julie."

"Exactly. And what is to prevent your going about after marrying Julie—if I should permit you to marry her?"

"Why, I shouldn't want to go about then. I'm certain of that!"

"Ever tell any other girl you loved her?"

"Perhaps I have, when I was younger."

"Younger! More than one? Candor in this case is desirable."

"Well, yes."

"How many? Just approximate the number. I know you can't be exact, on the spur of the moment. Yet I'm sure a good-looking young man like you couldn't possibly have escaped the inevitable hazards of most young men."

John looked anxiously toward the open door, but seemed heartened by his knowledge that the library was reasonably remote. "I couldn't really say. I've known a lot of girls, and now and then have been spooney, I suppose."

"And when a young man spoons, he is not careful of his speech, eh? Language just flows."

"How can he be careful in such cases?"

"I really like your use of the plural, young man. I like frank persons. And of course you know I've been young myself."



TURKEYS OUTRIVAL CHICKENS

Judge Elmore laughed. John tried to. "Oh, I know all about it! But have you ever felt toward any other girl just as you say you feel about Julie?"

"Decidedly no!"

"That is, you think now you have not." "I'm sure of it."

"But Julie has asked you, no doubt, as all girls ask, if you have ever loved another?"

"Of course."

"They generally begin by asking a young man if he has ever kissed another."

"Oh, yes! They always do!"

"Good. And your answers have always been in the negative."

"How else can one answer such questions?"

"How else, indeed!"

"And I've always meant it. Regarded it as a white lie. And always regretted that my answer was not really true—I mean when Julie has—"

"Oh, that's all right as to what you've told Julie. But one should not really regret the kisses of youth! What would age have without such memories? Now, if you had been a mollycoddle, and had lied to me. . . . Ah, Julie! Come in! We've been talking. . . ."

Julie stood in the doorway, her eyes flashing. "John Overburn!" she cried, "I shall never marry you—*never!*"

A physiognomist would have found it difficult to analyze the emotions on John's face. Amazement, perplexity and despair were all pictured.

"Tut-tut, daughter," said the Judge, who was smiling. "I have invited

John to Thanksgiving dinner. And you ought to be thankful."

"Thankful, indeed!" Julie looked at John with disdain.

"Julie!" John's face was now all despair.

"Come, daughter," said the Judge, "this will not do. Tell us what has happened!"

The Day of Gratitude

THE TIME again rolls round when we are called upon to take our gratitude down from the attic, brush it off, polish it up, and give it an airing. It is to be hoped that we do our duty by Thanksgiving this year in a becoming manner, and that only a small self-selected few of us overstep what few bounds propriety has left by being grumbly under-thankful or volubly over-thankful.

The European War has now been poking along long enough for us to become more or less used to its horror. Consequently we might safely venture a hope that no one will resort to a parallel between the United States and the war-stricken districts across the Atlantic in a frantic effort to wring a few drops of thankfulness from his desiccated heart. We have wasted a lot of harmless rhetoric on that kind of gratitude.

And then it won't do much good to be thankful that we are not cannibals, or heathens, or cripples, or dope-fiends, or blackmailers, or blackmailers' victims. Nobody ever gets far by being thankful for what he is not, just as nobody gets ahead much by being satisfied with what he is. We have had entirely too much of this spineless variety of self-satisfaction. It should not be allowed to parade as gratitude. There is only one thing for which anybody has a good, clear right to be thankful. There is still considerable freedom and opportunity left in this country of ours for the man who is willing to tend to his own business with a vengeance and allow the rest of us to do the same. It is a beautiful privilege when we come to love and practice it. For this privilege of working like blazes at our own jobs and letting other folks alone we should be deeply thankful.—H. W. Dee.

"Thankful, indeed!" Julie looked at John with disdain.

Negative Blessings

A Song of Thanksgiving

FOR ALL the woes I have not had
My heart is full of peans glad.
I'm thankful Congress hath adjourned
And left me some of what I've earned,
And hasn't thought to tax my share
Of bright blue sky, and autumn air.
I'm glad the cost of living high
Has overlooked and passed me by
Because I've always had a mind
For living of a simple kind,
And have a taste for Boston beans,
And potted ham, and tinned sardines.
I'm thankful that no briny shark
Has caught me swimming after dark
And bitten off a leg or two
The while I swam the waters blue.
I'm thankful that no jolt or jar
Has come to wreck my motor car
And that no tire troubles ill
Have come along to drain my till—
Indeed I'm thankful to recall
I haven't any car at all
To vex me with the evils dire
That dog these modern Ships of Tire!

So here's my Song of Gratitude
With honest thankfulness imbued—
"Tis something in these times of pest
If one's but negatively blest.—J. K. Bangs.

Natural Query

Willie Willis—Pa, does the Isthmus of Panama join North and South America?

Papa Willis—Yes.

Willie Willis—And ain't North and South America separated by the Gulf of Mexico?

Papa Willis—Yes.

Willie Willis—Then, pa, are they farther apart than they are nearer together?

As Usual

The Lord will provide, only what He provides He spells prevision.



HE'S OUR BEST PAYING
ELEPHANT-HE CAN EAT
\$300 WORTH OF PEANUTS
IN AN AFTERNOON



"THE PEANUT INDUSTRY"

NOBODY who knows anything about peanuts needs to read this article. This is about the source and origin and purpose of peanuts, and if anybody knows a single thing about the childhood of the peanut, it will irritate him to read this, because there are going to be some wild statements.

The author does not know anything about peanuts, and he does not want anybody reading this article who does.

This treatise is only for people who eat peanuts and who feed them to elephants, and who would like to know more about them, and are willing to take our word for it.

The peanut crop was good this summer (in fact the peanut trees were bent to the ground; it was the heaviest peanut harvest in ten years), and the circuses report that peanut sales this season exceeded all expectations.

Almost all that most people know about peanuts is that they cost five cents a sack, and that they take well with elephants. But they are much more interesting than that.

Peanuts grow in the ground like potatoes, and along about the third or fourth of June one may see the peanut fields of northern Kentucky filled with Kentucky peasants, unearthing the peanut harvest.

From the orchard they are taken direct to the roastery, where they are roasted to a light brown.

Peanuts are roasted in ovens very similar to coke ovens, and it is a beautiful sight to see the peanut ovens aglow, miles away, in the hills of Kentucky, on a summer night.

The ovens stretch for miles and miles along the mountainsides.

After the peanuts are well roasted they are put into sacks to be sold at a nickel a sack, or in case of emergency, at two sacks for five cents.

These sacked peanuts are shipped to the circus winter quarters by the carload and held until the following spring. Then, just before the circuses start out—two months before, in fact a lot of men are employed by the circus management to teach all of the elephants to eat peanuts. Elephants do not naturally eat peanuts. (Right along here is the most interesting part of this article.)

Elephants naturally hate peanuts, but they are put through a strict training each spring and made to reverse their attitude almost directly. They are starved for a couple of months, and are then permitted to smell a sack of peanuts. The peanuts are quickly withdrawn, and then a day or two later presented again, and so on.

Eventually the elephants develop a desire for peanuts.

This is a very interesting phase of the peanut industry.

By the middle of the circus season the elephants will eat peanuts by the bushel, voluntarily.

That is why a circus carries twenty elephants. The elephant department supports the peanut department.

That's how a circus makes all its money.—*Don Herold.*

Cause for Detestation

"MY UNCLE, Erastus Rasp, was one of the most unpopular men of his day and time," confessed Gaunt N. Grimm. "He refused to take the slightest interest in Worthy Causes. He declined to bore himself by attending tiresome home talent entertainments for the benefit of excuseless public movements, or to listen to redundant flapdoodle about non-essentials. He objected to contributing funds to erect monuments to departed nobodies. He could not be persuaded to enthuse over the other fellow's game. He brazenly declared that anything that had to be begged for or whimpered for wasn't worth supporting, commemorating or perpetuating.

"So, in spite of the fact that he was as honest as the day was long and needed no watching at night, and used his surplus scads to educate a batch of orphaned nephews and nieces and make useful men and women of them, it is no wonder that Uncle Rat was called a miser and a mossback and several other even worse-sounding things by his fellow citizens, and detested accordingly."



The bride—(trying to make Thanksgiving pies)—There! I didn't think that pumpkin was good! It's all hollow, just like the other!



THE SAME OLD COMPLAINT

Gobbler—Attack of indigestion, black spots before the eyes. I have it every fall about this time.

Thanksgiving Thoughts

THANKSGIVING comes but once a year,
And so we act when it is here
As if we had to stuff and pack

Enough to last
till it gets
back.

What virtue
lies in glut-
tony
Or belts let
out exten-
sively?

Is eating till
you're in
distress

The truest proof of thankfulness?

Ah for a better, nobler mood
With minds fixed less on thoughts of food
And more on lasting verities.
Meanwhile, a bit more turkey, please!

—Walter G. Doty.

A man will die for the woman he loves
—but some would rather give her the alimony than the legacy.



At Andrew Jackson's Church

REV. MR. LEIPER is pastor of the historic Andrew Jackson church at the Hermitage, with a manse near by. He has an attractive little daughter four years of age. Recently a visitor at the manse noticed the child's good behavior and said to her:

"Are you always such a good little girl?"

In answer to the query she reflected a moment and replied very seriously:

"No, sir, sometimes I am very bad."

"Indeed!" responded the visitor. "And what do your parents do when you are very bad?"

"They spank me—they spank me behind my tummy!"

Lazytown Local Note

A brindle cow appeared at the front door of the Hog Ford church last Sunday while preaching was in progress, but soon walked on off.

—George Bingham.

The Bachelor's Thanksgiving

Oh pretty girls, and plain girls,
And girls grave, gay, and tender,
To you to-night with all my heart
My grateful thanks I render.

I thank you for each dear caress,
Arch look, and gentle token,
I thank you for each pretty word
To me your lips have spoken.

I thank you for the pretty hats
That have enhanced your faces;
I thank you for the dainty boots
I've seen you wear, and laces.

I thank you for the charming way
In which you've shared my dinners;
I thank you that no moral judge
Could ere have called us sinners.

I thank you for the lectures hard
Which some of you have read me;
But oh, my dears, I thank you more
That none of you has wed me!

—D. E. P. Harding.

Bricks without straw is a cinch compared to straw votes without gold bricks.

THE HIGH COST

BY WALT MASON.

PRICES



THE rising cost of living is grievous and is giving all righteous men a pain; we view with grief and loathing the price of spuds and clothing, and things that shed the rain.

The butcher and the grocer are making us draw closer to pauperdom each day; the tailor and the baker, the genial undertaker, are helping us grow gray. The things we buy are rising; the cost is most surprising; it makes us swear and yell; but we are handed ices if we would raise the prices of things we have to sell. I go to see the baker to buy about an acre of squash or pumpkin pie. "The price is 'way up yonder, and higher still 'twill wander," I hear the baker cry. There is no use of chewing the rag—there's nothing doing; he puts his graft across; I pay up, though it grieves me; I pay up, though it leaves me in purse a total loss.

A cheap excuse suffices the men who raise the prices, they simply raise the same, and we unlucky critters who buy their boots and bitters must pay and play the game.

I strain my brow and bonnet to write a nifty sonnet that ought to reach your heart; I polish it and prune it. I read it and I croon it, and take it to the mart. Then to potential patrons, the highbrow men and matrons, I say, "In other times, ere high costs made us holler, I only asked a dollar and ten cents for my rhymes. But, though I'd fain be cheerful, I find the prices fearful on hay and bran and beets, excelsior and carrots, and all that in his garrets the weary poet eats. So, for this noble sonnet, which has no whiskers on it, which, in majestic tones, sings sunshine to the masses, the poor, downtrodden classes, I'll have to ask two bones."

In vain my explanation of sorrow and privation to highbrow dames and gents; they take my scroll and view it, and hoarsely say, "Beshrew it! We'll give you fifty cents!"

Tyranny of Toil

FINALLY the efforts of Housewives' Leagues, Domestic Science courses, Ultimate Consumers' associations and similar organizations succeeded in making housework fashionable. Cooking contests, informal baby clinics and dish-washing parties began to supplant ultra dancing and charity teas. But society adjusts itself slowly. Invitations for the tea turmoils and dance doings continued to arrive, although it must be said that nobody wanted to give them and nobody wanted to attend.

Then it was proposed that the cooks and maids whose duties were being performed by their enthusiastic mistresses be delegated to attend to the purely social obligations. Society applauded the idea and named a new skating figure after its author. For a time the maids reveled in finery and functions, and the bluebook standing of every family was established by the number of maids, suitably caparisoned, it could assign to each invitation. Meanwhile the mistresses hid themselves in full-length aprons and with tucked-up sleeves cooked and swept floors and washed babies to their hearts' delight. Everybody remarked on the wonder that nobody had thought of it before.

But along towards the end of the season there were murmurs of discontent from the maids. They complained that they were overworked, and that teas and dinners and dances were drudgery, besides being unbearably monotonous. "To be sure," responded the mistresses, "that is what we pay you wages for." This, however, failed to satisfy the maids. A number left their places without notice, and went to work in the stores where, even if their position moved social uplifters to tears, they could at least be independent of social tyranny.

Presently the rebellion assumed such proportions that the mistresses were driven to despair. Social functions were upset for lack of guests, and mistresses were kept busy apologizing to each other for the shortcomings of their maids. When, at last, it could be endured no longer, the mistresses yielded, and consented to resume their places in society, sighing over the ingratitude of servants. And the maids, before returning to their kitchens and nurseries, took advantage of the opportunity to demand an extra night out each week and increased wages, as compensation for the sufferings they had endured.

—Walter S. Ball.

A Way They Have

"I have been spoken of as a logical candidate for the legislature."

"Never mind!" consolingly said J. Fuller Gloom. "People will talk, you know."

The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that the automobile is a deadly weapon. Depends on which of the tanks is full.



THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS



A TEE-SPOON

NO ROOM FOR HER

IF THERE be a place where "Mother" is a nuisance, it is in the Short Story. She is usually a mere incumbrance. Editors cry aloud for "action—life—incident—adventure" or some form of "punch;" or they coo wooringly for a love story, something with passion, fervor, romance.

So where does Mother come in?

You cannot lug Mother around fastened to the back of a burro by means of a diamond hitch; stow her conveniently with the lummage in a canoe; hike her on snowshoes over Alaskan trails, nor set her adrift in an open boat in a measureless sea.

In the last necessity, and if you must find a place for her somewhere, she may be pitchforked into a psychological character study; but even then she has no especial points over the unmotherly female except where heredity comes in, and then she can be summarized in an early paragraph.

Think it over, and you will begin to understand why the heroines of short stories are so often the daughters of Mothers who "died giving her birth." This disposes of Mama, and has a touch of pathos—especially when the gray-haired Father is made to "see her Mother's face in hers," or to "gaze into eyes so like her long dead Mother's."

If the heroine finds herself in a soh-situation she can cling to a Mother, and exclaim, "Oh, Mother—Mother!"—but is it worth while to pack a Mother into a lightly ballasted tale for this purpose only? As a substitute, the Father can hold her firmly while she indulges in a few convulsive sobs, and emit a guttural, "There, there!—my

daughter! I wish your Mother were living!" This is not a bad way of filling the Mother hiatus. Of course there are classes of short stories besides the active and the romantic. The Invalid Mother in bed, or in a rolling chair; the white-haired Virginian Mother in the Homestead, or the Mother who—well, who you think shouldn't be till the mystery is made clear—all these have a possible use at odd times. But wise writers of popular short stories do not really run toward Mothers.

They hand Mother over to the Song-Writers, saying: "She's no use to us. You take her. Put her in the rocking-chair by the hearth; let her boss the cradle; bury her in the village churchyard—or what you will. We will make Father a widower, and do our best with him."—*Tudor Jenks*.



Horace—There's your friend Simpkins. I am afraid he's going to get soaked to the skin. Why don't you ask him under your umbrella?

Ely—I'm afraid he would recognize it!



WHY NOT LET MY LADY'S NAME DECIDE THE SHAPE OF HER WINTER HAT?



Parodies of the Fair Green Consolation

WHEN Vardon was a bloomin' dub 'e likely sliced 'em off the tee;
An' every time 'e broke a club 'e went an' cussed—the same
as me.

An' if he drove like 'Oly Ned, an' made the green in one or two,
The chances are, 'e lost 'is 'ead an' took four putts—the same as you.

An' if 'e 'ad a rotten lie, 'e didn't raise an awful fuss;
'E went an' winked the other eye, en' kicked it out—the same as us!

—F. Gregory Hartwick.

The Seven Ages of Man—New Style

FIRST the infant; but not mewling in his nurse's arms.
Absurdity! Not even rocked! But laid hygienically
on a hard bed, and fed pre-digested food through a sterilized
glass tube, at stated intervals, by a graduate Baby Nurse.

And then the schoolboy, proud of the fact that he has had
his tonsils, adenoids and appendix removed by some world-
famed surgeon.

Next comes the lover, with a clean bill of health from the
Eugenics Commission.

Then behold the soldier, who has made his record in tests
for the value of proteids and legumin as food ingredients.

Next see the justicee, on a diet; warned by his specialist to
avoid late suppers, violent exercise, and to cut out pie and
cheese.

The sixth stage shifts into the complaining limper, trying
every newly recommended method of massage, and mud and
sulphur baths, to get the chalk out of his joints.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history,
is Grandpa, alternately swallowing pellet and potion; lean,
bald, toothless; on a liquid diet; elated because he is the
oldest patient in town who has had hardening of the arteries
and angina pectoris these twenty years, yet has outlived all
his doctors. Sans smell, sans taste, sans sense, sans everything!

—Ella A. Fanning.

EFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

WHEN efficiency has taught a man to do in one hour what
once took two, efficiency has gained him an hour. That
is like saying that two and two are four.

But that isn't all there is to the problem. If it forces him to
devote that hour gained to producing another finished product
just like the first it helps him to forget that the real business of
life is living, and that every man has only so many hours in
which to do it. That is bad for any and every one. In so doing
efficiency has become an end in itself, when it is, really, no more
than a means.

Efficiency, apart from production, is unthinkable. And
production is no end. Else you would make clothes and never
wear any, manufacture automobiles and never ride in one,
write books and never read a page, grow corn and never set
teeth in the corner piece of a slab of corn bread. If that is
efficiency, a squirrel in a cage is it.

But it isn't, if only the experts will manage to remember.
Real efficiency is a way. It's a way to make men wise
and happy. It's a way to put more into life and so get more
out of it. It's a way to make man master of a whole, wonder-
ful hour.

But if it doesn't make a man more skilful in the use of his
hour, if it doesn't make him a better judge of what things he
should reach after, if it doesn't teach him to make efficient use
of the reward of his efficiency it might just as well have stopped
before it began. Because it hasn't got anywhere. And so it is
the worst sort of inefficiency.

Real efficiency is a way to make life—not harder, not
easier—but more worth while. And that is worth while too.

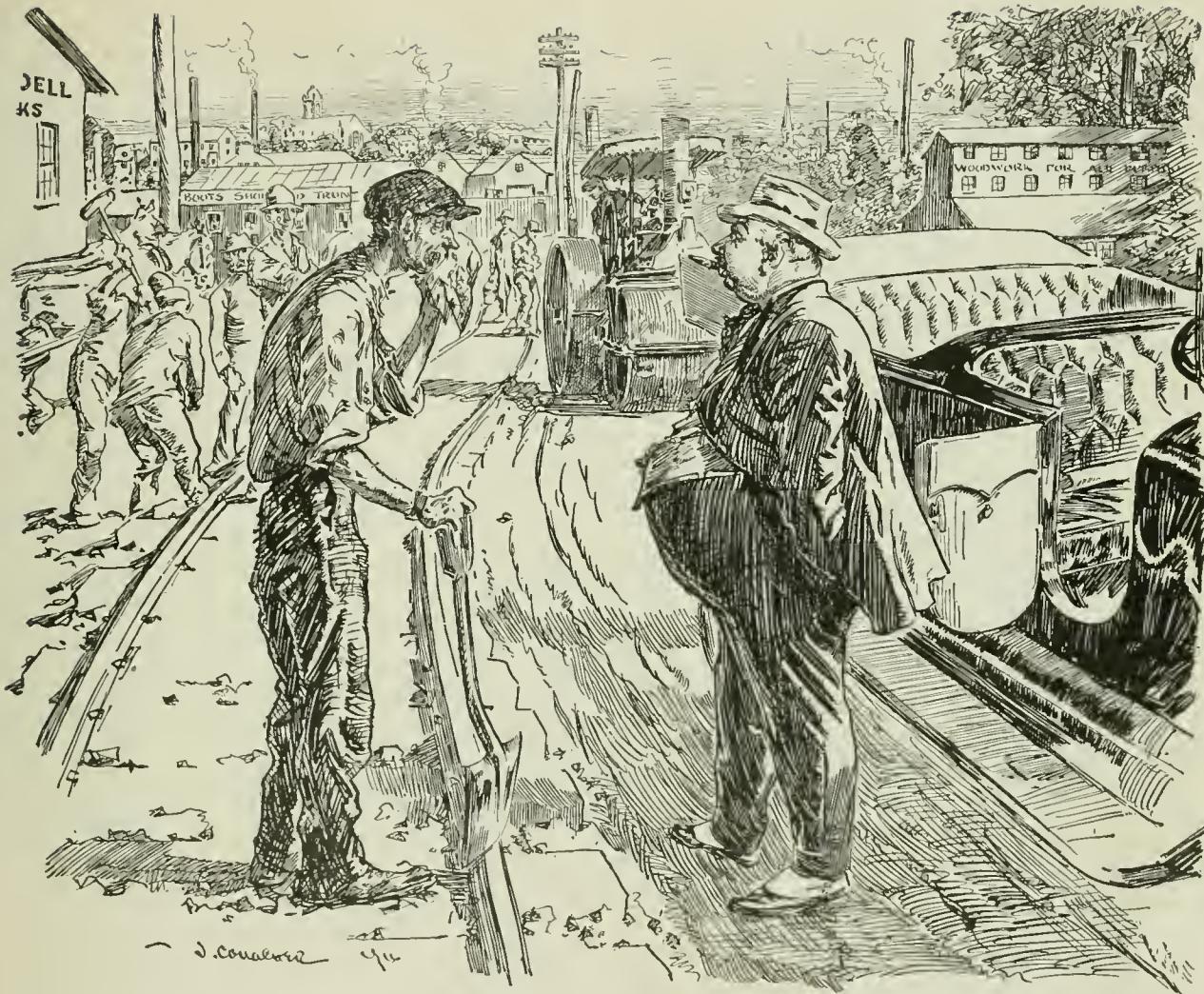
Charles C. Jones.



HIS SPECIALTY

Crawford—You must be a good judge of a turkey, uncle Rastus. I
guess I'll have you come down to the market and pick one out for me.

Uncle Rastus—Betta do dat fer yersel', sah. 'Yo' see, I'se a bet-
ta jedge ob a turk when he am alive an' done hab his feathers on.



Croesus—I'd give a good deal to be as thin as you are, my man. By gad! I don't see how you do it!

When It Comes to Pleasing

IT IS hard for a man to please another man.

It is well-nigh impossible for a woman to please another woman.

But a woman may please a man without any difficulty, and when it comes to a man pleasing a woman, he

may do it blindfolded with his hands tied behind his back—unless he is married to her.

Things to worry about—What the ants do for social relaxation all winter when there are no picnics to attend.



Dampening His Logic

“A man learns most who begins at the bottom,” remarked the Parlor Philosopher.

“How about the fellow who is learning to swim?” asked the Mere Man.

A Hint

“Remember, Bruddren and Sistahs,” solemnly said good old Parson Bagster, “dat charity kivereth a multitude o' sins, and when de contribution basket am circumnavigating 'round th'oo yo' midst recollect de cold weather dat's dess around de cornder, and spread yo' kivers good and thick.”

Her Curiosity Aroused

Helen—I heard you out there. What was it Jack said just before leaving that tickled you so?

Gertrude—It wasn't anything he said, dear.

Raised on the Farm

THERE ON the table in sight,
Delicious, delectable, great,
It posed for the youngsters' delight—
They beat a tattoo on each plate.

A square pie, a rare pie, in truth
An inch and a half it was thick.
A dream pie, a cream pie come back
And give me the old corner brick.

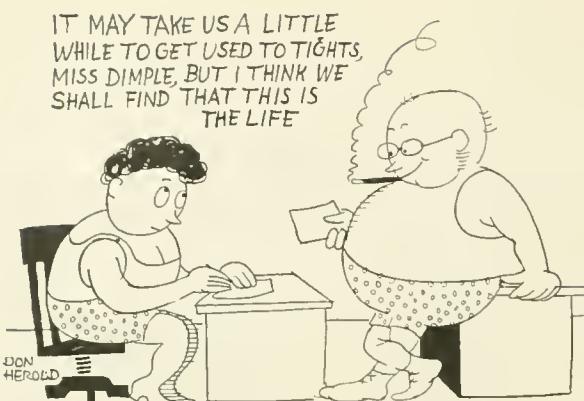
Sometimes 'twas a pie with a crust,
Sometimes 'twas a buckeye criss-cross,
But always a pie you could trust,
The sort that's accounted the boss.

A neat pie, a sweet pie, success
Of condiment done to a charm.
Yes, pies have gone up—here's a V
For one that was raised on the farm.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

Necessary Knowledge

Landon—I've just joined the yacht club. What book would I better read first?

Oldun—Hoyle.



IT MAY TAKE US A LITTLE WHILE TO GET USED TO TIGHTS, MISS DIMPLE, BUT I THINK WE SHALL FIND THAT THIS IS THE LIFE

THE TRAPEZE LIFE

EVERYBODY ought to wear tights, and everybody ought to have a flying trapeze set in his back yard or basement. I went to a circus last night, and I am convinced that trapeze life is the reasonable life. The present civilized life is all wrong. Fat, flabby bankers are all wrong. Anemic brain-workers are all wrong. The trapeze life is the life.

The peculiar thing about a circus is that we all pay money to see a few people doing things that everybody ought to be doing. Everybody, for instance, ought to have a horse, and get him out in a ring every afternoon and run him around and jump on his back and ride around standing up.

I believe in acrobatics this morning, and I believe in tights, and I am going in for both. First, I am going to get a set of dumb-bells, and then, gradually, I shall work up to horizontal bars, and then to a flying trapeze act. I shall have to get one of the neighbors to go in with me on the flying trapeze work. Maybe the man next door and his wife, and I and my wife, can get up a team.

My wife isn't as enthusiastic about this new life as I.

It will probably be some time before I start coming down to the office in tights—but sooner or later I am going to begin. I shall take delight, in the morning, when the street car is half a block past my corner. I shall run and catch up with it, and then spring lightly to the roof of the car. As soon as everybody gets to leading the acrobatic life, the street cars will not need to stop. Here we are, now, going about with broken-down insteps, short-breathed and stupid. We shuffle slowly down the street, puffing and steaming.

A lot of fat old business men will look funny in tights, but when I get my law through the legislature that everybody has to turn a handspring every half block, it won't take long to weed out the weak. It is odd that we have to go to a circus to see trapeze acts, and tight wire acts, and tumbling. A circus is all reversed. The performance is all normal and the audience is all abnormal. It was Barnum's original idea to charge the normal a dime to see the abnormal. Today, the circus audience should all be trapeze performers sitting around watching a lot of fat, old, flabby bankers eating oatmeal and cream—sitting out in the middle of the arena eating oatmeal and cream, and playing dominoes.

I have written to my mother this morning and told her to make me a suit of tights—my wife laughed at me when I asked her. Mother will be sympathetic. She will come through with a suit of tights by parcel post. I told her I would send a trapeze, if she wanted to make herself a suit while she is making mine—and I'll bet mother takes me up.

—Don Herold.

A LOW PERCENTAGE

MISS ANNA LIST, the well-known lady psychologist, is now hard at work on the plans for the first meeting of the National Council of Mothers of Prize-Winning Babies. In an effort to save embarrassing and probable friction at this initial gathering, which, she confesses, will be in the near future, Dr. List has drawn up the following resolutions. Considering the fact that this famous child expert has had no actual contact with babies, her resolutions show remarkable vision. She plans to have them adopted before the meeting is called to disorder. This, she says, is the only psychologically sane method of handling resolutions. *Resolved:*

That babies are human animals.

That babies should be fed and bathed regularly or not at all.

That babies should not be held or rocked before or after naps or meals.

That babies should be supplied with a suitable quantity of fresh air three or four times a day.

That inexperienced mothers should not cuddle, tumble, toss, squeeze, or roll their babies on full stomachs.

That all mothers should see to it that their babies form no bad habits until they are old enough to know better.

With the possible exception of the last two resolutions, Miss List is direct and intelligible, and is to be congratulated. It is to be hoped that her cold, keen mind be given the reins at the coming convention. The per cent. of prize-winning babies is disgracefully low, and it is high time that something be done about it.

—H. W. Dec.



Every time that I see May Brown
She seems to be wearing a wedding gown.
I'm willin' to bet an old plugged dime
She's livin' in Reno most of the time.



John (who has just lost his job)—Well, darling, I'm afraid it's going to be a slim Thanksgiving for us.

THE NOTION COUNTER

IN my office I have the most perfect system. I have one boy who does nothing but look after my mail. In fact, he doesn't even do that.

Some people are peculiarly afflicted. There is the man, for example, who is dumb part of the time. There are moments when he cannot think of anything to say about himself.

There is an increasing scarcity of rubber, but a woman's ten minutes is still made of it.

The efficiency expert keeps us so busy reading his directions that we don't have any time left to do any work.

If I am ever hit by a car, I hope it won't be a flivver. Let me die the death of a soldier.

Marriage is another name for a state of mind wherein you accept every kindness as a matter of course.

If you ever get to doubting whether two times one are two, send two office boys on an errand together and compare it with the time it takes one.

We have such a capacity for hating that we hate even places and things. But, thank heaven, we can also love.

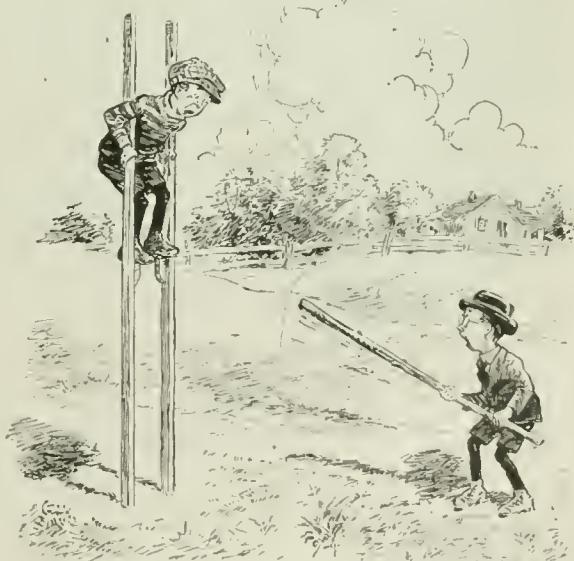
Two things we all need to get us through—some sort of a religion, and a sense of humor.

No man ever made a failure who dared to go ahead and make a mistake.

A man may call a girl the apple of his eye right now, but later he will be more interested in her pies.

When you were a boy you thought the tight-rope walker in the circus was wonderful; but the tight-rope walker ought to see you now maintaining your balance at the bank.

—*Douglas Malloch.*



Percy—Johnny Jones, I want you to apologize for calling me "goggles" the other day.



ROSE-FEVER

"I'M THROUGH!" announced Bobby Hopewood. "Through!" The men who lingered in the smoking room of the club glanced questioningly in Bobby's direction. Only one of them spoke:

"What d'you mean, through?" he questioned.

"I'm through with women!" snapped Bobby.

The announcement was greeted by a chorus of jeers. Everybody in the club and numbers of folk who were not in the club knew that Bobby Hopewood was a lady-killer, would always be a lady-killer. No wonder the men jeered when Bobby told them that he was through!

"Tell us something else, and we may believe you!" murmured someone languidly.

Bobby slammed his white, well-manicured hand down on the table. "I tell you—I mean it!" he shouted. "All women are disappointing. . . . It happened this way. . . ."

"Yes?" prompted a voice—a number of voices.

"Y'know," responded Bobby Hopewood—he was the sort of a man who never had to be coaxed to tell his *affaires de cœur*—"Y'know that I've been going around with Estelle Harrison—that little blond deb.-girl, but she's a queer one. Why, she said t' me once 'I've never let a man kiss me. And I never will—unless I'm married to him!'

"Y'know, fellers, girls don't usually treat me that way.

They just—don't. And so I began t' call on her an' take her out—but she was always mighty well chaperoned. And I tried to make her care. . . . It seemed as if I'd never wanted to kiss anyone before—so much. Gad, I thought, sometimes, that I'd have to marry the girl!

"And then, the night of the Van Cleeve's dance I found her standing on the balcony—alone. It was moonlight, and the balcony was just over a rose garden. The whole world was done in white and silver—and filled with perfume. And I said, 'I love you, Girl!' and she sorter swayed toward me. And her face was working as if she was nervous. And I put my arms around her, and looked deep into her eyes—blue as the sky, they were, and full of tears. And her lips, that were like the freshest rose-bud in the garden, were all a-tremble. And I thought, 'I'm the first man in the world to kiss her,' and then—just as I bent over her. . . . Oh, darn the women," Bobby broke off, "They're all alike!"

"And then?" questioned the men. They had grouped themselves, expectantly, around Bobby's chair. They wished, vaguely, that a fellow wouldn't always stop at the best part of a story. "And then—" they repeated.

"And then," groaned Bobby Hopewood, "She sneezed!"

—M. E. S.

Her Eccentricity

"MY WIFE is one of the finest durn' women in the world," allowed Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "but she's shore got some of the quaintest notions you ever witnessed. Tuther day I had a job of work that just nacherly had to be done, and b'cuz I whirled in and went to doing it she started one of the boys off on a horse for the doctor."

His Lesson

"IT IS very wrong to frighten children!" said the school teacher.

"That's a fact, mom!" agreed Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "And it's liable to be plumb dangerous, too. Tuther day I came home and found Rowdy, the baby, playing beside a stump, and slipped up behind him and hollered 'Boo!' And the little cuss whirled before you could say 'Turkey!' and lammed loose at me with my own gun, that I didn't know he had, and came near blowing my fool head off!"

His Value

"My brother-in-law, Lum Toodles," said old Gaunt N. Grimm, "would make an exceedingly satisfactory stranger."



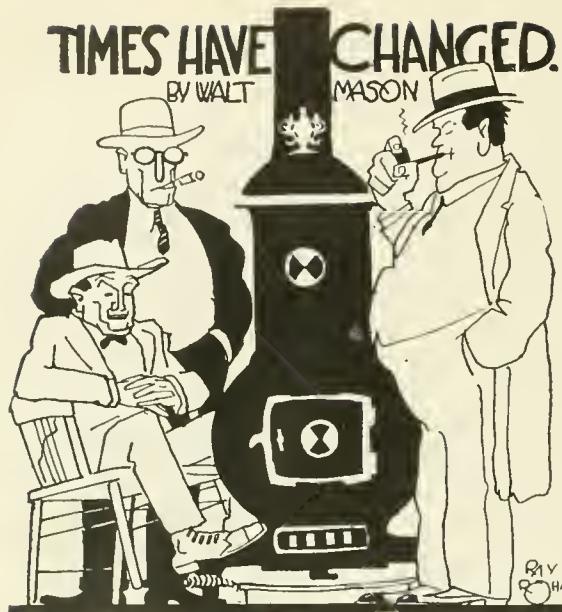
Manufacturer—I have given you eight hours a day—what now?

Labor leader—More pay, to be sure! A man does better work in eight hours than in ten.



THERE ARE HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDS

The Young Wife—Some women don't like to have a husband hang around the house all the time, evening after evening. I'm sure I don't mind it, do you? *Her Married Friend*—Whose husband?



IN OTHER days I used to brag about my swift, high-stepping nag. I'd tell how he had gone a mile, or maybe two, in Maud S. style, and left all records looking sick; there never was a horse so quick.

And Ananias doubtless felt that I had robbed him of his pelt.

The more I talked about my horse, the more I made poor Truth a corse. I told about his race-course tricks to all the weary village hicks, and when my grist of yarns was done, they'd tell of races they had won; for every man then owned a nag, of which he'd stand around and brag.

And Ananias heaved some sighs, while listening to all those lies.

The horse of which I used to talk could trot as fast as you can walk. He had bog spavins on his limbs, and he was blind in both his glims, he had hay fever and the croup, and long ago he looped the loop.

When I look back I always blush for telling how that horse would rush around a half-mile kite-shaped track so fast he'd telescope his back. In my old age I can't indorse the things I said about that horse.

And now I have a motor car, in which I journey near and far. And in the evenings, at the store, I talk with neighbors half a score, and tell of hills I climbed on high, and yarn until my throat goes dry.

And Ananias, in his grave, is wishing that I would behave.

When I have talked till I run down, the other liars of the town, while puffing at their rank cigars, relate weird tales about their cars. Each fellow owns the only "boat" that hasn't sometime lost its goat, that never skids or stalls or balks, whose engine never groans or knocks. And all our cars are made of tin, with fierce and rusty works within, and if away from town we roam, some team of mules must haul us home.

And Ananias, on his perch, believes we all should go to church.

His Recovery

"Yep!" said Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "When that there tree fell on my brother-in-law it knocked him plumb senseless. But it didn't take him long to vituperate."

Be sure your sin will find you out of gasoline.

OUR INTELLECTUAL MOVIE QUEENS

From almost any clip sheet

By HOMER CROY

IT WILL be pleasing to our readers, we feel sure, for them to know something about the life of Laura Love, who took the part of Chastity in "The Grip of the Python."

Miss Love spent the early years of her life in a convent where she had little or no thought of becoming the nightly favorite that she now is. The quiet round of her life was then taken up with her beads and her needle-work.

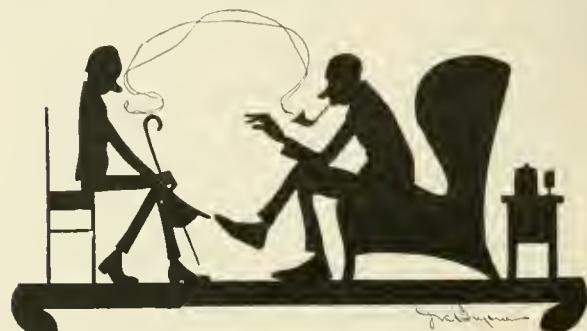
On turning her back to clostral walls she traveled in the United States, journeying west where she lived with the Sun Dance Indians. On account of her rare charm and beauty she was adopted into their tribe and given the name of Agunquack, which in the Sun Dance language means "Sunshine from the Happy Hunting Ground." It was during her long association with the Sun Dance Indians that she picked up her wealth of knowledge of Indian life which has been of such great help to her in her masterly portrayal of American aboriginal character.

In her early life Miss Love's ambition was to be an artist and while she was in the Latin Quarter she studied under some of the world's greatest masters. She studied for years and was just on the verge of a career when she felt the call of Thespis and laid down her palette for the make-up box. Even the splendid acting she does in the silent drama does not suffice, her old professors think, for the fact that she deserted them for the cinematographic stage.

During the few summer days that she can steal away from the studios she goes to Canada for her vacations where she may live in sweet, simple quiet with the French Canadians, where she converses with them in their own language, for it may come as a surprise to the thousands of admirers of Miss Love to know that she is a profound student of Early French. In college she specialized in this and her graduation theme was entitled "The Now Obsolete Irregular Verbs of the Early French." Miss Love is never happier than when chatting with the simple French Canadians in their own language—a language now known to only a few etymologists.

It was while traveling extensively abroad that Miss Love became fascinated by Egypt, where she made a specialty of Egyptology. There are few in the world—if any—who have the intimate knowledge of the early life of the Egyptians that Miss Love has. Her specialty is the life and reign of Amenhotep III, one of the early Pharaohs. Her translations from the hieroglyphics on the colossi and on the cliff monuments at Edfu, celebrating Amenhotep's wars of conquest, are a delight to antiquarians.

Miss Love is eighteen years old.



Mr. Kane—What are you going to get your wife for Christmas?
Mr. Calabash—I don't know. She hasn't decided yet!



He—Lord Dunsary has never married, has he? *She*—No; he only just lost his money

MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS THE OPERA

By LOU RAB

"DAY and night, night and day, it's the same thing!" complained Max Markowitz to Henry Shapiro, his book-keeper and brother-in-law, as they were about to leave for lunch. "When I get up in the morning it's 'Max, will we go skating this winter?' and when I go to sleep at night it's 'Max, will we go to the opera this season?' Every day the same question, with the same arguments. I try to tell her about Mrs. Steinburg, the real *estatnik*'s wife, what sprained a foot by the rink so that for a whole month she couldn't

go out even to collect the rent; and that what it costs by the opera one ticket, she could go fifty times by the movies. But talk to her and talk to the Statue of Liberty! She hears you just the same! To tell the truth, Henry, I think the Statue of Liberty was put up as a joke on the married men. What liberty have I got in this country when I can't do what I want myself? Last night Minnie gave me a—a—what do you call it what one country sends to the other when she's ready to fight?"

"An ultimata," suggested Henry.

"Yes, she gives me an ultimata," continued Markowitz. "To-night I got to give her an answer. *Oder* opera *oder* rink! Her dressmaker can't wait any longer. *Oder* I go where the orchester don't let me sleep or where the crowds don't let me rest. It's like asking an Englishman, now, where he would like to go for pleasure—to Berlin or Vien? I am dying to stay home and play a little auction and she, Oi! You might so well

ask a *frommen yid* if he wants pigs' feet or lobster salad? I don't know what—"

"Nu," interrupted Henry. "What would it hoit you, if you go skating a couple times a week?"

"Believe me, it would hoit me enough," replied Markowitz with an affirmative gesture. "Skating ain't made for a manufacturer with a rating. It's for loafers and children. Style! Style! That's why Minnie is so crazy about it. Thank God, flying ain't in style yet!"

"You're up in the air enough already," jested Henry. "Then why not take the least from the two troubles, and go to the opera?"

"Go to the opera?" mimicked Markowitz. "By you it's a notting? It costs you something? Yes—go to the opera—and see Katz sitting in the orchester when I'm in the second balcony! Yes—let Minnie see more and morer styles, more than what is good for her and my pocketbook. Swallow the supper quick like in the moving *pickatches*, so to get there by eight o'clock. Spend two dollars a seat for what's a front row from the back, and so high that a king on the stage looks like a two-spot."

"But ain't there notting to the music, the opera, the plot?" persisted Henry.

"What music? what opera? what plot?" repeated Markowitz. "Do I understand them? The only thing what I understand is the stiletto! It cuts the biggest figger by operas. There is more people killed in one opera than in ten dramas."

"Then why don't you get a libretto so that you know what they're talking about?" demanded Henry.

"It's woise," replied Markowitz. "Last season Minnie had





"Mother, look at the horse with feathers on its legs. Is it a Buff Cochin?"

to fight with me a whole week before I would go to see—a regular bargain, a double bill for one ticket—'Pagliacci.'

and some other play with a barber in it. I bought a libretto for a quarter, and the foist thing we see in it was another argument—like

we didn't have enough already. We skipped it to avoid trouble and we couldn't catch on to what was going on till the curtain was commencing to move for the end of the foist act. I opened my libretto to the end of the foist act too—maybe I'll understand something—and I read that Canio was saying 'Sing and be merry!' I looked up and saw a man biting another feller's ear off. The next morning I read in the papers that they didn't play 'Pagliacci' at all, but 'Cavalerie Russiana.' The bill was changed! Nu, Henry, does it pay to spend good money, when you don't even know what you're getting?"

"Henry," continued Markowitz after a long pause, "I don't think I'll give in yet. I'll try one thing more. Maybe it will work. I'll buy her the diamond lavelier what she's been dying to get. If you got to do it, you got to do it. It's

worth even a thousand dollars not to kill my health and my pleasures a whole winter! Anyway, diamonds is always worth the money!" Saying which both boss and bookkeeper departed for their noon-day refreshments.

* * * * *

The following morning Markowitz looked so dejected and miserable, that at first Henry curbed his curiosity as to the outcome of the ultimatum. However, he was unable to restrain himself very long and finally asked. "Nu, what did Minnie say to that diamond lavelier?"

"It's no use talking, *weiber* will be *weiber!*" mournfully replied Markowitz. "She kissed me, and said she'll be ashamed no more to go to the opera. Her diamonds will be so good like the next woman's!"

His Pudding

"*Uck!*—yassah!" remarked Brother Quackenboss. "Brudder Kink am powful well off. He's got three mighty fine fiddles, nine likely child'en de peartest passel o' dogs dat a body 'most ever seed, a deaf and dumb wife, and no triflin' kin-folks to come borryin' off'm him. Den, he has a way o' callin' a white man 'Cuhnel' in sich-uh tone dat he gits all de striped pants and checkered vests dat a self-expectin' pusson could want. And if dat nigger ain't dess nachly one o' de Lawd's anointed, den, sah, I'll be dag-gawn if I ever witnessed one!"

Interchangeable Examples

THE FLY lays a thousand eggs,
The hen but one,
Yet e'en sadder would breakfasts become,
If the hen were done.

The hen takes a thousand rests,
The fly takes none—
Ah! could we but teach each to work
Like the other one! —Lee Shippey.

His Reticence

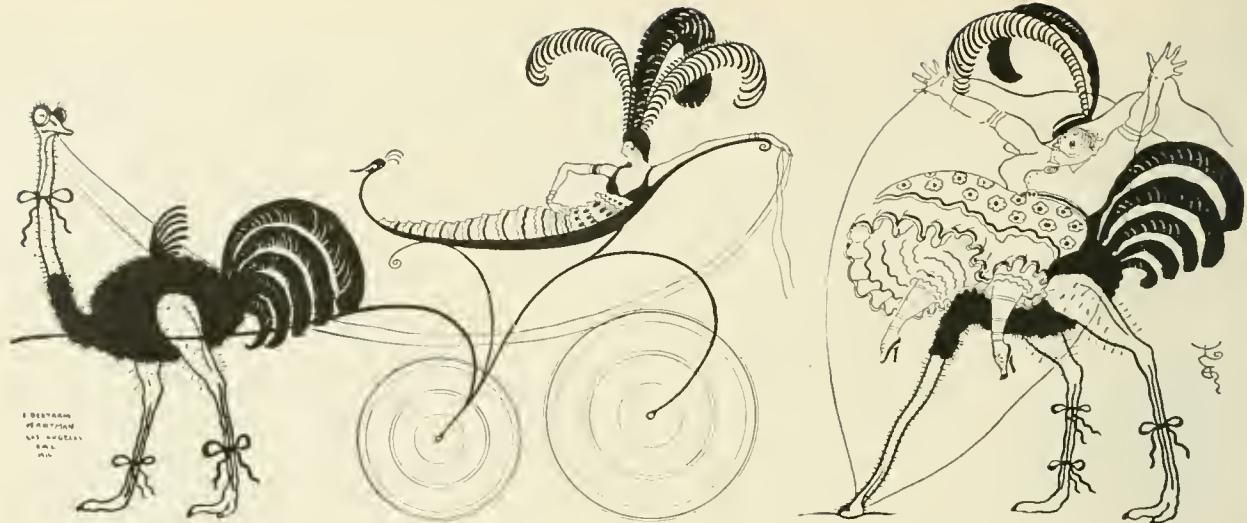
"The subject of white slavery—" "Pardon me," said skimpy little Mr. Meek, "but I prefer not to talk about my condition."



"What is your doggie's name?" "Ginger."
"Does he bite?" "No, sir. Ginger snaps!"



THE SPIRIT OF WALL STREET



The Woman of It

WILLIS—Now that you have organized your Women's Civic Club, what are you going to accomplish?



Mrs. Willis—Oh, we have mapped out the most splendid program. This week we are going to reform political conditions in New York, the next week we are going to abolish vice conditions in

Chicago and the following week we will probably have a basket picnic in the grove.

The Species and the Specie

ALL NATIONS love the filthy "stuff," And laud the ready spender, Debarring no illegal tough That's got the legal tender.

In Britain, where have held their state So many kings renowned, The crown has but one-fourth the weight Attaching to the pound.

In Prussia, where there's still a glow Of feudalism's sparks, The man of mark is bowing low Before the man of marks.

Italia, which was wont to fan A rare poetic fire, Now craves no sweeter concord than The music of the lire.

At home, where we pretend to bank On pure intelligence, We give the man of dollars rank Above the man of cents.

In fact, 'neath India's blazing sun, Alone, do men contemn A few rupees, and honor one Who boasts a lakh of them.

—W. E. Nesom.

According to Cousin Cecily

NEAR relations are usually most tolerable not too near.

It's a next-to-impossible job to get on your feet by continuing to lie.

It's fearfully slow work trying "to git forwarder" by patting yourself on the back.

You're mistaken if you think mere heavy clothes will prevent folks seeing through you.

You may never have seen golf to dislike it; if you've heard some golf you must disapprove.

The pursuit of art by those minus talent is one of the very worst forms of "frightfulness."

It's possible to fail to love a good housekeeper; it's probable you'll fail to love a bad one.

Why is it that most men prefer the women for whom they have to make excuses, to the women to whom they have to make them?

When you never can tell when a man's going to turn in, you can be quite sure where he's going to turn out.—H'arwick James Price.

Nemesis

"The very next time a motorist runs over any one of my children," ominously declared Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., "I'll turn the whole posse of 'em loose on him, and stand off and holler 'Sickum!'"

The Flaw

IF GOOD folks were always delightful, And bad people never were nice, If virtue, the noble and rightful, Were always more taking than vice, If honesty always were pleasure And duty the easiest way, Our virtues we never could measure, We never would falter or stray.

If only the girls who were pretty Were always the sweetest and best, If wisdom were sprightly and witty, And folly were drab and depressed, If guile never dwelt in a dimple, Why, joy would be easy to cull, And life would be gorgeously simple —And also egregiously dull!

—Berton Braley.

Latest Wrinkle

Crawford—I understand Scads is going to devote his millions to education.

Crabshaw—Well, he's giving his money to colleges to build stadiums.

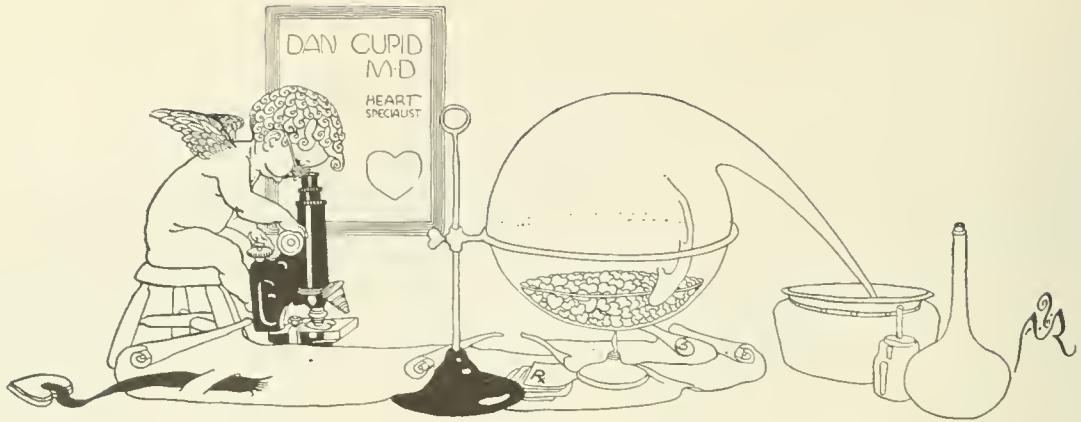


Professor—James, I am to be married at three p. m. to-day. Don't fail to remind me of it, no matter what other experiment I may be conducting.



LEONIDAS, DARLING!

Mrs. Banta—Oh, I'm sure I'm beginning to lose weight! Why, I can see part of the dial this time!



MARKOWITZ AND HENRY DISCUSS SOME MUTUAL TROUBLES

By LOU RAB

WHOMO do you think I met just now?" grumbled Max Markowitz, the skirt manufacturer, entering his office and throwing his hat and coat on top of his desk. "She's in New York and she ain't been in to see us."



"How should I know?" perversely demanded Henry Shapiro, who had been moody all morning and was looking for an outlet of his pent-up feelings. "I am a bookkeeper by ladies' skoits and not a reader from people's minds! I got enough troubles on my own mind to—"

"Troubles you got? Goils, not troubles!" burst out Markowitz, emphasizing his remarks with his oratorical right. "I know your trouble—Sadie Goldman! With who you speak every day, a whole year by the telephone. But look at my troubles! Regalar, every season for the last three years, Miss Tillie Thompson would come up here to buy a big line of skoits, and now I seen her in town and she ain't been up here. I could only talk with her for a second; she was with another lady in a hurry, and said 'Hello—good-bye—I'm at The Clement' and blew away like the wind. I bet you that that cut-throat Katz must have robbed her from us and next season he'll be getting them big checks from 'The Ladies' Bazaar' of Youngstown, what pay on the dot. Now, Henry, do you think I am going to let him get away with it? I'll toin *himmel und erd* and get her up here. Henry, maybe you got an idee how—"

"I got my head full enough, and now you want me to break my head for new idees—more troubles," maintained Henry.

"What troubles you got?" mocked Markowitz, "a house with three mortgages? a wife with ten children?"

"I got plenty," retorted Henry, gloomily. "I don't know what to do with Sadie. That feller Fishkind has been going to the skating rink with her every night, and now the ball from the New York Consumptive Relief League is coming on next Saturday, what we got tickets for, and I don't know if I should take her."

"Coitently not!" exclaimed Markowitz, his eyes brightening as if struck with a brilliant idea. "You'll take Miss Tillie Thompson, the skoit buyer from The Ladies' Bazaar!"

"Not for a million dollars!" replied Henry, defiantly. "Gott in *Himmel!* What would Sadie say? She wouldn't look at me in the face if I come to that swell ball with another goil. Max, I wouldn't do what you tell me even if you was the president from the whole United States!"

"You wouldn't, eh!" blazed Markowitz, his features assuming a deeper and deeper purple, "you wouldn't! Summer and winter you sit around reading baseballs and footballs—and I, like a fool, pay you! You come in late in the office in the morning, like a millionaire by the opera in the night—and I pay you! I say notting, and I pay you yet so far ahead that you are always farer behind. Do I say something? And now—now—I ask you—you—a brother from my wife, a book-keeper from my business, a rider from my otomobile—to do me a little bit of a favor—to take a pretty buyer to a fancy ball, what'll tickle her so much that that robber Katz wouldn't have a chance in the woild when it'll come to skoits,—you say no and no and no, like I was asking you to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge!"

"Much better would I jump from the Brooklyn Bridge than to take another goil to that ball," pleaded Henry. "Max, have you figgered out how much that would cost you, if I should treat that Miss Thompson like a lady? You wouldn't make it for twenty-five dollars. A separate taxi-cab, I got to take? Flowers, I got to send? Fancy drinks, I got to buy? A big supper after, we got to eat? You wouldn't make it for twenty-five—and a full dress—and white gloves—and a white tie—"

"I don't care if it costs a hundred dollars!" yelled Markowitz, banging Henry's desk with his powerful left. "So long that *bandite* Katz don't put one over on me. Henry, oder you take Miss Thompson to the ball Saturday night, or you take yourself out of here for good Saturday afternoon!"

"Max, have a heart!" appealed the perplexed Henry.

"And where is your heart?" demanded Markowitz. "By Sadie Goldman, what you ain't even asked yet. If she's got a



"PATENT APPLIED FOR"



ENCOURAGING, VERY

Author—There! Isn't that the best story I've ever written? *Wife*—It's splendid! But don't forget to enclose return postage.

right to run around with that feller Fish-kind, why ain't you got a right to treat Miss Thompson? What's fair for one

is fair for the other. The more you'll run after her the more she'll run away from you. Be a sport and show her you don't care. Don't for—"



"Alleright, alleright. I'll see, I'll see," mumbled Henry weakly, as Markowitz uttered a grunt of satisfaction and left Henry to himself.

The ballroom of one of New York's most popular hotels was crowded to suffocation, and permeated with a composite aroma of fresh flowers and pungent perfumes. Music was competing with conversation for the acoustic leadership of the evening, while the Spirit of the Dance was supreme in its mastery over swaying disciples. Fashion was only fairly represented through the soberly dressed men, but really reveled in the myriads of colors and fabrics displayed near the backs of the feminine contingent. Gayety was in the air and echoed in an adjoining room where refreshments were dispensed by nimble waiters at so much per bird or bottle.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Markowitz; Mr. Henry Shapiro and Miss Tillie Thompson; Mr. Harry Fishkind and Miss Sadie Goldman; Mr. and Mrs. Katz and son.

"Henry," hissed Markowitz, who managed to get his bookkeeper into a corner, after several futile attempts, "what are you, crazy? Leaving Miss Thompson alone with the Katzes? You're running around after Sadie Goldman like a dog after his master, while young Katz has danced more times with the buyer than you, her partner! Where's your manners, your business sense? Sadie wouldn't run away from you! She lives in New York and not in Youngstown. Henry, oder you pay attention to Miss Thompson to-night or I'll pay attention to you to-morrow. A fine brother-in-law you are. It's very very fine from you. Katz—"

"Don't worry, Max," laughed Henry. "Let Katz get her. Be a sport!"

"Let Katz be a sport for my money?" gasped Markowitz. "You're meshuga!"

"No you're meshuga," chuckled Henry, "for trying to get next to

a buyer from millinery. She's got another depart—"

"What!" cried Markowitz, perspiration sprouting on his forehead as he stood helpless, glaring at Henry. But suddenly the wild stare in his eyes changed to a look of satisfaction and contentment.

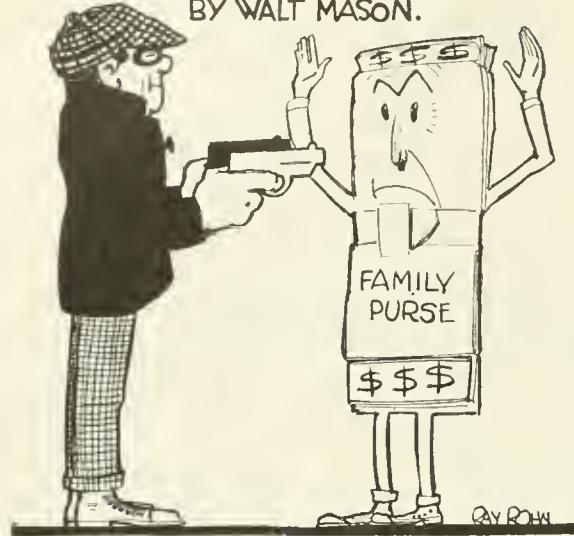
"Look, Henry!" he gurgled, pointing to the refreshment room. "Katz is buying Miss Thompson champanier!"



LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HORRORS of WAR

BY WALT MASON.



GREAT SCOTT, I am weary of battle, of fighting in Russia or France! I'm tired of the guns and their rattle, I'm sick of the sword and the lance. I would that each bloodthirsty ruler, for whom countless soldiers have died, were given ten days in the cooler, and told to break rock, on the side.

For when to the stores I go shopping, to purchase some beeswax and pie, the merchants begin their stale yawping, "The war's sent the prices sky high! These pumpkins last year we were selling at seventeen roubles the peck, but now, if you buy, you'll be shelling out four times that money, by heck!"

I would that the kings and the princes who manage the juggernaut car, the captains, and all of those quinces, were treated to feathers and tar. Because of the carnage and slaughter, because of the wrangling and strife, I can't buy new shoes for my daughter, I can't buy a lid for my wife.

Because of the fighting o'er yonder, because of that idiots' fray, the people who butcher and launder are raising the prices each day. Because the old world's in a pickle, and U-boats are scouring the sea, I get two cheroots for a nickle, where always before I got three.

Gee whiz, I am weary of battle! I'm weary of hearing you tell of men who were butchered like cattle, and showing the place where they fell. I'm tired of your tales of the trenches, of ambush by tarn or by tor, for all things, from roosters to wrenches, are higher, because of the war. I don't buy as much for a dollar as lately I bought for six bits; I go without necktie or collar; what wonder I'm throwing some fits?

For peace, with the rest, I am praying, and while I am praying I groan; I'd set all the armies to haying, if I were a king on a throne. I'd send all the cruisers in harbor, with guns, to a watery grave, when Thompson, my favorite barber, has charged me two bits for a shave.

Questions of the day: Young man, can you keep her in the alimony to which she has been accustomed?

TIMELY WARNING

THE story of the microbe is an awe-inspiring thing,

For all our choice diseases from these interlopers spring, And every known disorder has its own peculiar beast, From gripe and hydrophobia unto the very least. They put 'em on a slide of glass, bacteria and such, And gazing through a microscope, determine which is which, And publish learned treatises to prove beyond a doubt That the

Slipocoggus

Rheumacephalus

Damphagocyte'll get you if you don't watch out.

And modern science says that when your mind turns blue, And your budgets won't budge, and your nerve falls through, And your reflexes are wobbly, and your tongue feels gray, And your immunizing leucocytes are all squenched away, You'd better mind your symptoms, and your doctors kind and dear, And let them excavate you and overhaul your gear, And extirpate the vitals that you're better off without, For the

Staphylocolon

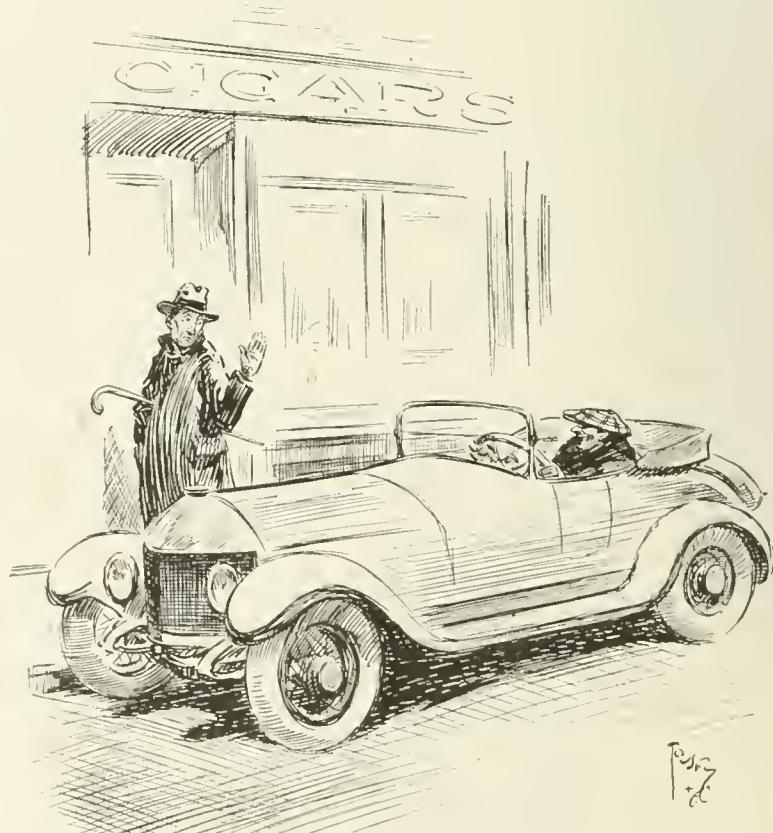
Noncompos

Poliocommune'll get you if you don't watch out!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

A Good Guess

"**M**Y brother-in-law, Hop Spraddle, over at Torpidity, writes me that he is plumb ruined," stated Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "He don't explain in the letter just what has happened, so mebby he's lost his wife. But as he kicks up right sharply and talks about shooting, I reckon some feller has pizoned his dogs."



Sam—Jump in and I'll give you a lift. *Samson*—No, thanks. I'm going to pay my rent, and if I walk my landlord may be gone when I get there.



RECIPROCITY

Friend—Oh, no! I couldn't think of letting you people feed me all the time the wife's away!
Woman of the house—Oh, I shall expect you to do as much for Sam and the baby while I'm away!

BALLADE OF LAUGHING EYES

THERE are sonnets to Julia's lips,
 There are rondeaus to Phyllis' hair,
 And to Daphne, who "daintily trips,"

There are tributes enough and to
 spare;
 Concede to each beauty her share—
 Your song to the graces you prize—
 I will say there is naught to compare
 With the laughter in Sylvia's eyes.

Leander—disdainer of
 ships—
 Cry not from your
 watery lair;

Go, Benedick, bandy your quips;
 Sir Romeo, die in despair.
 Are Hero and Beatrice fair?
 Is Juliet worthy your sighs?
 Match all of their charms, if you dare,
 With the laughter in Sylvia's eyes.

When Winter-rain hopelessly drips
 From the elm-branches blackened and bare,
 Or hoarse-throated Boreas whips
 The scurrying flakes through the square,
 Though legions of clouds hold the air
 I heed not the frown of the skies;
 For Summer and sunshine are there
 With the laughter in Sylvia's eyes.

L'ENVOI

Ah, Prince, of your kindness forbear
 'Gainst light-hearted mirth to advise;
 I can banish the lean-visaged care
 With the laughter in Sylvia's eyes.
 —F. Gregory Hartwick.

HIS QUEER NOTION*

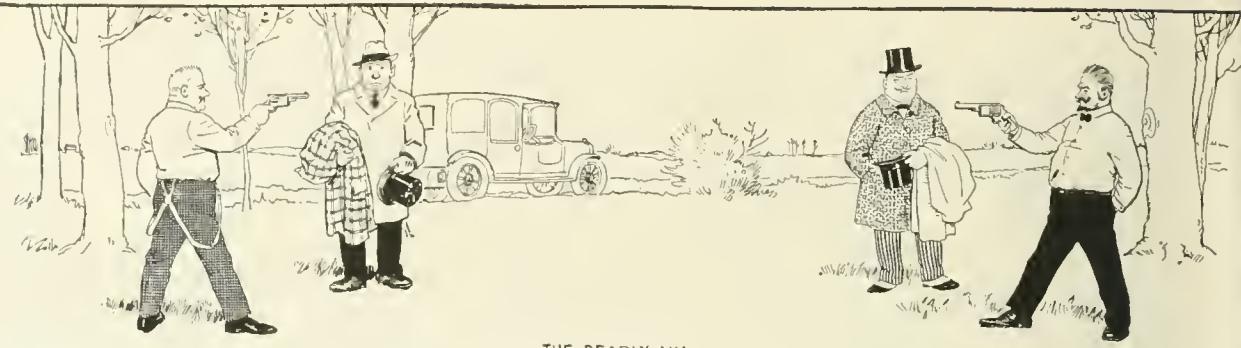
"CURLY PRINKS has put up a sign in his barber shop, forbidding the use of profanity, the telling of Ford stories, and the sending of little boys all over town hunting for smoke shovels, meat augers, and such as that," announced Burt Blurt, of Petunia.

"Well,—shucks!" returned old Riley Rezzidew. "What does that haughty tonsorialist think a barber shop is for, anyhow? To split hairs?"

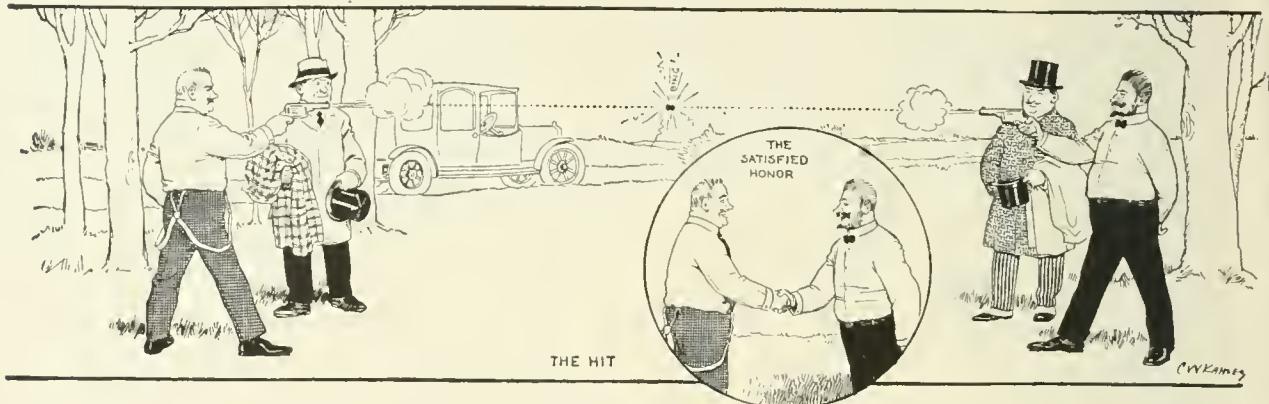


OVERHEARD AT AN AIKEN POLO MATCH

Jack—They say Belle follows the polo season just to watch
 her fiancé. *Anne*—Well, he needs watching!



THE DEADLY AIM



THE DUEL

A COMMON FAILING

A MAN in Atchison, Kansas, bought a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica recently; and, according to the news despatch which bears the glad tidings, he has read the entire set from cover to cover. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the Atchison man got about as much, relatively speaking, out of his perusal of the Encyclopedia Britannica as ninety-eight per cent of the so-called reading public gets out of the books which it annually devours. For example, it is highly probable that if you separated the Atchison man from his encyclopedia and then asked him whether the crest of the Taddebourne family is a duck's egg rampant on a field vert or a cornhusk couchant on a sofa-pillow azure, he wouldn't know what you were talking about. The chances would be less than one in a thousand that he would be able to give you the chemical formula for making synthetic frogs' eggs out of a celluloid collar and a box of gelatine. And you could safely bet a million dollars to a Canadian quarter that he would be wholly at sea if you asked him to differentiate between the eyed blenny (*Blennius ocellatus*), the smooth blenny (*Blennius pholis*), and the fresh-water blenny (*Blennius vulgaris*). Yet all these matters (or ones very similar) are set forth at great length in the encyclopedia; so that the Atchison man, having read it from cover to cover, must have encountered them. There are too many good Americans who think that they have read a book from cover to cover when they haven't even read enough of it to remember anything about it except that the fellow married the girl.—*K. L. Roberts.*



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Previous Engagement

The neighbor's boy—Why don't your folks come over?
The home product—Pop says all he does is come across.

THE NECESSITY FOR FEET

FEET are highly necessary things. What would shoes be without them? How would shoes keep their shape, or get warm on cold mornings, without feet?

Feet are also fine shock-absorbers.

Feet are necessary to the holeproof sock business and poetry. And what else would one fasten his sore toe to?

Feet are a very appropriate finish for the human leg. One might study and study and study for ever so long and not figure out a leg terminal that would look more natural and appropriate than a human foot. Somehow, it seems to belong there.

And what would one have stone-bruises on?

Imagine a hand at the end of your leg; or a face! One sees instantly that it practically has to be a foot. Feet are necessary to keep chiropodists in business. What else would a well-trained chiropodist do, after he had taken a complete course in chiropody, if people had no feet?

And think of the corn-plaster foundries that would be on the fritz if there were no feet!

Yet, if one had no feet, one would have no kick coming. There would be no place for the kick to come from.

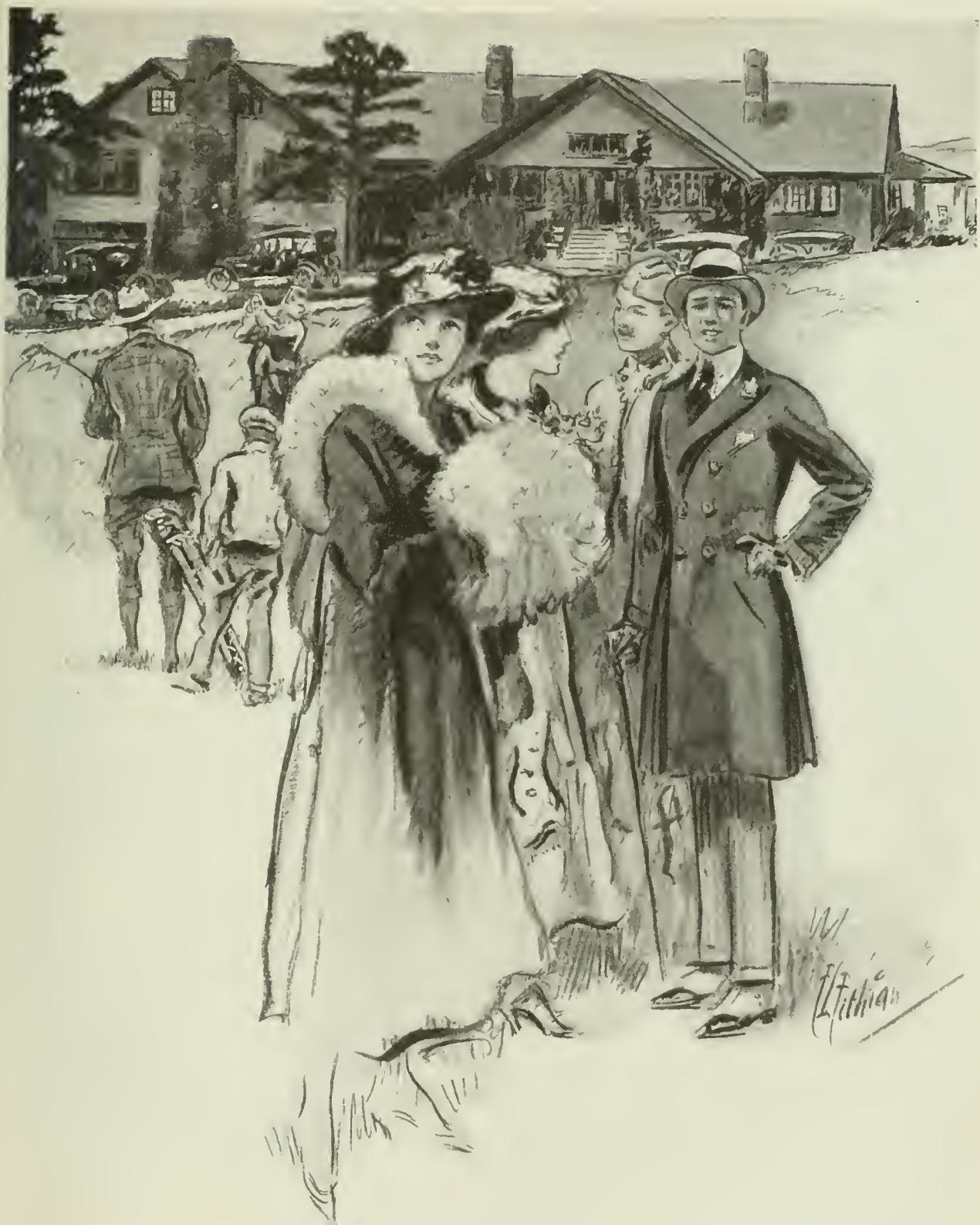
—*Strickland Gillilan.*

The Village Pessimists

WHEN 'round the stove in Price's store us fellers get together, We gen'ly have a good excuse to cuss about the weather. But if by any accident good weather has been sent It's easy 'nough to shift our talk and cuss the gover'ment. But if the gover'ment gives out and then the weather, too, I'll be dad-busted if I know!—what would us fellers do?

—*Tennyson J. Daff.*

The Director of the Mint says if we had a 2½ cent piece, prices would be half a cent lower. Half a cent different, anyhow.



AT THE ASHEVILLE COUNTRY CLUB

Blanche—Oh, see that drive of Mr. Tipple's! *Jimmy*—Yes; despite the State restrictions on highballs, he can still "hit 'em"!



ANCIENT ADVERTISING

By DON HEROLD

NERO and his press agent were sitting in the colonnade, near the esplanade, drinking ice cream sodas.

"Gee whiz," said Nero, "I think I'll burn Rome or something."

"It won't get you a thing. It won't get you A THING," avowed the advertising man. "Just a plain burning of Rome won't get you a thing."

"Well, then, what?" asked Nero, as his soda gurgled at the bottom of the glass.

"If you want to burn Rome, we'll have to put it on special. We'll have to do it different, some way or other. Put some news value in it; get a touch of humor or human interest in it, or something like that."

"Well, then, what?" asked Nero.

"We want to do something that will bring out your character; something that will make Nero bigger than the fire. Otherwise they will talk about the big fire, and you won't get a line—or nothing more than passing mention. You don't want 'em to say 'Incendiaryism is suspected. A man named Nero was seen near the outskirts of the city just before the fire, and he is known to have had matches in his possession.' Are you really in earnest about burning Rome?"

"I'd just as soon burn Rome as not. I hate the town, and I'd just as soon burn it as not—opera house and all; hotel and all. We can get up a firemen's picnic, rent a bunch of jitneys, and take 'em all out into the country, and we can plug the water mains. It will be a cinch."

"But we want to play up Nero. We want a slogan, or a setting, a stroke of comedy, or a bit of pathos, a little eccentricity—a little touch of Nero's eccentricity."

"Well, then, what?" prodded Nero.

"Nonchalance, utter indifference, absent-mindedness, or something."

"I might burn Rome because I forgot not to," suggested Nero, cautiously.

"No, no, no. Let me—By George, I believe I have it! How are you getting along with your violin lessons?"

"Punk!" returned Nero, shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be the very thing. Get you up in a balcony somewhere and have you play a violin solo while Rome burns."

"But I can't play a note, not a note, not a single note," protested Nero. This was part modesty and part true—mostly true.

"Can you play a musical instrument of any kind—a tenor drum—anything?"

"Not a note."

"Well, it's the very thing. We've got to put it over some way. We've got to have you fiddle indifferently while the fire is going on."

Nero balked like a bashful girl.

"Nobody will hear it, anyway—for the fire bells," said the press agent, "but, to make sure we can get somebody behind the curtain to play while you go through the motions, like they do in a musical show."

Finally Nero assented, and they sent down to a dairy lunch for a second-rate violinist and subsidized him so highly that he never had to play for cabaret again the rest of his life.

The next day they pulled off the fire, and the press agent had photographers on hand to get pictures of eminent musicians and politicians congratulating Nero on his excellent technique under trying circumstances.

Comments on the Rise in Milk

THOUGH milk is raised
A cent or two,
The cow, unfzeased,
Just mutters "Moo!"

The baby hears
They've raised his brew
But nothing queers
His placid "Goo."

The dealer, told
It will not do,
By scorn made bold
Announces "Pooh!"

But I who pay
Can only hint
The word I say
Is barred from print.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

Defined

Willie Willis—What's a "popular idol," pa?

Papa Willis—It is the fellow who is in between the fellow he has just licked and the fellow who is going to lick him.



Aunt—Won't you have some more cake, Willie?

Willie (on a visit)—No, thank you.

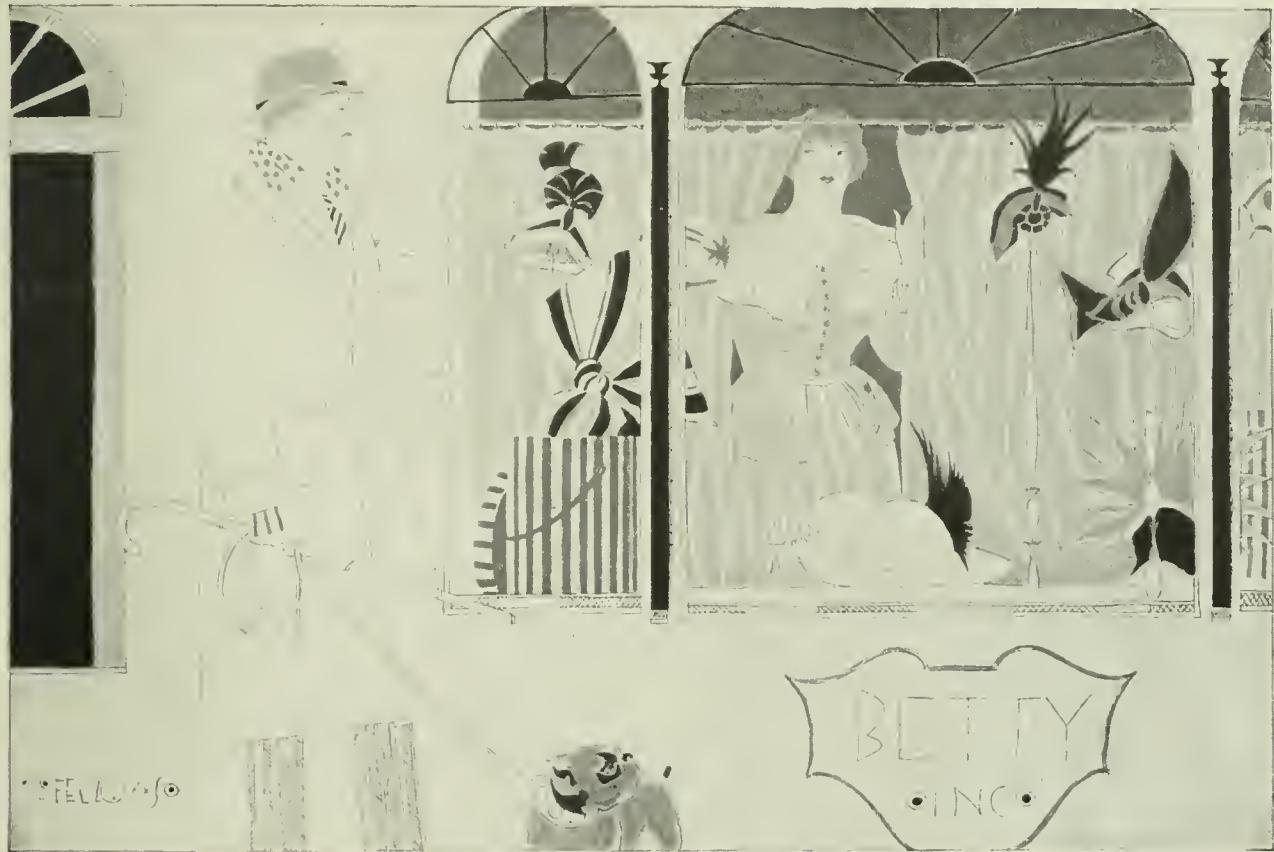
Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Willie—It ain't that. I'm suffering from politeness.



A CASE OF FIFTY-FIFTY

By J. A. WALDRON



ARE YOU—this is an intimate question, but I'd like to know—are you a bachelor?" Coquetry and impulse were mingled in her manner.

"And you really would like to know?" His manner showed infatuation.

"Yes. Haven't we gone far enough for candor?"

"We have. Happily I am a bachelor."

And they resumed the little details that describe the finesse of flirtation. On shipboard, out of Bordeaux, bound for New York, they had developed one of those sudden romances that figure in the daily press under the heading, "Married Two Days After Meeting," or perhaps one day, as such cases differ.

He was Ambrose Gillroye, of a lineage long and more or less distinguished in its remoter reaches. His line had gone to seed, as effort is concerned, two or three generations ahead of his advent. Averse to work, and despising trade, he had married money minus everything else that counts with a sentimentalist, although the money involved was won in trade. Before marriage and for some time after that event he had roamed abroad, seeking pleasure where it was to be had. The war had stopped these excursions for two years, but at last, weary of his plebeian matrimonial partner, he had dared submarine and other dangers in hope of renewing his old joys where joy is unconfined.

Fortified with passports and all other necessary documents that are supposed to insure immunity he had reached Paris, but the atmosphere of the city was so different from that which formerly attracted him that he quickly decided to return. His

natural gayety had been eclipsed by his disappointment as to a pleasure sojourn, but it returned when on shipboard he discovered an object for his gallantry. He was a handsome fellow, and handsome fellows always fill the feminine eye. The Countess of Bazentin was the name on the ship's list of the fair one whose first glance promised reciprocal attention.

The Countess and Gillroye had needed no introduction. He had arranged her rug almost at the first moment they had met on deck. The third day out found them in a sentimental maze. They were so much together that her maid and his man enjoyed unwonted liberty.

"My entourage is quite unpretentious, as you see," she had said apologetically. "My estates in France are among those involved in the terrors of war. My chateau has been dismantled, and for the moment I am an economizing wanderer, though my future is financially insured."

"Do you remain long in America?"

"For the winter only. I am going across your great continent to California, where I shall remain until spring."

"And then I shall see you in New York?"

"Why not?"

This colloquy took place soon after their first coming together. And her query as to whether he was married was the result of closer intimacy. On arrival in New York—he had not advised Mrs. Gillroye of his intended return, in line with his usual reticence toward her—Gillroye saw the Countess well bestowed in a Central Park hotel. He would have busied himself with arranging details for her journey westward, but she

naively denied him that pleasure. She should leave in a day or two, she said, and would call him for a temporary adieu.

His mind was made up. He would seek a divorce in the state whose law was most quickly accommodating. Then he would visit her in California and propose marriage. She had not told him her place of sojourn on the coast, and this he would learn before she left New York.

The next morning he visited her hotel. She had gone, but had left for him a letter which increased the flame of his infatuation and strengthened his purpose.

When he returned home Mrs. Gillroye upbraided him for not advising her of his coming and tearfully complained that among other neglects he never wished to be seen with her in public. He jolted her out of this notion by promising to spend the next afternoon shopping with her.

They both emerged from a limousine on the Avenue the next day, and Gillroye dutifully led her dog about between her visits to various shops. She finally entered a milliner's, and he tarried for her. Mrs. Gillroye, proud of Gillroye, at once informed the chief saleswoman that her husband was waiting outside, making this an excuse for prompt attention.

The saleswoman, curious as to what sort of a husband this sort of woman could have, was at the show window as Gillroye stood outside. They caught each other's eyes simultaneously.

She was the companion of his voyage.

So Some Would Get Left

The porter—Dere am tickets sold foah twenty-eight berths an' dere am only twenty berths in de car. What'll we do?

Conductor—Just tell the engineer to pull out three minutes ahead of time.



HOW THAT NEW GOWN LOOKS TO HIM

THE NOTION COUNTER

THE AUTHOR thinks that the greatest compliment he can pay you is to say, "That's a good line—I'll use it."

A man of faith is a man who orders a baked potato before the new potatoes are in.

When I meet a willing promiser I get ready to do it myself.

There are a good many pretty fine people in the world, and a few that are coarse.

One thing that all people are modest about is their snoring.

Some people who think they are living simply are simply living.

A man begins to understand what life is about the time that he begins to say, "Twenty years ago."

When a man begins tricks of oratory he neglects to assure the audience that he has nothing up his sleeve.

The trouble with some newspapers is that there are too many big heads on the front page and too many small ones in the editorial department.

It will do no good to keep your house open if you keep your heart shut.

Some men try to get through life by paying compliments instead of debts.

Love is like a steam-heated flat—seldom the right temperature to please both parties.

If it were only as easy for the tenant to raise the rent as it is for the landlord!

It is a great joke that you can see instantaneously; but the really great joke is the one you must read twice.

Some people go at their work like a humming-bird; and, if there were a rest-cure for humming-birds, it would be full.

One of the signs of the age is when a city man takes an interest in the crops.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

The Forehanded Man

"What are you whipping Runt for?" asked Mrs. Johnson. "What has he been doing?"

"Nothing, that I know of," replied Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "But I'm going to town this evening, and he's sure to cut up some devilment before I get back. So I'm just licking him now to have it over with."

A Witch

I KNOW a witch, but not from Salem town
Whence, it is said, of old the witches
came;

She does not dress in drugget and in brown
As, I have heard, did many an eldritch
dame.

I know a witch; there's glamour in her eyes;
A haunting melody greets you in her tone;
Her hands, her hair, her lips oped laughter-wise,

Each has a luring magic all its own.

I know a witch; she'll bend you to her rule;
There's potent witchery in her very air;
Love, if you lean and look in yonder pool,
You will behold her face clear mirrored
there!

—*Clinton Scollard.*





TREASURE ISLAND

REMORSEFUL ROBERT

ONE DAY I found a dollar bill where someone lost it in the street;
I didn't hardly see it till 'twuz lyin' right between my feet,
And when my pa come home that night and heard about the luck I had
He said it made my future bright, and him and mother both was glad.
"Now start a bank account," pa said, "and try your best to make it grow;
That's how the rich men all got rich." I thought I'd rather spend it, though.

I thought of all that I could buy and all the shows that I could see,
While pa was tellin' me how high the interest I'd get would be.
"Don't think of wastin' it on trash," pa said, "for that would spoil your luck;
The boy who learns to save his cash goes through where foolish ones get stuck."

He said he thought he ought to put it where the interest would grow:
I couldn't see it that way, but, of course, I didn't tell him so.

The next day I went out and bought ice cream and ginger ale and pop,
And nuts and sundaes and a lot of cookies sugared on the top,
And plums and candy and root beer, and pretty soon, first thing I knew,
My stummick got to feelin' queer, and I was kinda homesick, too,
And every cent I had was spent, and people stopped and wished to know
What suddenly was wrong with me—I didn't care to tell them, though.

When pa come home, at night, and seen the doctor there beside my bed
I couldn't keep from feelin' mean and almost wishin' I was dead.
The pains I had was awful bad—it seemed as though my head would burst—
And every ache that come would seem to beat the others that come first.
A scoldin' would of made me glad; what made me feel the meanest, though,
Was that pa stood there lookin' sad, and wouldn't say he told me so.

—S. E. Kiser.

Feminine

He—The speaker was very epigrammatic.
She—Why, I thought he was highly educated.

To Avoid Confusion

Jess Willard is not the author of Willard's Battery, excepting of the kind assault goes with.

CANT

I AM Cant,
The kind without the apostrophe.
I am bigger than you think.
I work in business, in politics, in education, and in social service.

You will find me in every place where narrow, unchanging minds have wormed themselves into power.

I am the solace of the little fellow who hasn't had a new idea since last season.

My mortal enemy is the man who thinks honestly and says what he thinks regardless of what may come.

I am both servant and master of the weakling who fears to venture far from the muddy shore of established truth.

If you use and serve me I will crown you with the crown of mediocrity, I will see that you get on fairly well.

I will furnish you with a vast assortment of ready-to-use opinions that will soon quiet your troubled mind and stifle your fearlessness.

I will make you exceedingly well pleased with yourself and with all that you say and do.

Other men may dislike you, but you will never notice it.

—H. W. Dec.



AT PALM BEACH

Gladys—Women are outstripping the men everywhere! *Mr. Oldbach*—Except at the bathing beaches. And they would there if the law allowed it!



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

WHAT do you think of these little theatres?" The Tired Business Man encountered the Critic in the lobby of the Princess. They had just seen Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre Players in one of their novel bills.

"These theatres denote a revolt from the cut-and-dried in the drama," was the reply. "They stimulate public interest in the drama, and they may influence the regular theatre in ways we cannot see."

"Well, I find a visit to one of them now and then interesting," said the Tired Business Man. "And it amazes me that always I find good audiences."

"Why should that amaze you? This is the greatest city in the world. Among the five or six or seven millions of people that make up Greater New York there are numberless audiences for anything under the sun. There are tens of thousands of persons who will patronize anything that is new or out of beaten paths."

"Yes. Of course. I came here out of curiosity. Two things in the bill I didn't quite get on to, but that old comedy, 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' was funny. I saw by a note on the bill it was the first comedy produced in London. It's knockabout fun, all right, but a bit too simple."

"It is curious to me only for its age," replied the Critic, "and interesting only for its crudity. I think 'Ralph Roister Doister' is older. But you can see what simple things pleased the early audiences in the theatre. They were credulous and superstitious in those days, and it didn't require much to amuse them. Clowning went big in those days."

"Well, it went big to-night, too. I didn't just get that play by Lord Dunsany, and the little play made from a

story by Oscar Wilde was too serious for me. Yet I was interested all through, in a strange way."

"In what way?"

"Why, in watching the actors in very different parts. Take McKay Morris, for instance. He was the lout, Hodge, in 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' then he appeared as the Chamberlain in 'The Birthday of the Infanta,' and again we saw him as the almost naked slave—formerly a king—in the Dunsany play. To me it was fascinating to watch this actor and others in the differing characters they assumed. No cinch, I take it, to appear in three plays so different on one evening."

"It is too much to expect notable acting in such circumstances," said the Critic. "Much of the acting is amateurish to a degree. But this enterprise is worth encouraging, for like others on independent lines in town it deals with plays regular managers would never touch."

"But what is the use of a play like 'King Argimenes and-the-rest-of-it'—I can't remember all the title—these days? It is rather raw, I take it, for the public."

"Its satire bites, my friend, like the satire of many of these new plays which break away from conventional lines both in form and matter. This is a time when satire should bite. And as for Lord Dunsany's plays, I'm inclined to think they are going to become the fashion for a time, as Wilde's and Shaw's plays became the fashion. We must remember, too, that Wilde and Shaw have remained in the theatre for good ends."

"Well, I think Dunsany will make a hit, myself," said the Tired Business Man. "But I must say I'm not strong for Shaw and Wilde and their sort. They

make me think too much to suit me. The theatre, you know—"

"For heaven's sake, don't start that argument again!" said the Critic, impatiently. "We've never arrived anywhere with it, and we never will. Tell me—did you see 'The Little Lady in Blue'?"

"Yes, I did," said the Tired Business Man, "and what's more, I liked it. I think Belasco is a wonderful man—his productions are so finished."

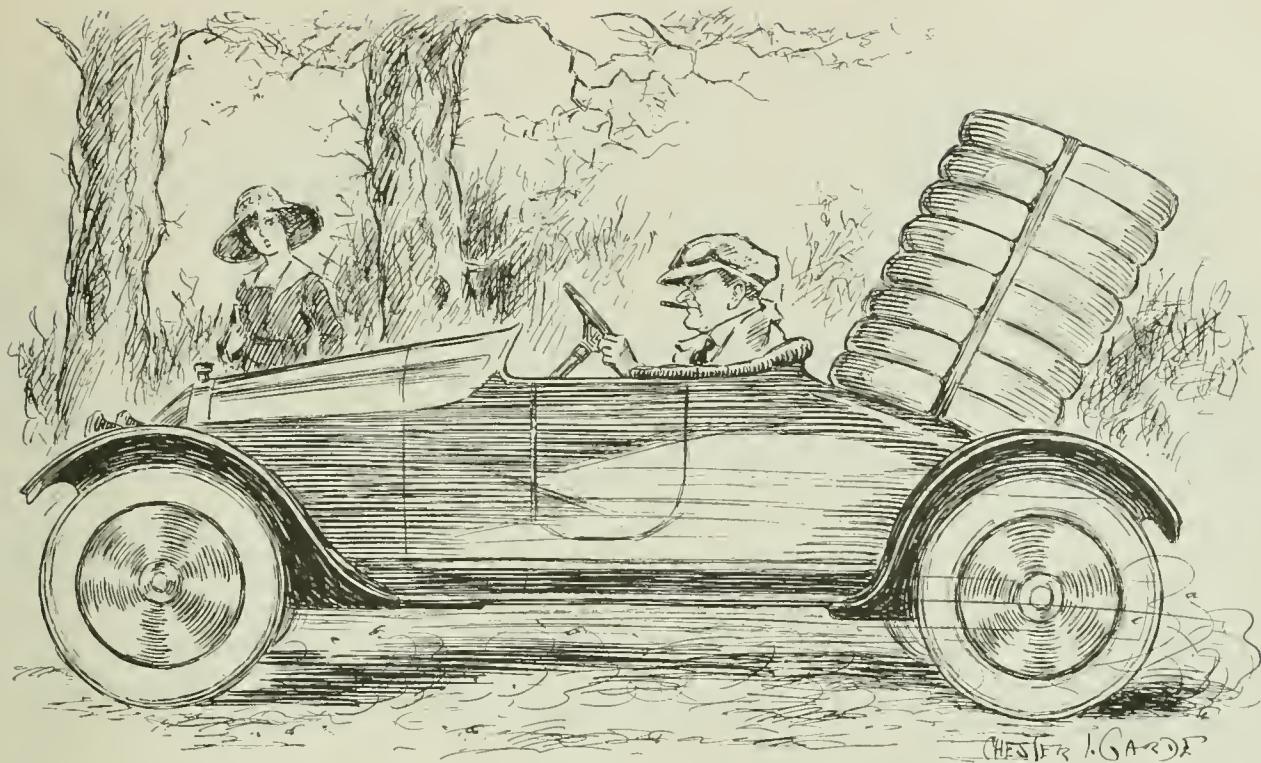
"Belasco had a great deal to do with the charm of 'The Little Lady in Blue,'" replied the Critic; "but Miss Starr and the rest of an exceptionally able cast were not wanting in any respect. The play was a trifle—sugared, to be sure, but still a trifle, and as such not to be taken too seriously. But it was a delightful trifle; and the authors of 'Grumpy' are to be congratulated. It was somewhat a relief to see Miss Starr in a simple, natural rôle after some of the hectic bits she has had. She proved her versatility by doing her part with the same excellence that she displayed in 'Marie Odile' and 'Becky Sharp.' On the whole, I enjoyed 'The Little Lady in Blue,' and from the applause I am led to believe that the rest of the audience enjoyed it also."

"Well, I for one enjoyed it," said the Tired Business Man, "and I'm glad that your royal highness liked it. You don't seem to like many plays these days."

"I don't," retorted the Critic sharply, "for the very good reason that there are very few plays worth liking. The American Drama—"

"Oh, don't start that," said the Tired Business Man. "If everyone thought as you do there wouldn't be many theatres open on Broadway."

"Well," retorted the Critic, "I don't think that that would be any cause for tears."



CHESTER I. GARSIDE

THE PESSIMIST STARTS OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON SPIN

Ways of Women

WHEN women are sorry for another woman, either it is because a man failed to marry her, or did marry her.



On the Great Day, when Saint Peter opens his books, will the truth finally be known of those famous men Mother might have married instead of Father?

The modern mother does so much to spare her children, it is a wonder she doesn't try to take their pills for them.

A mother is never certain whether her boy will grow to be a good citizen or will become a United States senator.

Mother and Father never agree on what he can afford and as every daughter reaches womanhood she has one more to take her side of the argument.

The modern mother occasionally makes the same display of disciplining her children as she makes of her embroidered doilies.

—Frances L. Garside.

And More Practical

"Ah! The beautiful green of everything!" rhapsodized the Idealist Poet. "What surpasses green?"

"Yellow," replied the Practical Poet. "That comes in larger denominations."

Some People You Have Known

MRS. N. V. UTHERZ is a young married woman of good appearance and bad judgment. She is devoting her life to losing friends and keeping up with the socially prominent. Mrs. Utherz has a rich store of contumely for any or all of her friends who show symptoms of success. Whenever anyone gets ahead of her in dress or attention, her husband has to take the consequences, which are considerable. Mr. Utherz works hard, earns a good salary and deserves a happy home; but his wife commandeers his pay check and denies him his desserts. In return she is teaching him to do housework and to live on canned goods and other proprietary foods. It is said that he knows more about tyranny than any other man in the United States.

Mrs. Utherz says that she does not care to be happy. She merely wants to live as well, dress as well and be just as prominent as her most popular acquaintances.

—H. W. Dey.

Just to Make Him Glad

"SPEAK to me, only speak,"
Was the song that he used to sing
When blushes still warmed her cheek
And his fancy still was a-wing.

The summers have multiplied
Since he wooed with the songster's art,
But the plea that he sang and sighed
Still is echoing in her heart.

Remembering still the plea
That he warbled for Love's sweet sake,
She considers it right that she
Converse till his ear drums ache.

—S. E. Kiser.



Mrs. Pry—I don't see how you can tolerate a husband who stays out every night. Why don't you divorce him?

Mrs. Sharp—I would, my dear, but you have no idea what dandy movie scenarios his explanations make. I sell every one of them.



WILBERFORCE WIGGINS decided he would write the Great American Novel. He was sure he could do it.

He had material at hand. It would fairly seethe with romance and adventure, and pulsate with life and vivacity, and reek with the truth of modern living. He was sure of

this. When he had completed the first chapter he showed it to his wife.

"H'm'm!" muttered Mrs. Wiggins, scowling as pleasantly as a cuttle-fish, "I see you gave your heroine the name of 'Ida.' If I remember rightly that was the name of the—er—woman you were once engaged to, and—"

"Honestly, I never thought of that," exclaimed Wiggins, nervously, "really, it never occurred to me."

Mrs. Wiggins looked as though she didn't believe it. "The description of the hero," she said, with all the softness in her voice of a cobbled street, "fits you fairly well, too, and the description of the heroine—auburn hair, hazel eyes, dimpled chin—why, Wilberforce Wiggins, it's a perfect description of her."

"Of whom?" asked Wiggins, now as calm as a newly decapitated hen.

"You know very well. Of that—of Ida. And that note you have her write in this chapter looks very much like the same wording of a note I found—quite by accident—tucked away with some old trinkets of yours!"

"What note?" asked Wiggins, suspiciously.

"It was signed 'I. M.' if that will refresh your memory. And—" here Mrs. Wiggins stared hard at the pages, "and this description of the love-making at the beach fits that Hampstead Beach, where you went the

WIGGINS' ERROR

By ALBERT JOHN

summer before you met me. If this is to be—if this is to be—if I am to be ignored,"—Mrs. Wiggins was now gulping like a sculpin, "if I am to be ignored and made fun of and your cheap flirtation with that—"

Wiggins took the first chapter and tore it into bits.

"Never occurred to me. Will write it over entirely," he said, in an effort to pacify her.

Then he wrote a brand-new first chapter. It seemed good to him, but he re-read it.

"Suffering Solomon," he muttered, "how did I come to do this? Here's a perfect description of the Widow Brighte and her Summer place. Heavens, Mar-

tha has heard of that, too!" Martha was his wife. The manuscript was promptly torn to bits and tossed in the waste basket.

Not long after that he essayed a third first chapter. It seemed to him to be a thriller and quite safe. He showed it to his wife.

"Heroine slightly pale, with cherry lips and starry eyes," she read, "delicate lily-white hands and a ravishing smile—" Mrs. Wiggins slammed the manuscript down.

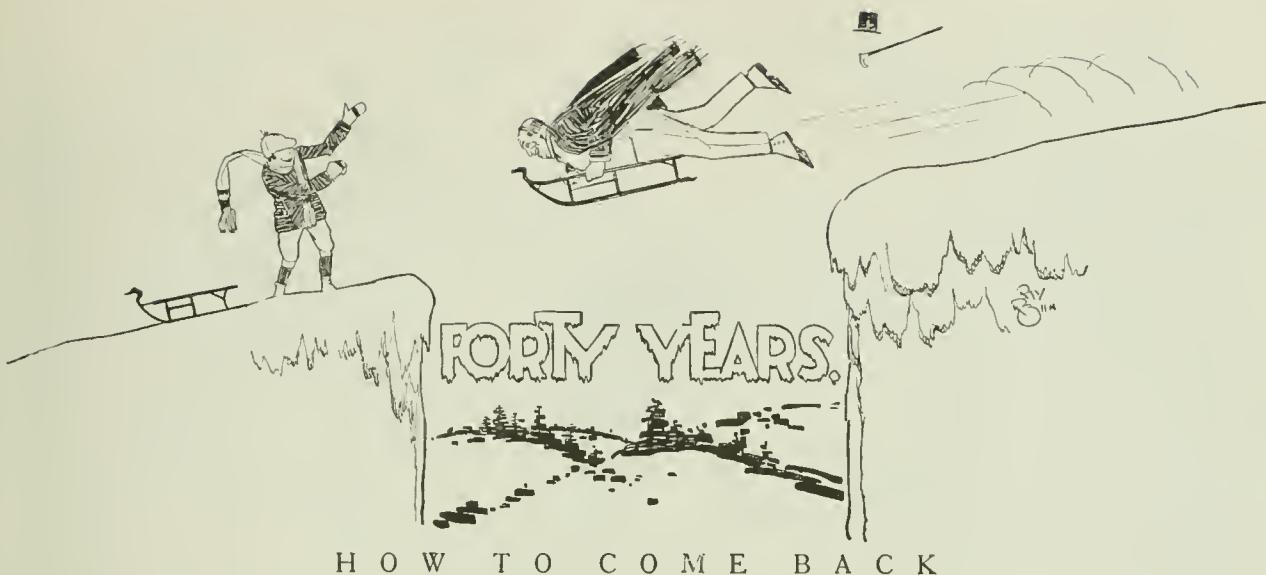
"Look here, Wilberforce Wiggins, if this isn't a perfect pen picture of that fresh little stenographer you have in your office—"

Wiggins tore that chapter into bits.

Once more he wrote an opening chapter for his Great American Novel. This time he was sure it was all right, he had secured the description of his hero and heroine from an English penny-



Wife—John, here's a big bunch of your cancelled checks. Are they of any use?
Husband—Only as object lessons. In case you should die and I should be tempted to marry again



thriller. Mrs. Wiggins read it. Then she looked as happy as a fish on a hook. Then she began to sob.



"For the love of Shakespeare, what is it now, Martha?" asked Wiggins.

"You never once, in all the chapters you have writ—written, made your heroine beautiful—" "Yes, I have," broke in Wiggins.

"You—you have not," sobbed his wife, looking about for a flatiron or something.

"I have—"

"You have NOT, Wilberforce Wiggins," howled his wife, "and I can prove it. You have never once made your heroine look like me!"

All of which shows what a pale green ass some men can make of themselves.

Wiggins tore up the chapter and so far as he is concerned the Great American Novel will never be written.

Why He Failed

Hawkins—Baxter's son didn't succeed as a surgeon.

Robbins—What was the trouble?

Hawkins—Too absent-minded. He operated on one patient for something that another fellow had.

You'll Be Reminded Then

Sillicus—A man is soon forgotten after he is dead.

Cynicus—Yes, unless you happen to marry his widow.

The Difference

"PEARS like things is considerable different yur from what they are up East," mused Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Down yur if you call a man a liar he'll kill you, but up there he'll try to argy the question with you."

Quite the Reverse

Crawford—What do you think of this new plan of moving the hands of the clock?

Crabshaw—Nothing new about that. When I was a young fellow the girls used to set the clock back, but they didn't do it to save daylight.

The Star That Pulls My Wagon

VICISSITUDES are idle
And sorrow has no say,
For the star that pulls my wagon
Neither balks nor runs away.

I nod or am forgetful
But I wake again and steer,
For the star that pulls my wagon
Has a bell above its ear.

—Witter Bynner.

Exception Noted

He—My love, you are fairer than all the world!

Labor leader's daughter—No, Harold! I love you for saying it, but there's nothing fairer than the eight-hour day.



THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK

Mrs. Smith—That Mrs. Jones is an awfully cheap sort of person. *Mrs. Brown*—Why?
Mrs. Smith—Well, I've never gone to a bargain counter yet but she wasn't there!



MILDRED congratulated herself on having conquered her timidity. She had come all the way down-town



by herself, had looked through several stores until she found just the curtains she wanted; and now, ready to return home, she got on the 'bus as calmly as though she had been a New Yorker and a married woman all her life.

It being the rush hour of the afternoon, the conveyance was quite crowded. Mildred thought at first that she would have to sit on the backward-facing bench up front, which she disliked; but luckily she found a place on one of the seats opposite it. A moment later even the less-desirable bench was occupied.

The person who took the place on it directly facing her was a tall, dark man of about forty, with piercing black eyes and an aquiline nose. Mildred kept encountering his glance. There was something about it that disturbed her. She flushed a little.

His face seemed vaguely, uncomfortably familiar. Where had she seen him before? She was sure he wasn't anyone who had waited on her in a shop, nor any of the tradesmen who came to the door of her apartment: he looked too much the man of the world for that. Neither was he one of the few friends of her husband whom she had had a chance to meet. She could not place him. Happiness, and the absorption that goes with it, had made her oblivious of outside things.

Whoever he was, his glances rendered her more and more ill at ease. She looked out of the window, she looked up at the advertisements, she looked down at her lap. No use: she could feel his gaze.

In vain did she reason with herself that he was not staring

THE MAN OPPOSITE

By LAWTON MACKIE

at her intentionally, but was merely directing his eyes straight ahead of him, as anyone might do. No; not even the protecting presence of the other passengers could reassure her. She felt almost as though she and the hawk-like stranger were alone in the conveyance.

Several times she thought of getting out and taking another 'bus. But the evening was growing dark, and she might have to wait a long while in a part of town she knew nothing about. And suppose he should get off after her!

The blocks seemed hours apart, the halts at corners interminable. Passengers got out in twos and threes. He stayed.

Looking down at her hands, which nervously fingered the chain of her reticule, Mildred hoped and prayed he would go. But he did not.

The people who had shared the bench with him had moved to forward-facing seats as soon as any were vacant. He remained where he was.

Suddenly a clearer recollection flashed upon her. She remembered that face now. She had seen it somewhere—behind her. Yes, she had caught sight of it as she glanced back over her shoulder.

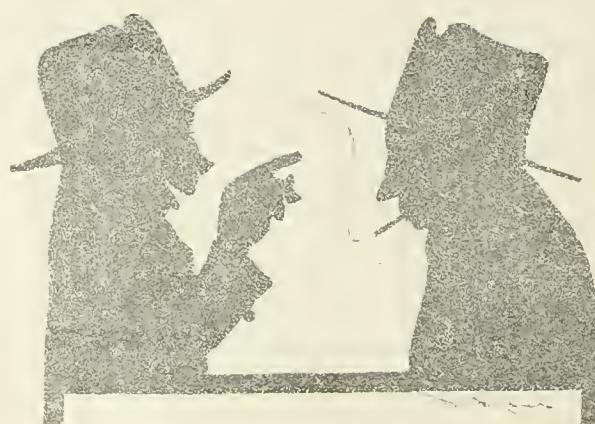
This recollection threw her into such a fit of trembling that she let fall her handkerchief. Before she could recover it, he bent forward with a quick swooping motion, seized it in his long fingers, and held it out to her. She took it trembling, hardly able to murmur, "Thank you."

He appeared about to speak.

Mildred rose in terror and retreated hastily to a place several seats back, across the aisle.

What would he do? Would he follow her? Were his eyes still fixed upon her? She dared not look; but a reflection in the window pane increased her fears.

Street after street went by. The last other passenger got off. Still he stayed. Mildred's futile observations via the reflec-



Clem—I just sold my old typewriter
Jem—I married mine—and got sold.



THE AWAKENING OF AUNT HANNAH

"Excuse me! Where cud I git a costoom like that there?"

ting window pane never found him looking out to ascertain what part of town it was. Gradually she was forced to the sickening conviction that he was watching, not for any particular street, but to see where she would get off.

As her corner approached, she rang the bell. He rose. She moved quickly to the door. He followed her, smiling presumingly.

As she stepped down from the platform, her knees were so weak that she almost fell. Her heart pounded. Instead of running, as her terror prompted her to, she could with difficulty maintain a panting walk.

The man followed—not hurrying, but relentlessly, like an animal that is sure of its prey.

When she entered the doorway of the apartment house, he was barely ten yards behind her. She knew he would turn in also. He did.

If only she could get into the elevator and escape before he arrived!

The car was at one of the upper floors. She rang desperately until it appeared. The instant the iron door slid back, she flung herself in, gasping:

"Quick! Take me up quickly!"

"Yes, miss," replied the startled but drowsy elevator boy—as a tall form passed in after her. Mildred shrank into a corner, quivering.

"Fou'th flo'," announced the boy.

She sprang out. As she staggered totteringly down the dim corridor, she heard the man step out of the car.

Her latch key! Her latch key! She fumbled frantically in her handbag; then groped for the lock.

The man drew nearer.

She was helpless, cornered at the end

of a dark hallway. Almost hysterical she let the key fall and closed her eyes.

At that moment the door opposite was unlocked briskly, and a lusty young voice yelled: "Hello, Pappa!"

Fashion's Slave

THE HAT she wears looks like a hat,
Her shoes are built on common sense,
Her hair is real with no rat,
Her skirt would never give offense.

To hear me praise this model girl
May make you cynically smile,
But she exists, this priceless pearl,
And wears these things when they're in
style. —J. J. O'Connell.

A Misanthrope

"So you want to be a baseball umpire, eh?" said the magnate. "Are you prepared to give up all your friends?"

"I never had any," replied the applicant. "For years I've worked in the weather bureau."





THE INSECT WORLD

THE insect world represents an unlimited field of life and activity; and any man who attempted to classify and name all the different varieties of insects would have to work twenty-two hours a day for one hundred and seventy-eight years, which would be something of a contract. The number of insect-species is far greater than all the species of all other living creatures combined, not even excluding things that have been mistaken for sharks and sea-serpents. More than 300,000 species of insects have already been classified and described, but more than twice that number remain to be examined. This does much to help us understand some of the troubles which silvered Noah's hair when he found it necessary to round up samples of every living creature for the Ark, and which brought him to an untimely end in his nine hundred and fiftieth year. There are many persons who envy an entomologist his lazy and carefree existence; but if these persons will hereafter save their envying for the moment when they are attempting with poor success to round up single specimens of the mosquito family in their bedchambers, and will then meditate upon the fact that the entomologist has 900,000 different species of insects to examine into, they will doubtless come to the conclusion that ditch-digging or brick-laying is infinitely preferable to the study of insects. And people who become nervously irritated over the trying task of naming a baby or a dog should consider the naturalist who has to think up names for several thousand new insects every few months, and cheer up.

—K. L. Roberts.



HIS SPECIALTY

“BY careful attention to my favorite form of endeavor I have become one of the most valuable institutions of the neighborhood,” confessed J. Fuller Gloom. “By reason of my plain speaking, my denunciation of piffle and my loathing of shams, I am the best-hated man in the community. Every normal human being does about so much hating, and instead of bestowing their destestation where perhaps it is not wholly deserved most of them around here devote it to me, where it is appreciated and returned in full measure and in certain cases running over into the saucer. This enables innocent persons to go hate-free and provides me with exactly the stimulus that I need to keep in good health.”

It Looked Small

He—Miss Elderly is worth over two hundred thousand dollars.

She—Why, Jack, I didn't know she was considered rich.

He—Well, she isn't for her age.



A SAD CASE

“Poor Jones! I know of several doctors who have given him up within the past few years.”
 “Well, well! And he looks so healthy! What's the matter with him?”
 “He won't pay his bills.”

The trouble with most self-made men is that they have ignored the importance of technique.



Lady—Could you extract a tooth without pain? *Dentist*—Certainly! *Lady*—Sit in the chair, Prince, the nice man won't hurt you.

An Old Acquaintance

YOU don't like it. You're right not to like it. You don't like being contradicted. You don't like hearing what you are sure is untrue without contradicting it. Naturally, you are not blind. If you are looking right at a thing, you can see it. It is queer that the other fellow can't. He must be a most peculiar person. You don't meet many like him. Just look at him, now! He's worth looking at.

But say! he wasn't looking at what you were looking at, at all, was he? Anyway, he wasn't looking at it as you were. That accounts for it.

Of course, standing where he did, he saw it that way. He couldn't help it, though he need not have been so blessed dogmatic about it. Better just move over and let him stand where you stood. That's it. Now he'll— But wouldn't that jar you? He stands right there and swears it's that when you can see now that it's this. That's him all over!

And it's that way all the world around, too. It's a lucky thing that the world is round, isn't it? Because, somehow, a fellow has to keep moving so much.

But, after all, when you get back to the first place it looks just as it did in the first place. Now, say, that's odd, isn't it? There must be something wrong with IT.

There is, too.

It looks like Mischief.
It looks like Misfortune.
It looks like Misery.
It is Misunderstanding.

—Charles C. Jones.

Distance

THE FOLKS back home would scarcely pass
As highly intellectual;
Their ways are very middle class,
Their wit is ineffectual.
You wouldn't care to hear their jokes
So dull and unsophistical,
They're simply plain and homely folks
And not outré or mystical.

Yet scorn them not, for they lead clean
And sturdy lives laborious,
True honor shows in every mien,
Their deeds are meritorious,
They are the backbone of the land,
While you, who jeer them breezily,
Are just a light and airy band
That could be spared right easily.

Why then, you ask, do I still stay
Away from them so cheerfully?
Well now, you see—I mean to say—
I—well, they bore me fearfully!

—Berton Braley.

Indeed

“SHE ran away with her father's coachman?”

“Oh, well, what can you expect of a family that doesn't keep a chauffeur?”

Postponed

Inez—Have you started your divorce suit yet?

Claire—No—husby's just had a tremendous run of luck with a war-bride!



FASHION'S LATEST—THE HAIREM VEIL

WISE SAYINGS

BY WALT MASON.



THE FINE old maxims sometimes fail, and show themselves of small avail.

My father used to say to me, "Salt down the dimes, where'er you be. It isn't what a fellow makes that saves him from financial breaks, but what he wisely puts away, against the dark and rainy day."

All through my youth I heard this spiel, "Salt down, salt down the shining wheel," so when I came to man's estate, I thought the scheme was truly great. I watched with pity other lads, who lavishly blew in the scads, as to the bank I took my way, with hard-earned kopecks, every day.

They went to dances and the like; they raced fast trotters on the pike; they blew in money on the girls, and swelled around like belted earls. And I denied myself all fun, and buckled down to saving mon, and as I toiled I often said, "These lads who paint the village red, and throw the useful plunks away, will all be broke, some bitter day. And while they for a handout yell, in Easy street I hope to dwell."

And so I slaved and wrought betimes, and saved the pennies and the dimes, and skinned cockroaches for their hides, and missed the fun this world provides.

And now I'm old and worn and bent, and here I sigh, without a cent. The bank went broke in which I placed the rubles I so long had chased. The cashier sloped between two days, and left a lot of frantic jays. The chaps who made of life a song, and frolicked as they went along, still smile and raise the joyful whoop, while I am struggling in the soup. I sit beside my father's grave—my father taught me how to save—and what I say, and what I think, must put his spirit on the blink.

Not To Be Cajoled

We sternly chided the colored citizen who was raining villainous vituperation, contumelious conversation and derogatory denunciation on the head of his mule because the latter would not stand still. "Speak kindly to the faithful animal," we said. "Endearing terms are far better than—"

"Dis ding-busted varmint won't stand for flattery," interrupted the simple son of Senegambia.

No Hostilities

Knicker—How do you keep your cooks?

Subbubs—We don't steal them within a three-mile limit.

THE WISDOM OF THE VILLAGERS

IN a certain village there lived a youth who was considered a half-wit, and in truth some of his actions were unusual.

And it chanced that there was a grocery store in the community which was frequented by a coterie of checker players and soap-box politicians who were wise beyond all understanding. They could figure the national debt down to the last herring in the box.

Now the half-wit resided in the home of an elderly aunt who frequently sent him to the store for a spool of Number Thirty or a dime's worth of bluing, and his presence in their midst was a source of great joy to the wisecracs who adorned the egg cases.

One of their excruciating pleasures was to hold a dime in one outstretched hand and a penny in the other, to see which the half-wit would choose. He unfailingly took the copper, and it never failed to create a ripple of merriment among the prune philosophers.

Old Home Week rolled around and hundreds of people long since grown up and famous journeyed back to the little flag-station, their pockets filled with favorable press notices calculated to establish their claim to being the most famous sons of the settlement.

During the festival the cracker-box congressmen worked the poor half-wit overtime. From dawn to dark they passed among the visitors, showing them what a pitifully feeble-minded individual the community possessed.

At length, when the week was grown old, a sage who felt compassion for the half-wit called him aside and said:

"Oh, fool, a dime is ten times greater in value than a penny, even though it is smaller. Why do you persist in selecting the coin of least value?" The fool's face lighted with a smile, as he drew a plump wallet from an inside pocket.

"If I should choose the dime," he replied, "I would no longer be a fool!"

And there dawned upon the sage a great light.

Moral: "A fool and his money are soon parted!"



Workman—Gee, Bill, music always gits me!



AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE

Doris—Billy said he didn't make the team last Fall because he couldn't get into condition.
Jack—I think he couldn't get out of condition—he had two of them.



"BUM BIZNESS"

THE tourist and his wife motoring across the country discovered as they neared a little backwoods hamlet of half a dozen houses that there were several things they needed and

they thought that they might find them in the one small store in the place. They found the proprietor dozing comfortably on an old and lumpy lounge in the back part of the store. When aroused he stretched his long lean arms above his head and yawned until his sallow jaws cracked before he asked, "What's wanted?"

"Have you any pins and needles?"
"Naw, I'm jist out. I'll have some in by the end o' the month."

"Have you any writing pens?" "I did have las' week, but I'm jist out now. Will have some in before long."

"Have you any writing paper?"
"I'm jist out o' that. Sold the last 'bout a week ago. I'm goin' to order some soon."

"Have you such a thing as a small pair of scissors? My wife has lost the pair we brought with us."

"I'm jist out o' scissors. I had three pairs a month ago and sold the last pair Sat'day. If I'd known you was comin' I'd of kep' 'em for you."

"Have you any small bone or pearl buttons?"

"I'm jist out o' them, too. I had three hull cards of 'em early in the spring but a woman come along and grabbed up the last half dozen about a month ago. I been thinkin' o' orderin' more but ain't got 'round to it."

"Well, have you lead pencils?"

"Sold the last one I had about three weeks ago. That's the trouble o' keepin' a store, by heck! Don't no more than git stocked up when folks come along an' grab up things an' you got the bother o' gittin' in more. I had six good jackknives in my showcase two months ago, an' where are they now? All grabbed up! Sold two of 'em in one week! That's the devil of tryin' to run a store an' I'm goin' to git out of it an' go into something that'll keep folks from comin' at you all the time an' kickin' up a fuss because you ain't got what they want. It's bum bizness, this keepin' store is, by heck!"

—Max Merryman.

Ism

The most successful ism is schism. That's where all other isms seem to end sooner or later.



Proved Disastrous

He—And another thing about Dudleigh—he's very credulous. That's the reason his money didn't last any longer than it did.

She—Indeed?

He—Yes. Somebody told him he could make love to two girls on less than he could court one.

Had His Doubts

Henderson—Money made Proudleigh what he is.

Williamson—Yes, I know, Henderson; but I don't suppose there is enough money in the world to make him what he thinks he is.

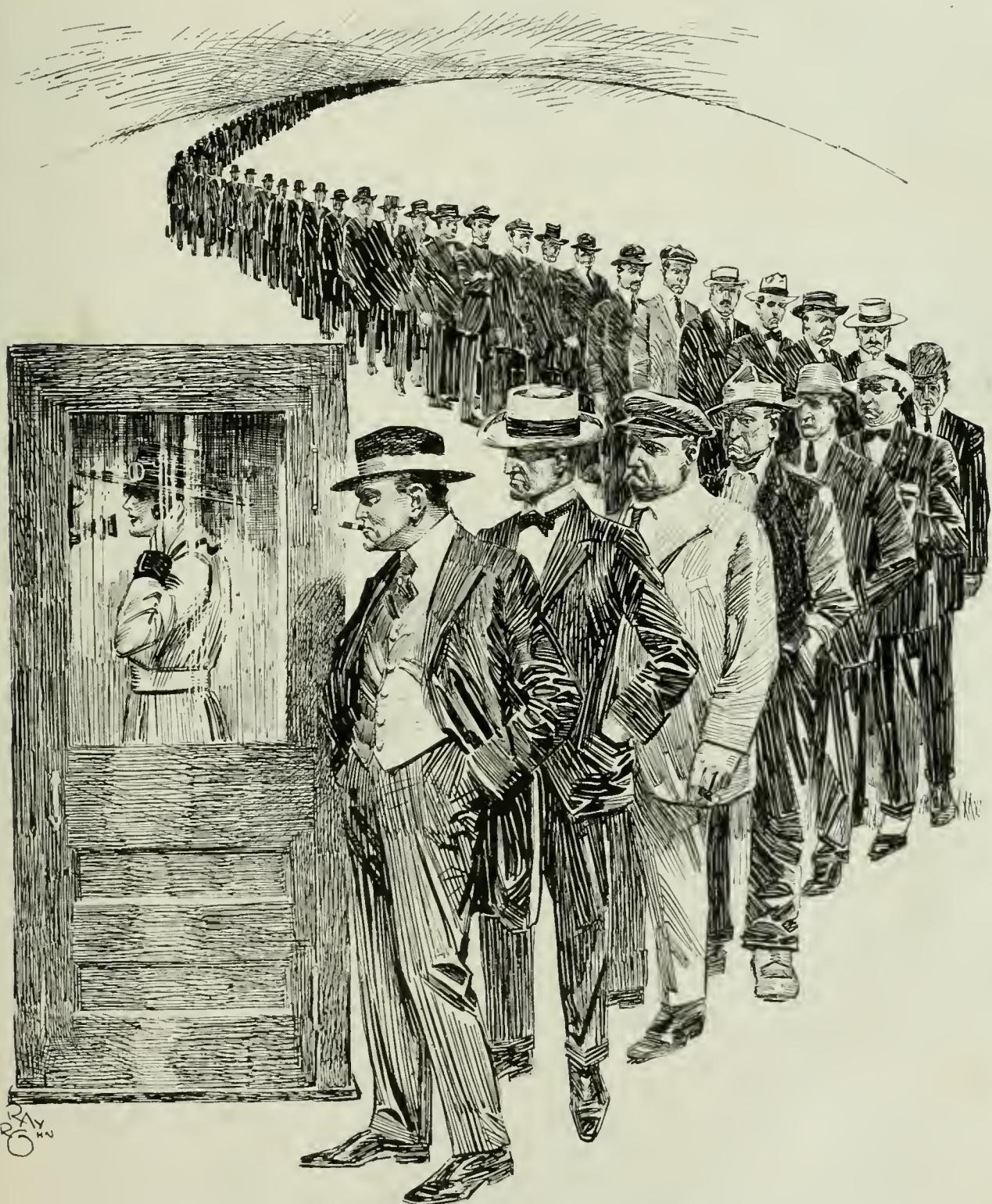
Insurance

"Honesty is the best policy."

"That may be, but your widow cannot collect on it."



—and on a crowded street in a dilapidated taxi driven by a reckless ex-convict with two homicides to his credit, she looks as contented as this?



IF THERE WERE ONLY ONE TELEPHONE BOOTH IN THE WORLD



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

THE CRITIC was in an evil mood. "I don't see why a man who can really do good work should turn out poor stuff," he grumbled.

"To whom are you alluding?" I asked.

"To none other than Richard Walton Tully," returned the Critic.

The Débutante's Mamma, who had been a somewhat idle listener heretofore, caught the name.

"Then you didn't like 'The Flame'?" she inquired.

"I did not," replied the Critic.

"But, oh—it was such a wonderful lesson! And such a beautiful thought! And *such* staging! I have never been so impressed in my life!"

"To my mind," said the Critic, "'The Flame' was distinctly below the standard of Tully's work as represented by 'The Bird of Paradise,' for example. It was overdone, weak, propagandish—"

"Hold on!" cried the Tired Business Man. "You're letting yourself run away. I didn't think it was so awfully bad. In fact, I saw a lot of things in it that I liked. You can't beat that scene in the jungle, for instance. That storm had me on the edge of my seat!"

"The jungle scene was well staged," admitted the Critic. "But after all, we must look at 'The Flame' in the light of a play, not a spectacle. And as a play it was weak—decidedly weak."

"Where?" challenged the Tired Business Man.

"Well, if I must be specific—I shall mention one case. In the final scene, the hero didn't think of the well till it was practically given to him; and the villain, who knew all the time that the well was there, apparently didn't think of looking in it for his intended victims. That is a fair instance of the dramatic weakness of the play. It was merely a succession of scenic effects, on which was strung a slight plot, which is the exact reverse of what a play should be. When a man can do work like 'A Bird of Paradise' there is no excuse for his bringing forth a thing like 'The Flame'!"

"Well, I don't care," replied the Tired Business Man. "I liked it."

"You never do care," retorted the Critic, acrimoniously, "which is one reason for the prosperity of managers."

"'Seven Chances'—" I began.

If it had been a merchant vessel carrying contraband of war within the three-mile limit my remark could not have more effectually shattered the already somewhat dubious peace.

"Bully!" cried the Tired Business Man.

"Weak," said the Critic.

"What!" shouted his protagonist. "Can't you ever see anything but flaws in plays? Don't you realize that the principal object of the theatre is to amuse? You're always moaning about the decline of comedy, and wishing for more of it, and now when a good, clean, really funny show like 'Seven Chances' comes along,

you at once start panning it. I don't see what you want if 'Seven Chances' isn't good enough for you."

"I think you are too harsh in your judgments, Mr. Critic," said the Débutante's Mamma. "I enjoyed 'Seven Chances' immensely."

The Critic seemed a little abashed.

"I must apologize," he said. "I'm not in a particularly happy mood to-day for some reason or other. 'Seven Chances' is as good as the average comedy—but no better. The cast was well chosen, though—better than the usual comedy cast, particularly when you consider the requirements of the female parts. Beauty and histrionic ability are not always concomitants."

"Huh?" said the Tired Business Man suspiciously.

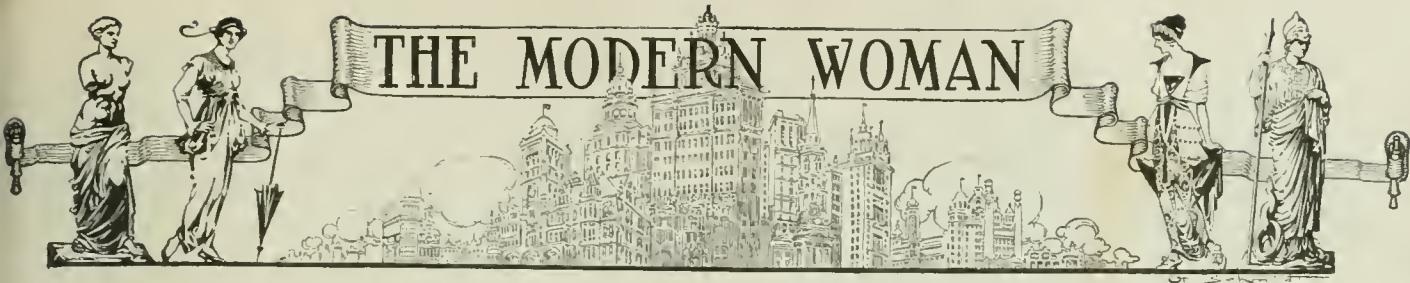
"Looks and acting don't always go together," said the Critic gently.

"Well, if you come to that," said the Tired Business Man. "I like to see good acting, and I like to see good looks on the stage. When I get a chance to see both at the same time, I think I'm lucky. I don't know which of the two I'd miss most; but I must own that if I have a weakness it's for lots of pretty girls on the stage. You see," he continued as the Critic showed no disposition to take up the gauntlet, "the theatres can't get along without good looks."

"You are right," sighed the Critic. "It has been amply demonstrated that the theatres can get along without acting."



"The Man Who Came Back" for "Somebody's Luggage" was "The Guilty Man" found "Cheating Cheaters" on "His Bridal Night" with a 'Boomerang'



Curbside Comments

By OREOLA W. HASKELL

Why She Works

MORE and more the lady with the wedding-ring is observed behind drygoods counters, punching typewriters and otherwise performing deeds that have a pay-envelope value. That she is addicted to the mart instead of to the hearth produces a pain in the disposition of many an antiquated soul. But "restlessness and neglect of duty" ought not to label the married female under modern economic conditions. Prof. Scott Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania has expressed some opinions that may have some bearing on her case, when he says that American industry does not pay high enough wages to permit the great majority of male wage-earners to bring up a family of three children in decency. Instead, then, of being the cause of her own irruption into the business arena the married woman worker is but a humble effect. Woman is still interested in dough, but of necessity it is financial instead of culinary.

Outstripping Men

FROM Dayton, Ohio, comes a story warranted to make many members of the mechanic sex gnash their teeth in incredulous rage. Mr. Will L. Ohmer, the owner of a manufacturing plant that turns out 28,000 time fuses a day with the assistance of 7,400 employees attached to a payroll of \$128,000 a week, has turned traitor to his own sex and has sung a pæan of praise for woman. According to this eulogistic gentleman the 4,000 members of the feminine tribe employed in his establishment are running the heaviest kind of machines not only as well as men, but better, inasmuch as they can produce 1,300 articles a day where men, considered expert, turned out but 300. The women set their own machines, sharpen their tools and perform all the mechanical work necessary. While this is a surprising tale the most astounding part is that the women receive the same wages as men earning from \$3 to \$7 a day.

Outdoor Housekeeping

WOMAN on the beach in summer to be useful rather than decorative is a new idea. Yet Mrs. Elaine Craig has shown that it is not a bad idea. Mrs. Craig has lived in a tent near Dreamland, Coney Island, New York, for some months employed to keep a housewifely eye on a public park situated adjacent to the golden sands where the city's multitudes recreate. While she has been useful in keeping her domain tidy she has also made suggestions that made for the comfort of women and children and has been a moral force often needed. Park officials who have thus experimented admit that while men are necessary about parks women see many things that escape the non-domestic and unmotherly vision of the male sex.

Suffrage Facts and Fancies

By ANNA CAUDOGAN ETZ

The Suffragists Have Formed the Claiming Habit

A HABIT once formed is hard to break. Note the way the suffrage press offers endless data to prove that the hand that rocks the cradle ought to rule the world, because it is the hand that gave the initial push to industries and occupations supposedly a far cry from the so-called sphere of woman.

"Twas but the other day that the suffrage press bled forth the fact that even Benjamin Franklin was not the whole thing in pioneer journalism as we had been wont to suppose; that he was not, in short, the only editor in the family, but had a sister-in-law who also edited a paper in Rhode Island as early as 1732. Claim was also made that the only paper that survived the siege of Boston was one published by a woman; that the first paper to publish the noble utterances of the Declaration of Independence was The Virginia Gazette, owned and edited by a woman. Woman in journalism is thus shown to be first in the field; able to hold her own against even military attack; and astute enough to make the first real "scoop"—the printing of the Declaration of Independence.

With the light of the above facts shining brightly in his face, lives a man willing to ride for a fall by asserting that journalism is a field ploughed, harrowed, and planted by man and therefore the crop should be his and his heirs and assigns forever? We opine not.

A Habit Once Formed Is Hard to Break

BUT a little time ago and women were plaintively asking to be regarded as human beings—only that and nothing more.

Now what? Apparently they spend all their waking hours collecting data to prove that women have not only always been part and parcel of every human adventure; that women have not only always been in it, but in it first.

Women may resent being credited with first suggesting the eating of the apple in the Garden of Eden, but they delight to show that they have suggested and initiated every worthwhile thing since.

The following instance indicates that there is indeed no limit to woman's assumption—that if man thinks that there is anything in the world in the line of human endeavor that he can call his own he had better put it in a burglar-proof safe. From a musty, dusty chronicle the suffrage press has unearthed facts claiming to show that the idea of the trench in warfare never became a recognized part of warfare until practised by women at the siege of Marseilles in the time of Charles the Fifth of Spain.

As the town was about to fall, so runs the chronicle, the women burst the bounds of their sphere with one leap, and seizing whatever masculine implement in the line of spade or

(Continued on third page following)



Oversea Humor



Providing for Nourishment

"Dickerchen, würdest du mir wohl ein paar Austern zu der Pulle Schampus kommen lassen?"
 "Aber Kind, ich hab' doch gar keinen Sekt bestellt!"
 "Was, du hast keinen Sekt bestellt? Also, höre mal, soll ich etwa die Austern trocken runterwurgen?"

"Fatty, you'll order me a couple of oysters with that bottle of champagne, won't you?"

"But, my dear child, I haven't ordered any wine."

"What, you haven't ordered any wine? Well, look here—do I have to swallow those oysters dry?"—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).



"Haben Sie schon gehört, Frau Schmalzler: die Stadt soll Wasserleitung bekommen, damit die Frauen nicht mehr so lang' am Brunnen schwatzen."
 "Na, wissen Sie, Herr Haeberle, da müssen wir auch eine Bierleitung bekommen, damit die Männer nicht so lang' in der Kneipe sitzen."

"Did you hear, Frau Schmalzler, that they were going to pipe the city for water so that the women wouldn't gossip so long at the fountain?"

"Well, Herr Haeberle, then we must pipe the city for beer, too, so that the men won't sit so long in the Inn."—*Meggendorfer-Blätter* (Munich).



How It Happened

Visitor—And how did you come to be wounded?

Tommy—Saluting in the Strand, lady. Paralysis of the arm, a grazed forehead and a wracked back from springing smartly to attention!—*London Opinion*.



A Juggling Act

Bank manager—Now please understand, Miss Jones, you must make the books balance.

Miss Jones—Oh, Mr. Brown, how fussy you are!—*Punch* (London).



Madam's Strategy

C'est la grande offensive du Printemps.

The Great Spring Drive.

—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Non-Transmittable

His wife—I wish this awful weather would turn a bit warmer!

The fire-screen—Well, I was just thinking it had done.

—*Sketch* (London).

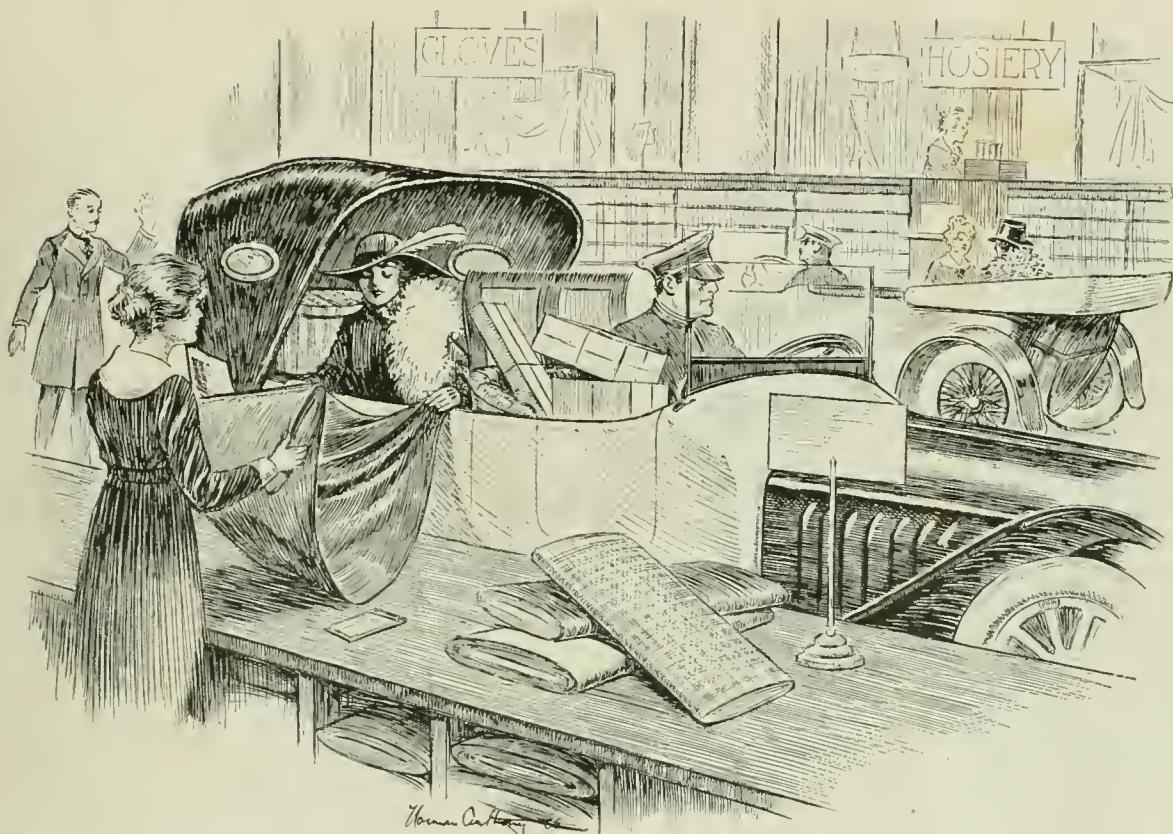


In the Museum of Natural Science

El Perro (admirado)—Esto eran huesos, y no los que echan ahora!

The Dog (admiringly)—Those are BONES! They don't have such bones nowadays!

—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid).



SUGGESTION TO DEPARTMENT STORES

Enable the ladies to shop without leaving their cars.

COLONEL BEANFUGLE ON BUSINESS LAXNESS

IHAVE had some annoying experiences with business men lately," volunteered Colonel Beanfugle at dinner. "It is remarkable how hard it is getting to be to catch men at their work in the afternoon. Yesterday I called upon a business man, shortly after lunch, and found that he had gone golfing. Three times in the course of the afternoon I inquired about him and was informed that he had not returned from the links. The same experience can be repeated almost any time on any afternoon. It used to be that American business men took pride in always being at their desks, but now I find that they are cutting regularly into the afternoons. They do not wait until Saturday, either, but unblushingly seize their golf bags and start forth on Tuesday or Thursday or any other afternoon the whim seems to hit them. Such things cannot result in any good to the nation. Our

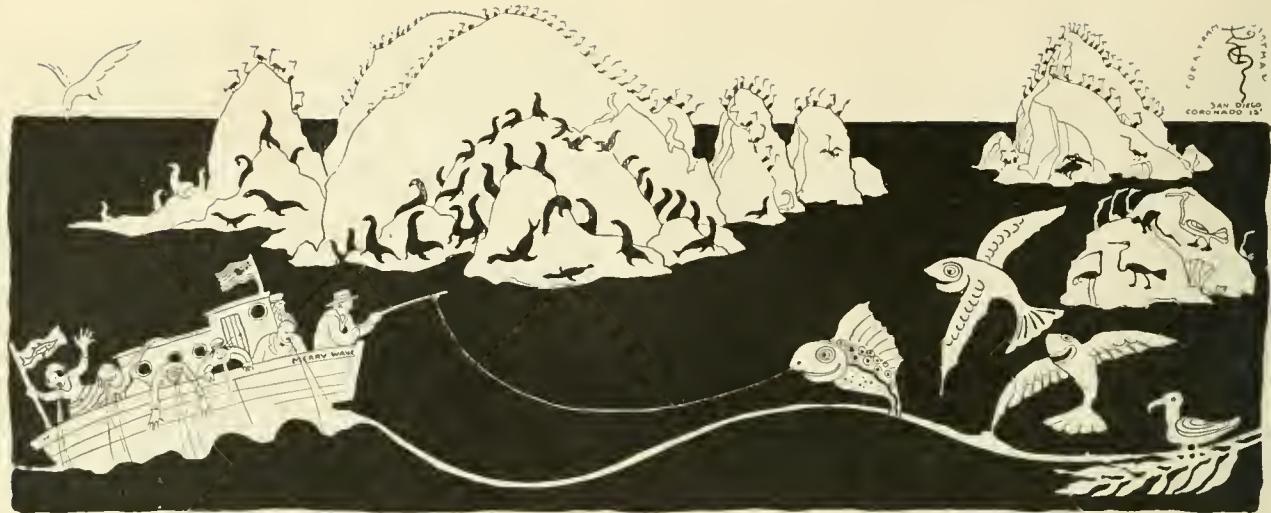
glorious country was founded upon hard work, and when we try to take it from that foundation, on any excuse whatsoever, we weaken the whole structure. Our forefathers gloried in the long hours they put in at work, but now each new game and amusement-giving device serves to give the present generation an excuse for shortening the hours of labor, especially in the afternoon. It is getting so that one must do all his business calling in the morning if he does not want to find his men motoring, golfing or playing tennis or shooting the business opportunities of the afternoon to pieces in some other foolish way."

"Well, I happened to call on a certain business man at 1:55 o'clock the other day and he was not in," said Mrs. Beanfugle. "That certain business man was you, Colonel W. J. Beanfugle. I thought perhaps you were detained at lunch, and waited half an hour. But still no Colonel Beanfugle. Then I thought I would put in an hour or

so at a moving-picture show and come back and find you. When I went into the theatre, I sat behind a man whose



"O-oh, Johnnie, I do wish you had joined the navy!"



silhouette seemed strangely familiar. He seemed to have been there some time. He was all alone, but was enjoying the picture show immensely. When the end of the five-reel drama came, and the heroine sank into the hero's arms, this man in front of me breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction and reluctantly put on his hat and went out. I said nothing, thinking that perhaps this business man would volunteer an explanation of his reason for leaving his office at an hour when telephone calls were coming thick and fast and when his own wife had called on him to get a little money for shopping. But no explanation has been forthcoming, nor is one likely to be."

Colonel Beanfugle had risen and put on his hat. With great dignity he turned as he reached the door.

"I suppose you think I am in the habit of drifting into moving-picture shows," he said, "whereas as a matter of fact I had heard through a lawyer friend that this play in question contained a very novel point in law, with which every member of the bar should familiarize himself. I was attending as a professional man, intent on learning what the dramatist had to offer in the interest of my business. The love scenes I cared nothing about, but the legal aspects of that moving-picture play no doubt will come of service to me in some future case of my own. I do not venture to hope, however, that this simple and lucid explanation will convince you that my absence from my office on that afternoon was at all excusable. I merely make the explanation as a matter of form for you to accept or reject as you wish. If you persist in putting me down among those men who are imperiling our entire fabric of business by devoting a large share of their afternoons to mere pleasure, I can only say it will not be the only instance of gross misjudgment I have met at home."

Mrs. Beanfugle rushed to the door as the Colonel shut it.

"I just want to say," she called after

the departing Colonel, "that this play I witnessed was all about a doctor and did not have a lawyer in it. You must have gone to another play that same afternoon if you saw anything based on the law."

—*Arthur Chapman.*



My Master

I'M SOMETIMES cocky, I'll admit, in certain crowds and places. I've known a lot of folks who wore less self-assertive graces. But in the presence of One Man I'm most absurdly meek—He is the chap who once observed in me a yellow streak.

One time in my mundane career (can I forget it ever?) I showed a touch of envy when a friend did something clever. The others did not seem to note—he saw, but did not speak Or even smile. But yet I saw he saw my yellow streak!

The shame within me rankled deep. I've striven to atone For what he saw and did not chide—it hurt me to the bone! I think I'm cured; yet when he's near you'll find me strangely meek—

He is the one who knows I have—or had?—a yellow streak.

—*Strickland Gillilan.*



A BEAR MOVEMENT (IN) ON STOCKS AND BONDS; OR, THE INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING DINNER

—*OTTO MAREK.*



WON'T YOU COME OVER AND LIVE WITH US?

The Notion Counter

I ALWAYS like to take off my hat in an elevator, because that makes her husband take his off, too.



Oftentimes I wish I had the conversational powers of a waiter.

Most men get married like most men get drunk—quite unintentionally.

Some people's conversation is not conversation but consommé.

There are other dangerous things besides dynamite. Brown eyes under the brim of a hat might be mentioned.

Many employees are like a plow: They will do the work all right if you follow them around.

I still don't understand why doctors are ever sick or lawyers ever lovelorn.

There is only one man who makes a worse failure than the man who tries to get other people to do things and that is the man who tries to do everything himself.

Life has nothing left for the person who doesn't feel a flutter when he gets a telegram.

They get out an extra when a king dies or the home team wins.

We speak of teachers as a class, but I guess we all are teachers if we only knew it.

A man may say he does not believe in peace at any price, but wait until wife starts something and see.

I know just how a mother feels when she sends her boy out into the world. I have sent a favorite skirt to the laundry.

The best lie ever invented is the one called Hope.

Whenever I see a girl with paint on her face I want to speak to her mother.

Youth buys, Age pays.

Adam began to live when he laughed.

—Douglas Malloch.

Out of His Line

Flubdub—Do you know the total number of tea drinkers in America?

Guzzler—I do not. I am no tea totaler.

On the Safe Side

Belle—And did you slap the impudent fellow's face and not let him kiss you?

Lena—No, goosie. I let him kiss me first.

Letting Him Down Easy

“WHOSE funeral is that?”

“The Hon. Saul Slickery's,” replied the landlord of the Petunia tavern. “It is not customary to speak ill of the dead, and so I'll just say that he was a member of the legislature for two terms.”

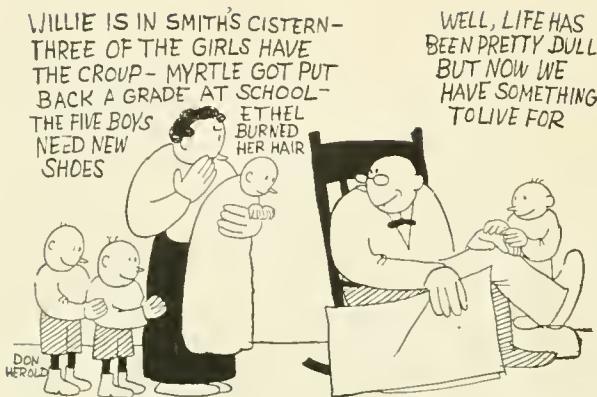
The Approaching Festival

Thanksgiving Day rolls around apace
Now Paw dusts off his thankers,
And little Johnny dumbly waits,
All appetite and hanker.

—Tennyson J. Daft.



Merchant—How did you ever get Mrs. Dedbete to pay that bill?
Collector—I offered her trading stamps with the receipted bill.



WISHING MYSELF WORRY

AM a young man twenty-seven years old. I would like to have eight or twelve children ranging in age from three to six. Not caring for golf or cricket or fly-fishing or bear-baiting or motor-boating, I am in need of diversion. I decided this today.

Jack and Bates and Ben are all out of town this Sunday, and I have been alone since yesterday noon. I have been to picture shows and I have walked like a wild man, and I know exactly how Kelly felt when his wife went to the country last summer and left him a waif in the metropolis.

Jack and Bates and I have a flat and a cook. We are old bachelors, 27 to 35. I don't like them very well, usually. We have been in the flat a couple of years. We sit around and growl, or maybe we sit around and get along all right. It depends.

I bought a dime's worth of Sunday papers this morning—tons and tons of them, and ended with a headache. Then I got out and walked.

Bates says when a man marries, it is good night old friends. For instance, we never go out to see our old friends who have married and settled on the north side. Bates says they deserve it—it is one of the penalties of getting married. The fact is, we don't go any place.

I told them the other night we were fossilizing foot by foot. Jack laughed and said that if one of us dropped out and got married, that particular one would begin to fossilize, but whoever heard of young, active, unmarried men in the prime of life fossilizing?

And yet, since the three of them have been gone, an awful realization has come to me. We are as bad off as any married couple. Else I wouldn't have this lost feeling. I ought to know how to act, alone in the big city. I have been alone in big cities and have made it pretty well. But now I am like Kelly last summer.

I walked down the street this morning and thought of a lot of hopeless things. The governor of the state went past in an automobile, with a plug hat on his head. That made me reflect that I get no fun out of institutions.

I wish I could fool myself into believing that I am an institution—enough to wear a plug hat.

Church was out about this time, and I passed a man and his wife. They had a lot of children. Three or four of the youngsters were about to

get run over by a lot of automobiles—and how the man must have enjoyed it! It was exciting even for me, and I had only a passing interest in the children. I wasn't gambling anything.

Then I thought I would like to have eight or twelve children all about the running-over age. I would like to hunt for them in cisterns and have the police busy looking for one or two of them all the time. I would like to be a little bit poor, so that twenty-four shoes to buy would rise up like a spectre ever so often.

I would like for one or two of them to have the measles most of the time, or stone bruises or mumps, or some of the current children's maladies. Maybe measles are not, any more.

Then—I would be an institution. I might wear a plug hat. Then Sunday would be SOME day. But I guess it is no use.

It is a bachelor's fancy, and I suppose that if I made a start I would find one child a three-ring worry and no doubt give up my aspiration for a dozen.

At any rate I would have to change from Bates and Jack and Ben—they have no talent at such things. And I don't like that. I will stay this Sunday out. I will stay single and childless until tomorrow—and then sit around with Bates and Jack and Ben and be satisfied.

—Don Herold.



IF GOLF COURSES KEEP GETTING HARDER

We consider this a fair hole. With a little more trapping it will be plenty stiff enough for the best of them.



WHY WE LAUGHED WHEN WE LOOKED OUT OF THE CAR WINDOW

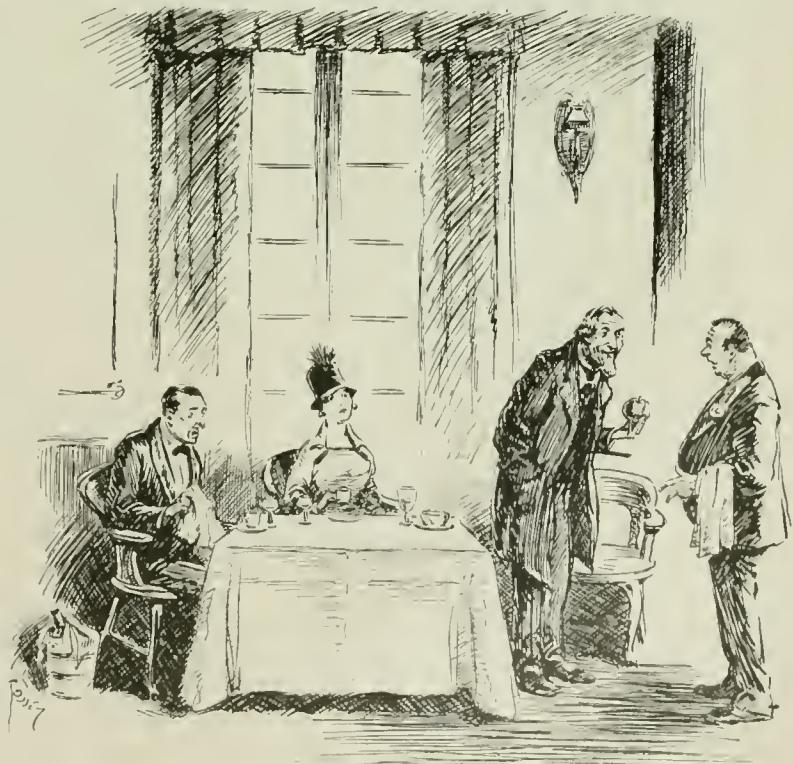
MARKOWITZ AND HENRY—*They Discuss the Buying of an Automobile*

By LOU RAB

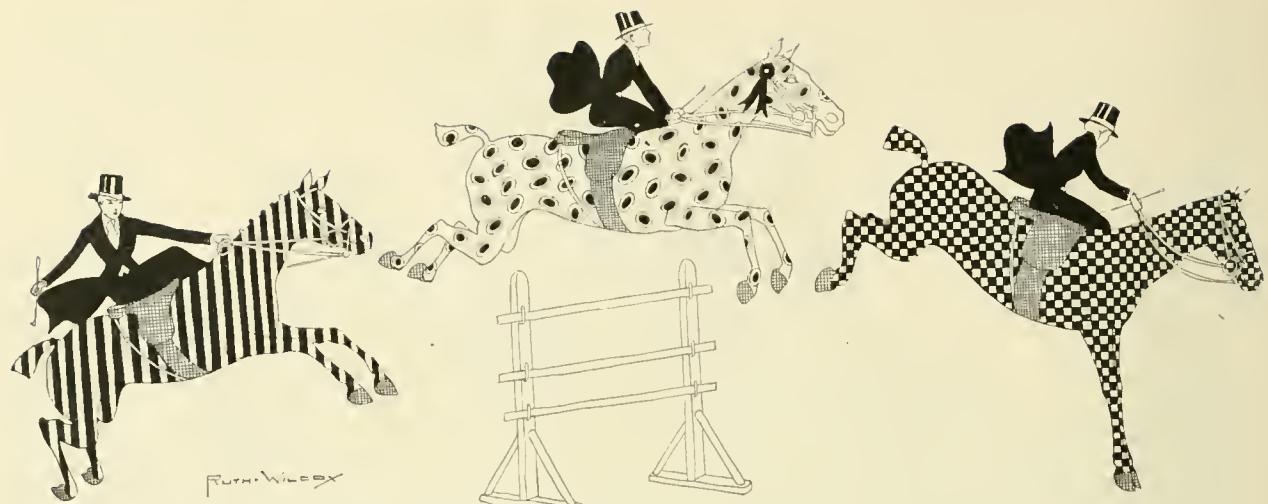
“LOOK, look, across the way!” triumphantly cried Henry Shapiro, the bookkeeper, to Max Markowitz his worried-looking boss and brother-in-law, as he pointed towards the curb of the street below. “Didn’t I beg you with six months before yet, talked with you till I got dry in the neck—‘Max, buy a machine, everybody buys one!’—‘Max, you got a good season, get a Speedwell!’—‘Max, make Minnie a surprise with an otomobile!’—but ‘Max’ to-day, and ‘Max’ to-morrow, talk to you and talk to the wall, it’s the same thing. Foist you said gasoline is so high like champanier. Then you said a five seater ain’t enough; you’ll need a trolley car for all your relations what come back to life when you buy an oto. Then you said you don’t want to make people jealous; and now look! Ain’t it enough to make you feel like a back number farer back than Christopher Columbus, to see Katz & Co.’s wife, whose husband used to sweep the floor and carry bundles by you before he commenced contracting by skoits, come in a swell, but not such a speedy, car like the Speedwell, to take Katz home. And besides her sits a sister with children and a Mrs. Kramer, what lives next door, with her baby. While for you—for you Max Markowitz, the leading skoit manufacturer what can shake Katz out from his sleeve when it comes to business—for you, maybe your family will come, too, but in a different kind of an otomobile, if you don’t buy a Speedwell quick. How will you get home to-night? Ain’t you read in the papers what’s going on by the car and subway strike what commenced this morning? Three times Minnie telephoned, when you was busy with that cutthroat buyer from Louisiana, that we shouldn’t dare go home with the cross-town or subway where they’re striking. A stone can strike, too! Take my advice, Max, it will only cost you a nickel, let me telephone to Izzy Lazarus, the agent from the

Speedwells, and in five minutes you got a car, a dandy. You don’t have to buy it if you don’t like it. Honest, Max, would you worry now how to get to the Bronx if you had an otomobile?”

“If I had an otomobile?” mockingly repeated Markowitz with anger. “Why don’t you say ‘If I had a million



Rich Uncle Hiram (having treated his city niece and nephew to dinner at a metropolitan restaurant) — Here, young feller! you’ve waited on us pretty good and I’m goin’ to give ye’ one o’ the biggest Ben Davis apples ever grew on my place.



NOVELTIES FOR THE HORSE SHOW

dollars!" "If I had Rockefeller's credit," "If—if" all the time. Henry, I ain't got no otomobile, I don't want no otomobile and I won't get no otomobile! And that settles it. Katz has got one, let him worry! Believe me he'll have *tzoress* enough. Just ask my cousin Sam Epstein what sold his, twenty cents on the dollar. He'll tell you that a machine ain't a pleasure. It's one blow-out after another. Them blow-outs make a bigger hole in your pocket-book than in the tires. Look at the expenses! The prices of everything, excepting

plain postal cards, goes up when a storekeeper sees a customer come in with a duster and ten-pound eye-glasses. And insurance too! Accidence, fire, boiglar—with an extra life-insurance policy for yourself. Henry, an otomobile to be run right ain't an article for one man to handle for himself. You got to be a corporation, with at least five partners. Foist a good buyer and business man what can himself buy cheap and wholesale, without the chauffeur. Then a detectif to watch the chauffeur on joy rides. Also a diplomat to keep a chauffeur more than a week, when he finds that he can't get away with anything. Besides a man's got to be a lawyer to save court expenses and a doctor what's a good bonesetter. And—"

"Nonsense, nonsense," broke in Henry. "You think of only the little bad things and forget all about the big good things. You forget how quick you can get around in an—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Markowitz sarcastically. "You can get quicker to court when you own an otomobile. But let's drop the otomobile from your head and think in it a little, a plan how to get home to-night. Come, let's go down and see what's doing. Maybe we can get a bus to uptown and then walk to the Bronx."

"Why walk," demanded Henry, "when you can telephone and right away will come a Speedwell what will take you home like a prince? You don't have to buy and it will cost you notting."

"What? Something for notting!" exclaimed Markowitz. "Ain't I proved you before that there ain't no such thing. Don't bother me no more with Lazarus and Speedwell! Come down-

stairs!" Henry dejectedly followed his boss to the street which was filled with all kinds of vehicles packed to suffocation with passengers, who were compelled to use this as the only safe means of conveyance, on account of the prevailing car strike. After several unsuccessful attempts to squeeze into one of the omnibuses, Markowitz lost his patience and was looking around for a taxicab when he heard someone cry, "Hello, Markowitz!" He turned around to see his competitor Katz, with his family and friends comfortably seated in a large touring car which halted on account of the congestion of traffic.

"Come on, Markowitz," called out Katz in a patronizing tone. "Come on! There's room here by the chauffeur, on the floor."

Markowitz didn't answer but looked away; his face turning a deep purple from suppressed anger, indignation and envy, as he whispered excitedly to Henry, "Hurry up! Can you get Lazarus with a Speedwell? I'll learn that feller, that blood-sucker Katz, a lesson! Quick, telephone!"

Henry rushed into a neighboring drug store, dashed into a telephone booth and soon had his friend Lazarus on the wire. "Hurry up, Izzy!" he shouted. "Here's a chance to make a sale, quick. Pick me and Markowitz up on Twenty-third



Young husband—You are always right, dear!

Young wife—Do you really think so?

Young husband—Oh, yes! And I am always wrong about everything.



"Charles, what have you been up to now?" "Nothin'; I just borrowed a stick of candy from Bobby Smith."

Street and Broadway and all we got to do is to beat another otomobile to the Bronx. It's a cinch we can do it. It ain't got half the ginger what your Speedwell has got. But don't forget my three per cent. Hustle!"

About twenty minutes later, a bright new touring car containing three happy, smiling passengers passed another, occupied by a large family, at One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street. "How are you, Katz?" shouted one of the happy individuals, standing up and waving at the car behind. "Why don't you get a regular car?" It was the former foe of automobiles—Max Markowitz.

His Appropriate Action

"WHAT did yo' do, sah, when big Brudder Tump called yo' a liyah?"

"Uh-well, sah," replied small Brother Slink. "as de gen'leman am six feet high and weighs mighty nigh a ton, what could I do but move dat we make it noonanimous?"

Disappointing

"Did you have a good time shopping to-day, my dear?" asked Mr. Flubdub.

"No, I didn't," snapped Mrs. Flubdub. "I found exactly what I was looking for in the very first store."

AGE AND GRIEF.

BY WALT MASON



WHEN I was young I had no ills, and seldom knew a pain, and so I scoffed and jeered at pills, and said all drugs were vain.

But now I read the evening sheet to see if there's an ad describing balm for aching feet, or some new liver pad. My wife, she reads the Household Hints—and reads such junk with smiles—and all the stuff the paper prints about the latest styles. My daughter Julia, blooming girl, looks o'er the crowded page devoted to the social whirl, and also to the stage.

The boys look for the tale of sports, the latest diamond news, the gossip of the tennis court, of football howdydos.

But I sit in the inglenook, an ancient man and sad, and through the weary columns look for some new liver pad. I turn the paper inside out, and search, with eyesight dim, for something that will cure the gout, or heal a spavined limb.

Yet there are optimists who hold, with energy and zest, that when a man is growing old his life is at its best. We read in helpful magazines a lot of bunk like this: that age is placid and serene, a thing of peace and bliss.

The boys are having lots of fun, while I sit here alone, and rub of salve about a ton on my rheumatic bone.

The girls are riding o'er the hills in cars that burn the road, while I am taking pale pink pills in this my sad abode.

Youth paints the world a brilliant red, and knows no ache or care, while I am rubbing on my head a dope that grows new hair.

Youth storms across the sunny wold and gambols on the lea, while I have caught a beastly cold that calls for boneset tea.

Youth labors long and doesn't tire, and laughs through hours of toil, while I am crouching by the fire, absorbing castor oil.

Oh, talk no more about the joy, the peace and calm of age! I'd rather be a freckled boy than be a spavined sage.

Life Is an Eternal Question Mark

"I should think it would be a great relief at night to get home, and away from this ceaseless asking of questions," said the stranger.

The man in charge of the bureau of information smiled a wan smile.

"It isn't much relief," he replied. "You see, I am the father of nine children."

In Small-Town Society

Willis—Bump has been married for several years, hasn't he? Gillis—Yes. Why, he has children as old as his dress-suit.

MISVALUED?

(The new dime bears the figure of a Grecian woman.—*Daily paper.*)

THE numismatic artist who this simple coin has fabricated
Can have no use for woman new, or for our beauties celebrated.
Though prodigies of loveliness from ancient tomes and records
beckon
What one among them, would you guess, should modern quite so
cheaply reckon?

Is it that priestess of the sun, Aspasia rare, who Cyrus captured?
Or can it be the other one who Pericles and others raptured—
A mental prodigy advanced so far beyond her weaker sisters,
Before whom in attendance danced old Socrates and like wise misters?

It may be wise Leontium, who was both gay and literary.
She studied Epicurus some, and with philosophy made merry.
Who cares now that she flirted much? What modern beauty scorns
to do it?
And she could write. Her Attic touch won Cicero, who full well
knew it.

Again, could it frail Phryne be? Why not? Her pose was not
restricted.

In her did not Apelles see the sea-born Venus he depicted?
Or did this numismatic sharp the Trojan Helen limn in fancy—
The subject of old Homer's harp, the object of his necromancy?

Like Laïs, Thaïs and their peers, who cause the modern mind to
wander,
Such beauties would resort to tears with naught but coinage small
to squander.
Should one of these, or one more nice of ancient fame and admiration,
Be graven on a cheap device to enter common circulation?

—J. A. Waldron.

Not Without Feeling

Mr. Ardent—I have come to ask you for your daughter's
hand, sir.

Mr. Gruffleigh—Oh, indeed. Well, I hope you didn't
have to come far, young man.



AN IMPORTANT PROBLEM

Mr. Brainfag—I'm so glad you came in, old chap, because I can't
make up my mind whether to wear my seven or eight button shoes.



A T O B E R L I N C O L L E G E

May—How did Ethel and Jack become engaged? *Stella*—He asked her to take him seriously, and she did.



F A I T H

Evangeline—Well, I must hurry along. I have an appointment with my healer.
Evelina—Why, you don't look sick!
Evangeline—Oh, I'm not! I'm taking treatment for a new grand piano that I want.

Cause for Bellicosity

"I UNDERSTAND that most of the people in this region are intensely religious?" interrogated the tourist from the North.

"You betcha!" replied Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "The big end of the shootings that take place yur are over the meanings of different p'ints in the Scripters."

Hoist with Her Own Petard

Knicker—Can you explain baseball to your wife?

Bocker—Perfectly; I tell her it is because.

Education

BOBBY DOES a bit of drill, Can explain a beaver's actions, Draws a complicated tree—

Bobby can't divide his fractions.

Betty prates of proteids, Croons a folksong of each nation, Sways in dance symbolical— Betty can't spell "separation."

Bob and Betty go away For vacation, each inditing Letters home, quite bright, no doubt—

But we cannot read their writing. —*Eunice Ward.*

Hopeless Accumulators

A PIANO salesman in Danville, Kentucky, went to the house of an old colored woman to collect an instalment and find out the reason for the deferring of other payments long overdue.

"I guess I'll have to take the piano away, Auntie," said the salesman.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake don' do dat, boss! I jes' cain't stan' t' see dat pyanner leave dishyer house! Mah boy he got a job nex' week an' we'll pay fo' dollahs ev'y week—"

"All right, Auntie, we'll try you once more." And the salesman departed.

Several paymentless months elapsed and the salesman again called, saying:

"Auntie, I'm sending the drayman around this afternoon for that piano."

"Huh-uh! Misto pyanner man don' do dat! We'll find some way t' make dem dar payments!"

"What about that four a week your boy was going to furnish you when he got his job?"

"Humph! Nigger boys jes' 'cumulates deir money fas' ez dey gits it!"—*Strickland Gillilan.*

What We Don't Mean

"Pop, what do we mean by crumbs of comfort?"

"Well, my son, we don't mean eating crackers in bed, at any rate."

The Founl of Knowledge

"Pop, just what is meant by liquid music?"

"Liquid music, my son, is—er—well, it must be the kind that comes from a kettle drum."

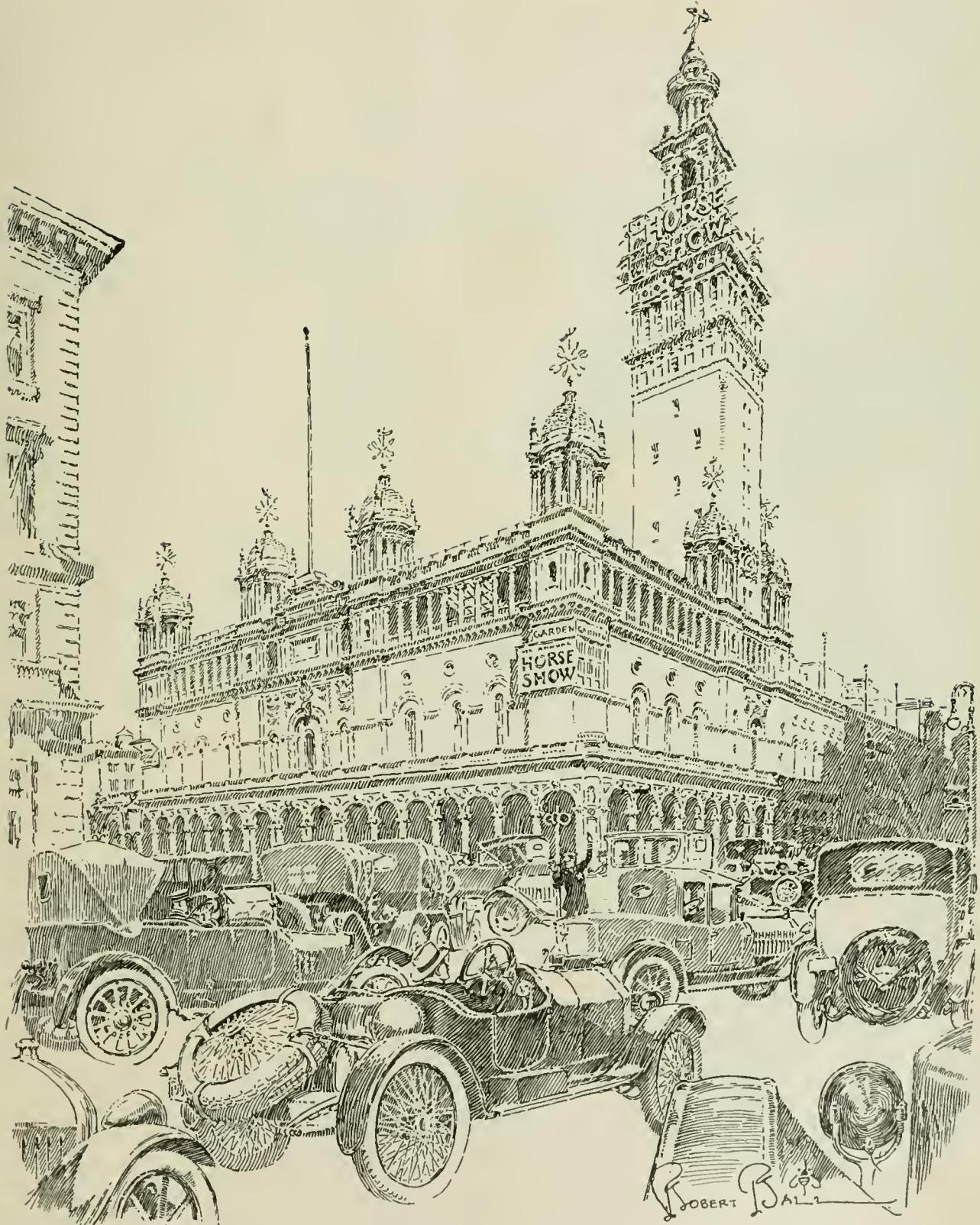
The Other Side

Willis—So you married a rich wife. Pretty soft to have money thrown into your hands when you marry.

Gillis—Yes, but pretty tough to have it thrown into your face ever afterwards.

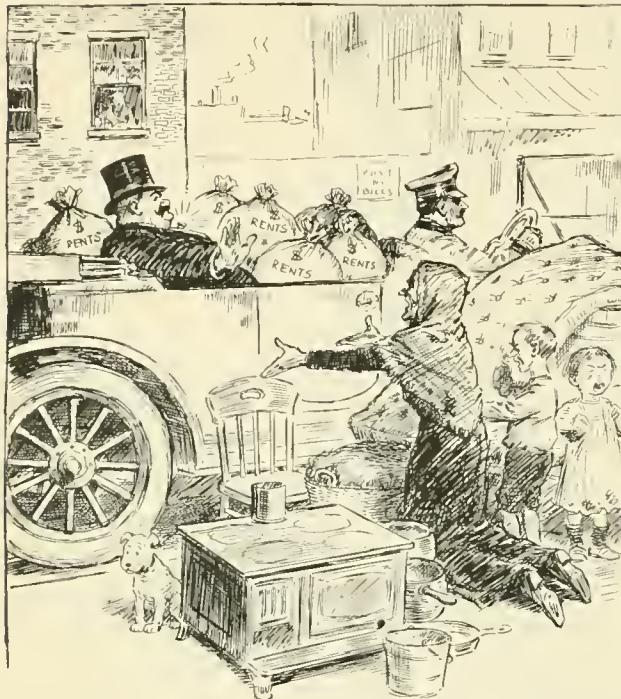


T H E W A N D E R L U S T



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Reginald—I have a fine Bluegrass stallion on exhibition at the Garden. *Elinor*—How many miles does it give to the gallon?



As he is popularly supposed to be—

THE LANDLORD

Arcady

OVER the blare and the glare of the city,
Whiter and brighter than Broadway's
gay way,
Over a sky line more modern than pretty,
Rises the Moon of my
Yesterday's May.

Day's picture faded, as
shaded clouds blur
it,
Sky scrapers taper
and merge in the
mist,
Till I could swear yon-
der tank is a turret,
Girders a vine where
the nightingales
kissed!

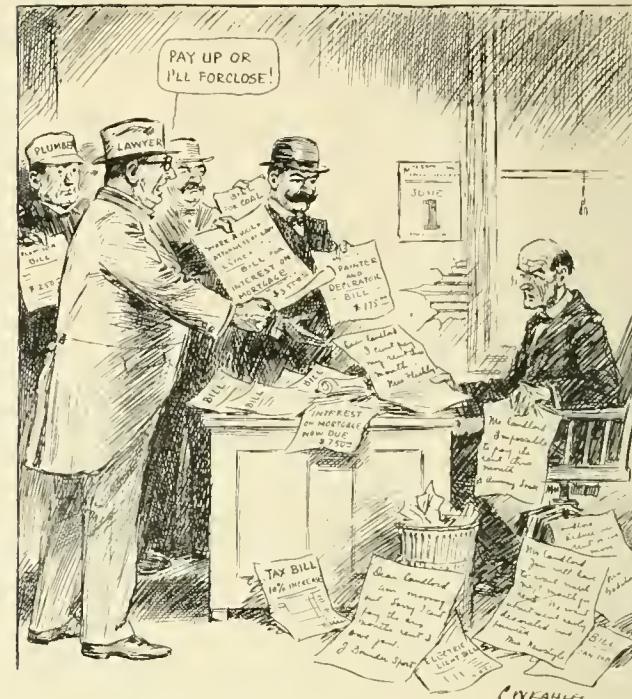
Dreams of the dimly
seen chimney and
gable,
Crooked and quaint in the shadow and
shine,
Gladly I'd conjure them back were I able!
But they are gone. Only mem'ry is mine.

Youth's brilliant garment is tattered and
clinging,
Spurned are the joys that we yearned for
too soon,
Sparrows' harsh chatter has drowned the
lark's singing,
Song and May waned with my Yesterday's
Moon.

—H. R. Baukhage.

Making a Batter

Yes, eggs are high—but married people
will take a chance and break the yolk.



—as he most often is

THE LANDLORD

Says Skinny Simpson:

I SPOSE refined salt is for ladies and
girls and coarse salt for boys.

My brother, Warts, has been sick so
long that his clothes have plumb out-
grown him.

Once there was a boy whose folks
was always hollering at him not to do
that and to wash his neck and ears. And
he growded up to be a robber and was
hung. So, there!

They ain't half as fond of having me
in the parlor as you'd reckon they
are from seeing me. What I'm here
for now is to set over the place on
the sofa where the baby spilled the
ink.

—Tom P. Morgan.

Back to Haunt Us

Crawford—What have you got
against the movies?

Crabshaw—They're reviving the
old-time best-sellers that we hoped
had been forgotten.

As Usual

Hillis—What kind of reception
did the Presidential candidate have
when he visited your town the
other day?

Gillis—About as usual. There
were 10,000 people who wanted to
be able to say "I saw him" and
about 100 who wanted to be able
to say "I heard him."

The Universal Subject

"THE women of the Fiji Islands don't
wear any clothes," remarked the
Globe Trotter

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Merc Man.
"I wonder what they find to talk about."

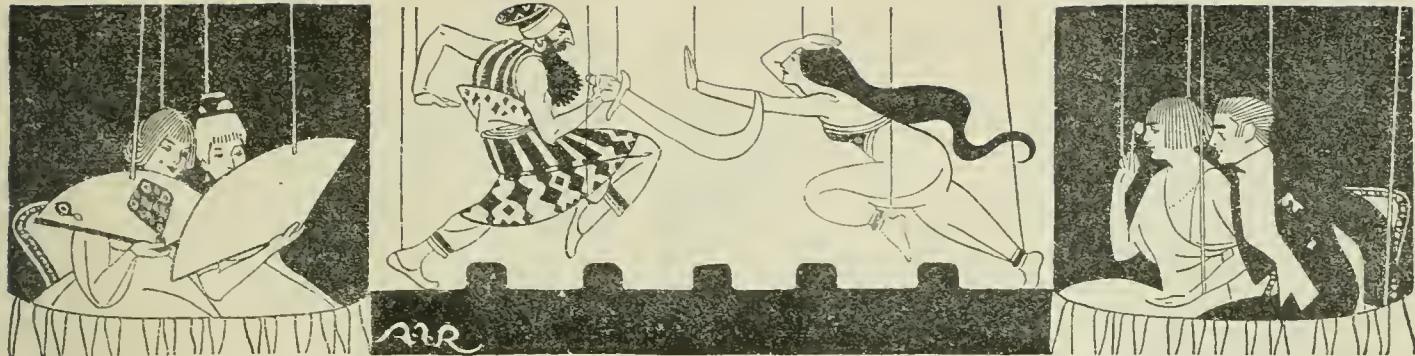
Sour Grapes

Whitchall—I tell you Harley College
has put up a fine club in New York. Fine
as the Public Library inside.

Blackball—But not so exclusive.



THE VERY LATEST IN ELOPEMENTS



B E T W E E N C U R T A I N S

By CYRIL ANDREW

THE Tired Business Man was chuckling.

"Why this mirth?" asked the Critic, who was not in the best of tempers.

When a man has seen seven openings in nine days he may be excused for being a bit short, and the Critic had just passed through that harrowing experience. But the Tired Business

Man remained unruffled.

"I was thinking of the office-scene in 'Bunker Bean,'" he said. "I've had a lot of laughs in my day, but that old curmudgeon of a father brought me one of the best I've ever had. I know some men just like that." The Critic snorted.

"Overdone!" he growled.

The Tired Business Man took instant umbrage.

"Now don't start picking holes!" he snapped. "I've heard your tale of woe about the number of first-nights you've been to in the last week or so, but that's no excuse for your flying off the handle about a funny thing like the father in 'Bunker Bean'—or any of the other characters, for that matter. I thought it was as funny a show as I've ever seen. And the Flapper—oh, my!"

"She was good," condescended the Critic. "And perhaps you're right. I'm really not in a fit frame of mind to-day to make any comments. I admit that 'Bunker Bean' had a great deal in it to commend, notably the excellent opportunities for character-work; but it was not as coherent as it should be, to my mind. There were several gaps left unfilled. Still, it was as good a comedy as we have had for some time."



The Tired Business Man, much mollified by the Critic's admission of defeat, continued:

"I saw another good play the other night," he said.

"What was that?" asked the Critic.

"'Upstairs and Down,'" replied the Tired Business Man.

The Critic winced. "You really must excuse me," he said. "Admitting that I am not feeling fit mentally, I am quite sure that I would disagree with you in your estimate of the merits of that impossible production. I didn't like the theme, or the characters, or the methods of the characters. The acting was good—as good as could be expected with the limited opportunities afforded the actors. But—well, excuse me."

And the Critic stalked away. The Tired Business Man stared after him.

"Gee!" he breathed. "He's a cheerful sort of chap to have around, isn't he? What did you think of 'Upstairs and Down'?"

"I haven't seen it," I replied hastily. "But coming back to 'Bunker Bean'—I really think it will be a success. I own that I was a little doubtful at first; you recollect that the other dramatization of one of Wilson's novels—'Ruggles of Red Gap'—ended somewhat disastrously. But I liked 'Bunker Bean' immensely."

The Débutante, accompanied by a formidable-looking lady, appeared on the scene like a yacht convoyed by a battleship.

"My aunt," she said.

Acknowledgments over, the Débutante's aunt plunged into the topic which was evidently nearest her heart.

"I have just come from an exhibition of motion pictures," she said. "Perhaps some of you have seen it—'Romeo and Juliet.' The idea, you know, is to bring Shakespeare to the Masses, an idea with which I am heartily in sympathy. I

think the Masses need Shakespeare, just as Shakespeare needed the Masses when he wrote his immortal works—don't you?" This last to the Tired Business Man.

"Er—yes—yes, indeed!" said that individual hastily. "By the way—speaking of Shakespeare—have you seen 'Bunker Bean'?"

"'Bunker Bean'? Shakespeare? I confess that I have not. What is the connection?"

"Why—ah—'Bunker Bean' is a play," began the Tired Business Man, showing acute symptoms of panic, "an awfully funny play—and—er—"

"Oh! I see," said the Débutante's aunt, in a tone that showed clearly that she didn't see at all, but was too polite to say so. "As I was saying—the Masses need Shakespeare, and the motion pictures are just the medium for them. I believe the movement will be a great success."

"I hope so," said the Tired Business Man. "The Masses, as you say, are—that is, they are not—well, they need Shakespeare."

"I'm so glad you agree with me," said the Débutante's aunt. "And now—tell me something more about 'Bunker Bean.' I must admit that the name has qualities that attract; what is it?"

"Oh," said the Tired Business Man, "it's a good show!"





LAUGHS FROM OVER THE SEA



Anzac officer—That's a pretty sad-looking crock you've got there, Foran.

Cornstalk trooper—Well, 'e ain't much to look at, sir, but 'e throws a dandy shadder when it's real hot!—*London Opinion*.



Nurse—On no account let them splash through the deeper pools, donkey man, in case of lurking submarines. If Gwendoline were torpedoed I should never hear the last of it!—*Passing Show* (London).



Who'd Have Thought It?

Ex-caddie (to member of Golf Club on leave from the Front)—Ah, sir, war's a rummy thing. It's made some changes here. Who'd have thought, two years ago, when me and you used to go round together, that now you'd be a captioning and me a 'ead-waiter?—*Punch* (London).

Hardships of Wartime

'Quelle guerre! Je n'ai jamais tant souffert.'

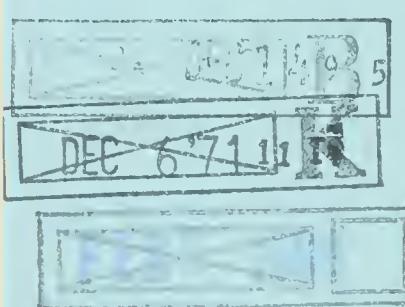
"What a war! Never have I suffered so!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

The unfortunate meeting of Mrs. Kensington Gore (who has read the "extravagance" war-posters and is spending a few days at little Shrimpton-on-Sea in order to soil her new clothes) and Mrs. Brompton Rhode (who has come to the same place for the same purpose).—*Sketch* (London).



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